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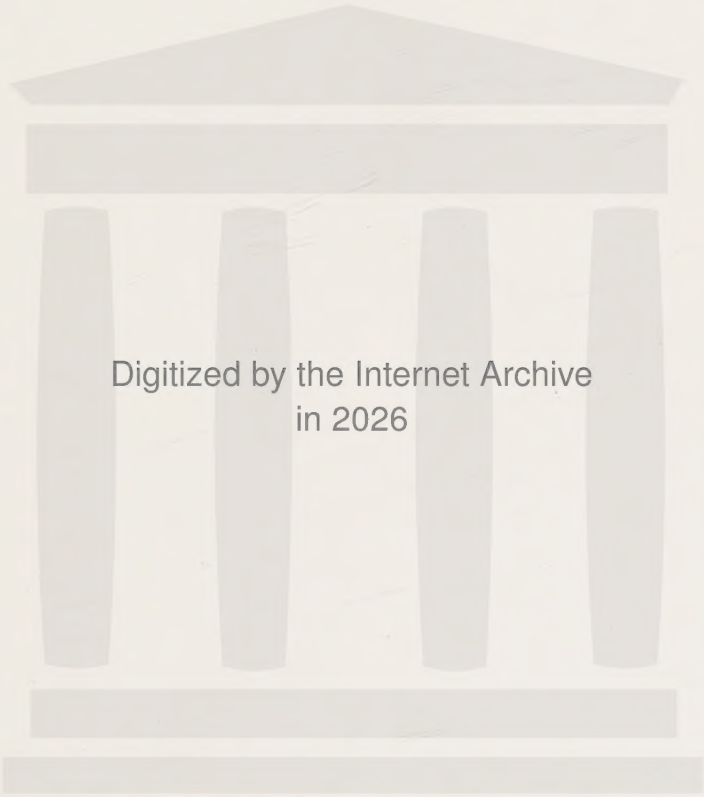
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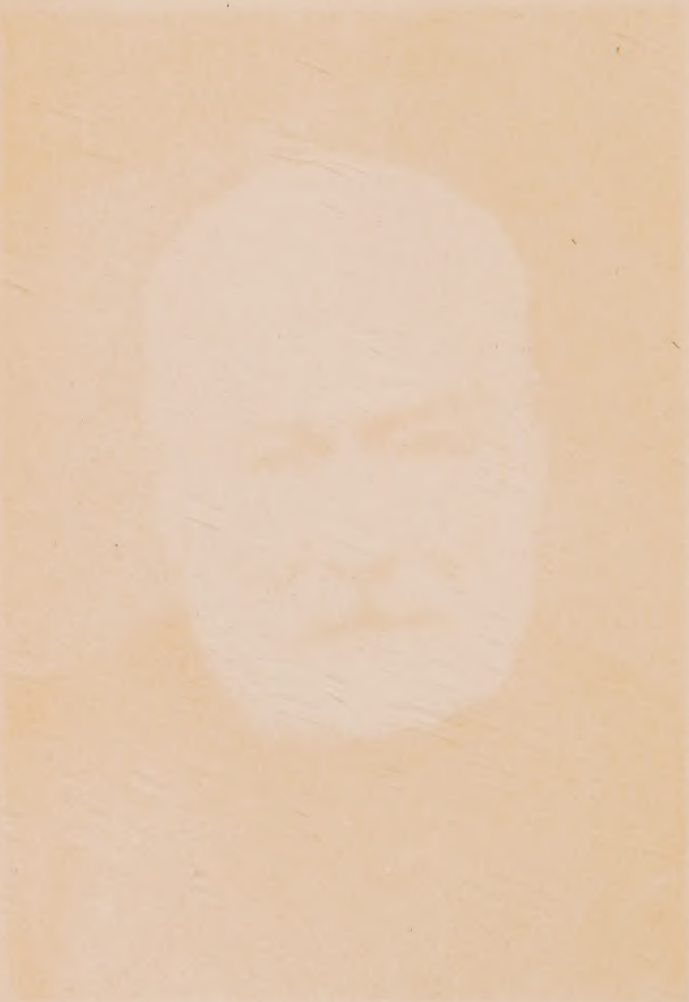

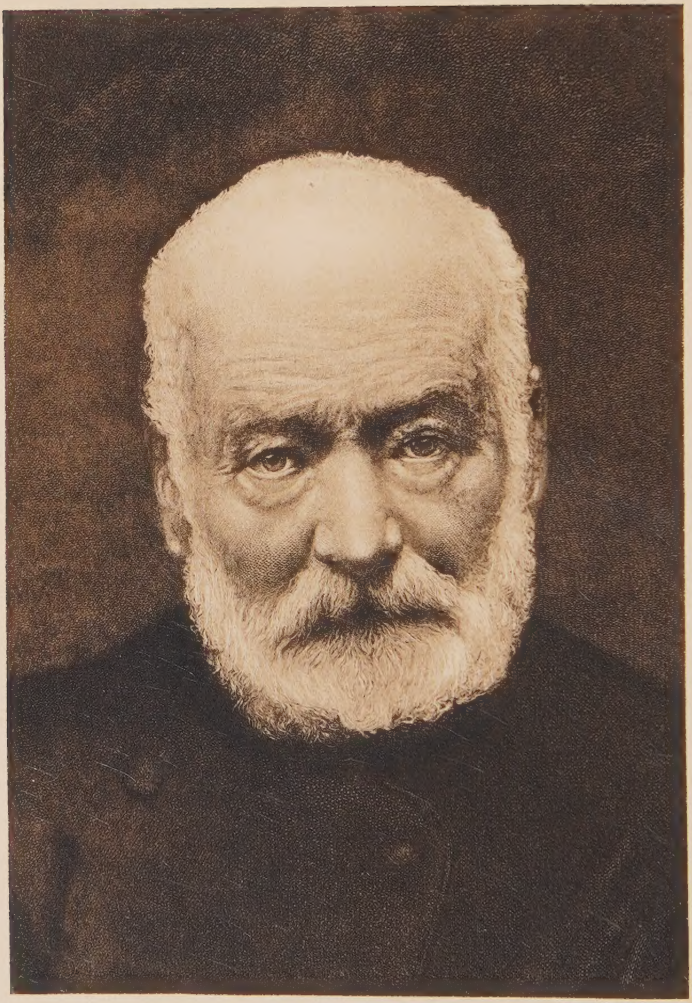

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TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

NEW YORK
THE FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ů as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ŧh as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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H

HUGO, Victor Marie, a French poet and novelist; born at Besançon, February 26, 1802; died at Paris, May 22, 1885. His father was an officer devoted to Napoleon; his mother an ardent Royalist. Before he was seven years old he accompanied his parents to Elba, Corsica, Switzerland, and Italy. In 1809 Madame Hugo took her sons to Paris and placed them under the instruction of a priest. At the end of two years they joined their father, who had been made a general, and appointed to the service of Joseph Bonaparte at Madrid; they then returned to Paris, under the care of their former instructor. On the separation of his parents, after the fall of the Empire, Victor passed into his father's exclusive charge. He was placed in an academy preparatory to the Polytechnic School, but prevailed on his father to permit him to devote himself to literature. His first volume, *Odes et Ballades* (1822), was followed by two novels, *Han d'Islande* (1823), and *Bug-Jargal* (1824). A second volume of *Odes et Ballades* appeared in 1826. In conjunction with Sainte-Beuve and others he founded a literary society and established a periodical, *La Muse Française.* His drama *Cromwell* (1827) was accompanied by a pref-

ace setting forth the literary reforms aimed at by *La Jeune France,* as the new school styled themselves. *Les Orientales,* a volume of poems (1828), and *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné* (1829), added to the distinction which Hugo had already won. In 1830 his drama *Hernani* was successfully produced at the Théâtre Française. *Marion Delorme,* the representation of which had been forbidden in 1829, was presented in 1831, and was enthusiastically received, as were his novel *Notre Dame de Paris,* and his poems *Les Feuilles d'Automne,* published in the same year. Other dramas, *Le Roi s' Amuse* (1832); *Lucrece Borgia* and *Marie Tudor* (1833); *Angelo Tyran de Padoue* (1835); *Ruy Blas* (1838), and *Les Burgraves* (1843), were also well received. Several volumes of poems: *Les Chants du Crepuscule* (1835); *Les Voix Intereures* (1837), and *Les Rayons et les Ombres* (1840); and his prose works: *Claude Gueux* (1834); *Études sur Mirabeau, and Littérature et Philosophe Mêlées,* of the same year, and *Lettres sur le Rhin* (1842), were successful.

He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor, a member of the French Academy, and in 1845 a Peer of France. In 1848 he became a deputy to the Constituent Assembly. At first conservative, he became at length the leader and orator of democracy. He denounced the course of Louis Napoleon, was proscribed, took refuge in Belgium, and when driven thence, in Jersey and finally in Guernsey, where he remained until after the fall of Louis Napoleon, refusing the amnesty offered to political exiles. In 1852 he published a satire, *Napoleon le Petit,* in 1853 *Les Châtiments,* in 1856 *Les Contemplations,* collections of lyrical poems, and in 1859 the first part of *La Légende*

des Siècles. His novel *Les Misérables* (1862) appeared simultaneously in several languages. He published a translation of Shakespeare in 1864, a volume of poems, *Chansons des Rues et des Bois,* in 1865, and a novel, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer,* in 1866, and *L'Homme qui Rit* in 1869.

After his return to France he was elected to the National Assembly, opposed the treaty of peace between France and Germany, and aroused so violent an opposition to himself that he resigned his seat and again left Paris. On the breaking out of the insurrection of the Commune he returned, and protested ineffectually against its violence. He then withdrew to Belgium, was threatened by a mob, and had difficulty in escaping to London. In 1872 he published *L'Année Terrible,* another volume of poems, and with his son François began the publication of a democratic journal, *Le Peuple Souverain.* His next novel, a story of the war in *La Vendée,* appeared in several languages in 1874, *Actes et Paroles,* a volume of letters and speeches, in 1875, the second part of *La Légende des Siècles* in 1876, *L'Histoire d'un Crime,* the story of the *Coup d' Etat* in 1851, and *L'Art d'être Grand-père,* a volume of poems, in 1877; *Le Pape* in 1878, *La Pitié Suprême* in 1879, *L'Ane* in 1880. *Les Quatre Vents d'Esprit* in 1878, *Torquemada* in 1882, and the third part of *La Légende des Siècles,* and *L'Archipel de la Manche,* in 1883. In 1887 appeared *Choses Vues,* a collection of sketches.

THE GUILLOTINE.

Day broke along the horizon. And with the day, an object, strange, motionless, mysterious, which the birds of heaven did not recognize, appeared upon the plateau of

La Tourgue and towered above the Forest of Fougères.

It had been placed there in the night. It seemed to have sprung up rather than to have been built. It lifted high against the horizon a profile of straight, hard lines, looking like a Hebrew letter or one of those Egyptian hieroglyphics which made part of the alphabet of the ancient enigma.

At the first glance the idea which this object roused was its lack of keeping with the surroundings. It stood amidst the blossoming heath. One asked one's self for what purpose it could be used? Then the beholder felt a chill creep over him as he gazed. It was a sort of trestle having four posts for feet. At one end of the trestle two tall joists upright and straight, and fastened together at the top by a cross-beam, raised and held suspended some triangular object which showed black against the blue sky of morning. At the other end of the staging was a ladder. Between the joists, and directly beneath the triangle, could be seen a sort of panel composed of two movable sections which, fitting into each other, left a round hole about the size of a man's neck. The upper section of this panel slid in a groove, so that it could be hoisted or lowered at will. For the time, the two crescents, which formed the circle when closed, were drawn apart. At the foot of the two posts supporting the triangle was a plank running on hinges, looking like a see-saw.

By the side of this plank was a long basket, and between the two beams, in front and at the extremity of the trestle, a square basket. The monster was painted red. The whole was made of wood except the triangle — that was iron. One would have known the thing must have been constructed by man it was so ugly, and evil looking; at the same time it was so formidable that it might have been reared there by evil genii.

This shapeless thing was the guillotine.

In front of it, a few paces off, another monster rose out of the ravine — La Tourgue. A monster of stone rising up to hold companionship with the monster of wood. For when man has touched wood or stone they no longer remain inanimate matter; something of man's

spirit seems to enter into them. An edifice is a dogma; a machine an idea. La Tourgue was that terrible offspring of the Past, called the Bastile in Paris, the Tower of London in England, the Spielberg in Germany, the Escurial in Spain, the Kremlin in Moscow, the Castle of Saint Angelo in Rome.

In La Tougue were condensed fifteen hundred years — the Middle Age — vassalage, servitude, feudality; in the guillotine, one year — '93, and these twelve months made a counterpoise to those fifteen centuries.

La Tourgue was Monarchy; the guillotine was Revolution. Tragic confrontation!

On one side the debtor, on the other the creditor.

On one side the inextricable Gothic complication of serf, lord, slave, master, plebeian, nobility, the complex code ramifying into customs; judge and priest in coalition, shackles innumerable, fiscal impositions, excise laws, mortmain, taxes, exemptions, prerogatives, prejudices, fanaticisms, the royal privilege of bankruptcy, the sceptre, the throne, the regal will, the divine right; the other, a unit — the knife.

On one side the knout; on the other the axe.

La Tourgue had long stood alone in the midst of this wilderness. There she had frowned with her machicolated casements, from whence had streamed boiling oil, blazing pitch, and melted lead; her oubliettes paved with human skeletons; her torture-chamber; the whole hideous tragedy with which she was filled. Rearing her funereal front above the forest, she had passed fifteen centuries of savage tranquillity amidst its shadows, she had been the one power in this land, the one object of respect and fear; she had reigned supreme; she had been the realization of barbarism, and suddenly she saw rise before her and against her, something (more than a thing — a being) as terrible as herself — the guillotine.

Inanimate objects sometimes appear endowed with a strange power of sight. A statue notices, a tower watches, the face of an edifice contemplates. La Tourgue seemed to be studying the guillotine. She seemed to question herself concerning it. What was that object?

It looked as if it had sprung out of the earth. It was from there, in truth, that it had risen.

The sinister tree had germinated in the fatal ground. Out of the soil watered by so much of human sweat, so many tears, so much blood — out of the earth in which had been dug so many trenches, so many graves, so many caverns, so many ambuscades — out of this earth wherein had rolled the countless victims of countless tyrannies — out of this earth spread above so many abysses wherein had been buried so many crimes (terrible germs) had sprung in a destined day this unknown, this avenger, this ferocious sword-bearer, and '93 had said to the Old World: "Behold me!"

And the guillotine had the right to say to the donjon-tower, "I am thy daughter."

And, at the same time, the tower — for those fatal objects possess a strange vitality — felt herself slain by this newly-risen force.

Before this formidable apparition La Tourgue seemed to shudder. One might have said that she was afraid. The monstrous mass of granite was majestic but infamous; that plank with its black triangle was worse. The all-powerful fallen trembled before the all-powerful risen. Criminal history was studying judicial history. The violence of by-gone days was comparing itself with the violence of the present; the ancient fortress, the ancient prison, the ancient seigneury where tortured victims had shrieked out their lives; that construction of war and murder, now useless, defenseless, violated, dismantled, uncrowned, a heap of stones with no more than a heap of ashes, hideous yet magnificent, dying, dizzy with the awful memories of all those by-gone centuries, watched the terrible living Present sweep up. Yesterday trembled before to-day; antique ferocity acknowledged and bowed its head before this fresh horror. The power which was sinking into nothingness opened eyes of fright upon this new-born terror. Expiring despotism stared at this spectral avenger.

Nature is pitiless; she never withdraws her flowers, her music, her joyousness, and her sunlight from before human cruelty or suffering. She overwhelms man by the

contrast between divine beauty and social hideousness. She spares him nothing of her loveliness, neither butterfly nor bird. In the midst of murder, vengeance, barbarism, he must feel himself watched by holy things; he can not escape the immense reproach of universal nature and the implacable serenity of the sky. The deformity of human laws is forced to exhibit itself naked amidst the dazzling rays of eternal beauty. Man breaks and destroys; man lays waste; man kills; but the summer remains summer; the lily remains the lily; the star remains a star.

Never had a morning dawned fresher and more glorious than this. A soft breeze stirred the heath, a warm haze rose amidst the branches; the Forest of Fougères permeated by the breath of hidden brooks, smoked in the dawn like a vast censer filled with perfumes; the blue of the firmament, the whiteness of the clouds, the transparency of the streams, the verdure that harmonious gradation of color from aquamarine to emerald, the groups of friendly trees, the mats of grass, the peaceful fields, all breathed that purity which is Nature's eternal counsel to man.

In the midst of all this rose the horrible front of human shamelessness; in the midst of all this appeared the fortress and the scaffold, war and punishment; the incarnations of the bloody age and the bloody moment; the owl of the night of the Past and the bat of the cloud-darkened dawn of the Future. And blossoming, odor-giving creation, loving and charming, and the grand sky golden with morning spread about La Tourgue and the guillotine, and seemed to say to man, "Behold my work and yours." Such are the terrible reproaches of the sunlight!

This spectacle had its spectators.

The four thousand men of the little expeditionary army were drawn up in battle order upon the plateau. They surrounded the guillotine on three sides in such a manner as to form about it the shape of a letter E; the battery placed in the centre of the largest line made the notch of the E. The red monster was inclosed by these three battle fronts; a sort of wall of soldiers spread out on

two sides to the edge of the plateau; the fourth side, left open, was the ravine, which seemed to frown at La Tourgue.

These arrangements made a long square, in the centre of which stood the scaffold. Gradually, as the sun mounted higher, the shadow of the guillotine grew shorter on the turf.

The gunners were at their pieces; the matches lighted.

A faint blue smoke rose from the ravine — the last breath of the expiring conflagration.

This cloud encircled without veiling La Tourgue, whose lofty platform overlooked the whole horizon. There was only the width of the ravine between the platform and the guillotine. The one could have parleyed with the other. The table of the tribunal and the chair shadowed by the tri-colored flags had been set upon the platform. The sun rose higher behind La Tourgue, bringing out the black mass of the fortress clear and defined, and revealing upon its summit the figure of a man in the chair beneath the banners, sitting motionless, his arms crossed upon his breast. It was Cimourdain. He wore, as on the previous day, his civil delegate's dress; on his head was the hat with the tri-colored cockade; his sabre at his side; his pistols in his belt. He sat silent. The whole crowd was mute. The soldiers stood with downcast eyes, musket in hand — stood so close that their shoulders touched, but no one spoke. They were meditating confusedly upon this war; the numberless combats, the hedge-fusillades so bravely confronted; the hosts of peasants driven back by their might; the citadels taken, the battles won, the victories gained, and it seemed to them as if all that glory had turned now to their shame. A sombre expectation contracted every heart. They could see the executioner come and go upon the platform of the guillotine. The increasing splendor of the morning filled the sky with its majesty.

Suddenly the sound of muffled drums broke the stillness. The funeral tones swept nearer. The ranks opened — a cortége entered the square and moved toward the scaffold.

First, the drummers with their crape-wreathed drums;

then a company of grenadiers with lowered muskets; then a platoon of gendarmes with drawn sabres; then the condemned — Gauvain. He walked forward with a free, firm step. He had no fetters on hands or feet. He was in an undress uniform, and wore his sword. Behind him marched another platoon of gendarmes.

Gauvain's face was still lighted by that pensive joy which had illuminated it at the moment when he said to Cimourdain, "I am thinking of the Future." Nothing could be more touching and sublime than that smile.

When he reached the fatal square, his first glance was directed toward the summit of the tower. He disdained the guillotine. He knew that Cimourdain would make it an imperative duty to assist at the execution. His eyes sought the platform. He saw him there.

Cimourdain was ghastly and cold. Those standing near him could not catch even the sound of his breathing. Not a tremor shook his frame when he saw Gauvain.

Gauvain moved toward the scaffold. As he walked on, he looked at Cimourdain, and Cimourdain looked at him. It seemed as if Cimourdain rested his very soul upon that clear glance.

Gauvain reached the foot of the scaffold. He ascended it. The officer who commanded the grenadiers followed him. He unfastened his sword, and handed it to the officer; he undid his cravat, and gave it to the executioner.

He looked like a vision. Never had he been so handsome. His brown curls floated in the wind; at the time it was not the custom to cut off the hair of those about to be executed. His white neck reminded one of a woman; his heroic and sovereign glance made one think of an archangel. He stood there on the scaffold lost in thought. That place of punishment was a height, too. Gauvain stood upon it, erect, proud, tranquil. The sunlight streamed about him till he seemed to stand in the midst of a halo.

But he must be bound. The executioner advanced, cord in hand.

At this moment, when the soldiers saw their young leader so close to the knife, they could restrain themselves

no longer; the hearts of those stern warriors gave way.

A mighty sound swelled up — the united sob of a whole army. A clamor rose: "Mercy! mercy!"

Some fell upon their knees; other flung away their guns and stretched their arms toward the platform where Cimourdain was seated. One grenadier pointed to the guillotine and cried, "A substitute! A substitute! take me!"

All repeated, frantically, "Mercy! mercy!" Had a a troop of lions heard, they must have been softened or terrified; the tears of soldiers are terrible.

The executioner hesitated, no longer knowing what to do.

Then a voice, quick and low, but so stern that it was audible to every ear, spoke from the top of the tower,

"Fulfill the law!"

All recognized that inexorable tone. Cimourdain had spoken. The army shuddered.

The executioner hesitated no longer. He approached, holding out the cord.

"Wait!" said Gauvain.

He turned toward Cimourdain, made a gesture of farewell with his right hand, which was still free, then allowed himself to be bound.

When he was tied, he said to the executioner,

"Pardon. One instant more."

And he cried, "Live the Republic!"

He was laid upon the plank. That noble head was held by the infamous yoke. The executioner gently parted his hair aside, then touched the spring. The triangle began to move — slowly at first — then rapidly — a terrible blow was heard —

At the same instant another report sounded. A pistol shot had answered the blow of the axe. Cimourdain had seized one of the pistols from his belt, and, as Gauvain's head rolled into the basket, Cimourdain sank back pierced to the heart by a bullet his own hand had fired. A stream of blood burst from his mouth; he fell dead.

And those two souls, united still in that tragic death, soared away together, the shadow of the one mingled with the radiance of the other.— *Ninety-Three.*

THE CANNON AND THE MAN.

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four-pounder, had got loose.

This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard-ball; rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a battering-ram which assaults a wall at its own caprice. Moreover, the battering ram is metal, the wall wood. It is the entrance of matter into liberty. One might say that this eternal slave avenges itself. It seems as if the power of evil hidden in what we call inanimate objects finds a vent and bursts suddenly out. It has an air of having lost patience, of seeking some fierce, obscure retribution; nothing more inexorable than this rage of the inanimate. The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the obstinacy of the ass, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its flight is a wild whirl abruptly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How to end this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind falls, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out, but how to control this enormous brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it?

You can make a mastiff hear reason, astound a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; but there is no resource with that monster — a cannon let loose. You cannot kill it,— it is dead; at the same time it lives. It lives with a sinister life bestowed on it by Infinity.

The planks beneath it give it play. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a plaything. The ship, the waves, the blast, all aid it; hence its frightful vitality. How to assail this fury of complication? How to fetter this monstrous mechanism for wrecking a ship? How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of these blows upon the sides may stave out the vessel. How divine its awful gyrations! One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction at each instant. How stop the course of something which must be avoided? The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts, ambushes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies. The great danger of the situation is in the mobility of its base. How combat an inclined plane which has caprices? The ship, so to speak, has lightning imprisoned in its womb which seeks to escape; it is like thunder rolling above an earthquake.

In an instant the whole crew were on foot. The fault was the chief gunner's; he had neglected to fix home the screw-nut of the mooring-chain, and had so badly shackled the four wheels of the carronade that the play given to the sole and frame had separated the platform, and ended by breaking the breeching. The cordage had broken, so that the gun was no longer secure on the carriage. The stationary breeching which prevents recoil was not in use at that period. As a heavy wave struck the port, the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about. Conceive, in order to have an idea of this strange sliding, a drop of water running down a pane of glass.

At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform in expectation of the command to clear for action. The carronade, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men, and crushed four at the first blow; then, flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side, and

struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it. Then rose the cry of distress which had been heard. The men rushed toward the ladder. The gun-deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was given up to herself. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. This whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now. To describe the universal terror would be impossible.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant Vieuville, although both intrepid men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended.

It was their passenger, the peasant,— the man of whom they had been speaking a moment before.

When he reached the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

The cannon came and went along the deck. One might have fancied it the living chariot of the Apocalypse. The marine lantern, oscillating from the ceiling, added a dizzying whirl of lights and shadows to this vision. The shape of the cannon was undistinguishable from the rapidity of its course; now it looked black in the light, now it cast weird reflections through the gloom.

It kept on in its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces, and dug two crevices in the side, fortunately above the water-line, though they would leak in case of a squall should come on. It dashed itself frantically against the frame-work; the solid tie-beams resisted, their curved form giving them great strength, but they creaked ominously under the assaults of this terrible club, which seemed endowed with a sort of appalling ubiquity, striking on every side at once. The strokes of a bullet shaken in a bottle would not be madder or more rapid. The four wheels passed and repassed above the dead men, cut, carved, slashed them, till the five corpses were a score of stumps rolling about the deck; the heads seemed to cry out; streams of blood twisted in and out of the planks with every pitch of the vessel. The ceiling, damaged in several places began to gape. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck everything which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun,— mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, extra equipments, and the bales of false assignats, of which the corvette carried a whole cargo: an infamous deception which the English considered a fair trick in war.

But what could these rags avail? No one dared descend to arrange them in any useful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just sea enough to render an accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable,— it might have thrown the gun upside down; and the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been mastered. But the devastation increased. There were gashes and even fractures in the masts, which, imbedded in the woodwork of the keep, pierce the decks of ships like great round pillars. The mizzenmast was cracked, and the mainmast itself was injured under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were disabled; the breaches multiplied in the side and the corvette began to take in water.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun-deck, looked like a form of stone at the foot of the stairs. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about upon the devastation. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the liberated carronade menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more and shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster. A decision must be made — but how?

What a combatant — this cannon!

They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

Boisberthelot said to La Vieuville:—

"Do you believe in God, Chevalier?"

La Vieuville replied:—

"Yes. No. Sometimes."

"In a tempest?"

"Yes; and in moments like this."

"Only God can aid us here," said Boisberthelot.

All were silent; the cannon kept up its horrible fracas. The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon.

It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, into the midst of this sort of inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded, there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of this catastrophe,—the gunner whose culpable negligence had caused the accident; the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller-rope with a slipping-noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun-deck.

Then a strange combat began,—titantic strife,—the struggle of the gun against the gunner; a battle between matter and intelligence; a duel between the inanimate and the human.

The man was posed in an angle, the bar and the rope in his two fists; backed against one of the riders, settled firmly on his legs, as on two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited.

He waited for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognize her master. He had lived a long while with her. How many times he had thrust his hand between her jaws? It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

"Come!" said he. Perhaps he loved it.

He seemed to wish that it would turn toward him.

But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. How to avoid its crush? There was the question. All stared in terrified silence.

Not a breath respired freely, except perchance that of the old man who alone stood in the deck with the two combatants, a stern second.

He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir.

Beneath them, the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, some chance fluctuation of the waves kept it for a moment immovable, as if suddenly stupefied.

"Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it darted upon him. The gunner avoided the shock.

The struggle began,— struggle unheard of. The fragile matching itself against the invulnerable. The thing of flesh attacking the brazen brute. On the one side blind force, on the other a soul.

The whole passed in a half-light. It was like the indistinct vision of a miracle.

A soul,— strange thing; but you would have said that the cannon had one also,— a soul filled with rage and hatred. This blinding appeared to have eyes. The monster had the air of watching the man. There was — one might have fancied so, at least — cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment.

It became some gigantic insect of metal, having or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes this colossal grass-hopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four claws, and dart anew on the man. He, supple, agile, adroit, would glide away like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the encounters; but the blows which he escaped fell upon the vessel and continued the havoc.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the carronade. This chain had twisted itself, one could not tell how, about the screw of the breech-button. One extremity of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun and added to the danger of its blows.

The screw held it like a clinched hand, and the chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by its strokes of a throng made a fearful whirlwind about the cannon, — the whip of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the battle.

Nevertheless, the man fought. Sometimes, even, it

was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it perceived a snare. The man pursued it, formidable, fearless.

Such a duel could not last long. The gun seemed suddenly to say to itself, "Come, we must make an end!" and it paused. One felt the approach of the crisis. The cannon, as if in suspense, appeared to have, or had,— because it seemed to all a sentient being,— a furious premeditation. It sprang unexpectedly upon the gunner. He jumped aside, let it pass, and cried out with a laugh, "Try again!" The gun, as if in a fury, broke a carronade to larboard; then, seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard toward the man, who escaped.

Three carronades gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned its back on the man, rolled from the stern to the bow, bruising the stem and making a breach in the plankings of the prow. The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man who was watching.

The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an axe-stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a simultaneous cry.

But the old passenger, until now immovable, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of the false assignats, and at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the carronade. This maneuver, decisive and dangerous, could not have been executed with more adroitness and precision by a man trained to all the exercises set down in Durosel's *Manual of Sea Gunnery*.

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree branch turn an avalanche. The carronade stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped.

It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked

it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping-noose of the tiller-rope about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had subdued the mastodon; the pygmy had taken the thunderbolt prisoner.— *Ninety-Three.*

TALLEYRAND.

In the Rue Saint Florentin there are a palace and a sewer. The palace, which is of a rich, handsome, and gloomy style of architecture, was long called Hotel de l' Infantado; nowadays may be seen on the frontal of its principal door-way "Hotel Talleyrand." During the forty years that he resided in this street the last tenant of this palace never, perhaps, cast his eyes upon this sewer.

He was a strange, redoubtable, and important personage; his name was Charles Maurice de Périgord; he was of noble descent, like Machiavelli, a priest like Goudi, unfrocked like Fouché; witty like Voltaire, and lame like the devil. It might be averred that everything in him was lame like himself; the nobility which he had placed at the service of the Republic, the priesthood which he had dragged through the parade-ground and then cast into the gutter, the marriage which he had broken off through a score of exposures and a voluntary separation, the understanding which he disgraced by acts of baseness.

This man, nevertheless, had grandeur, the splendors of the two régimes were united in him; he was Prince de Vaux in the kingdom of France, and a Prince of the French Empire. During thirty years, from the interior of his palace, from the interior of his thoughts, he had almost controlled Europe. He had permitted himself to be on terms of familiarity with the Revolution, and had smiled upon it; ironically, it is true, but the Revolution had not perceived this. He had come in contact with, known, observed, penetrated, influenced, set in mo-

tion, fathomed, bantered, inspired all the men of his time, all the ideas of his time, and there had been moments in his life when, holding in his hand the four or five great threads which moved the civilized universe, he had for his puppet Napoleon I., Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Mediator of the Swiss Confederation. That is the game which was played by this man.

After the Revolution of July, the old race, of which he was the High Chamberlain, having fallen, he found himself once more on his feet, and said to the people of 1830, seated bare-armed upon a heap of paving-stones, "Make me your ambassador." He received the confession of Mirabeau and the first confidence of Thiers. He said of himself that he was a great poet, and that he had composed a trilogy in three dynasties: Act I., *the Empire of Bonaparte;* Act II., *the House of Bourbon;* Act III, *the House of Orleans.*

He did all this in his palace, and in this palace, like a spider in his web, he allured and caught in succession heroes, thinkers, great men, conquerors, kings, princes, emperors, Bonaparte, Sieyès, Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Alexander of Russia, William of Prussia, Francis of Austria, Louis XVIII., Louis Philippe, all the gilded and glittering flies who buzz through the history of the last forty years. All this glistening throng, fascinated by the penetrating eye of this man, passed in turn under that gloomy entrance bearing upon the architrave the inscription "Hotel Talleyrand."

Well, the day before yesterday, May 17, 1838, this man died. Doctors came and embalmed the body. To do this they, like the Egyptians, removed the bowels from the stomach and the brain from the skull. The work done, after having transformed the Prince de Talleyrand into a mummy, and nailed down this mummy in a coffin lined with white satin, they retired, leaving upon a table the brain — that brain which had thought so many things, inspired so many men, erected so many buildings, led two revolutions, duped twenty kings, held the world. The doctors being gone, a servant entered.

He saw what they had left: Hulloa! they have forgotten this. What was to be done with it? It occurred to him that there was a sewer in the street; he went there, and threw the brain into this sewer.— *Things Seen.*

THE GAMIN OF PARIS.

Paris has a child, and the forest has a bird; the bird is called the sparrow; the child is called the gamin. Couple these two ideas, the one containing all the heat of the furnace, the other all the light of the dawn; strike together these two sparks, Paris and infancy; and there leaps forth from them a little creature, *Homuncio,* Plautus would say.

This little creature is full of joy. He has not food to eat every day, yet he goes to the show every evening, if he sees fit. He has no shirt to his back, no shoes to his feet, no roof over his head, he is like the flies in the air, who have none of these things. He is from seven to thirteen years of age, lives in troops, ranges the streets, sleeps in the open air, wears an old pair of his father's pantaloons down about his heels, an old hat of some other father, which covers his ears, and a single suspender of yellow listing; runs about, is always on the watch and on the search; kills time, colors pipes, swears like an imp, hangs about the wine-shop, knows thieves and robbers, is hand in glove with the street-girls, rattles off slang, sings smutty songs; and, withal, has nothing bad in his heart. This is because he has a pearl in his soul — innocence; and pearls do not dissolve in mire. So long as man is a child, God wills that he be innocent.

If one could ask of this vast city: "What is that creature?" she would answer: "It is my bantling." The *gamin* of Paris is the dwarf of the giantess.

We will not exaggerate. This cherub of the gutter sometimes has a shirt, but then he has only one; sometimes he has shoes; but then they have no soles; sometimes he has a shelter, and he loves it, for there he finds his mother; but he prefers the street, for there he finds his liberty. He has sports of his own, of which a hearty

hatred of the bourgeois is the basis. He has his own metaphors: to be dead, he calls "eating dandelions by the root." He has his own occupations, such as running for hacks, letting down carriage-steps, sweeping the crossings in rainy weather, which he styles making "ponts des arts;" prying the speeches often made by the authorities on behalf of the French people, and digging out the streaks between the flags of the pavement. He has his own kind of money, consisting of all the little bits of wrought copper that can be found on the public thoroughfares. This curious coin, which takes the name of "scraps," has an unvarying and well-regulated circulation throughout this little gypsy-land of children.

He has a fauna of his own, which he studies carefully in the corners; the good-God's bug, the death's-head grub, the mower, the devil — a black insect that threatens you by twisting about its tail which is armed with two horns. He has a fabulous monster which has scales on its belly, and yet is not a lizard; has warts on its back, and yet is not a toad; which lives in the crevices of old limekilns and dry cisterns — a black, velvety, slimy, crawling creature, sometimes swift and sometimes slow of motion, emitting no cry, but which stares at you, and is so terrible that nobody has ever seen it. This monster he calls the "deaf thing." Hunting for deaf things among the stones is a pleasure which is thrillingly dangerous. Another enjoyment is to raise a flag of the pavement suddenly and see the wood-lice. Every region of Paris is famous for the discoveries which can be made in it. There are ear-wigs in the gardens of the Ursulines, there are wood-lice at the Pantheon, tadpoles in the ditches of the Champs-de-Mars.

In repartee, this youngster is as famous as Talleyrand. He is equally cynical, but he is more sincere. He is gifted with an odd kind of unpremeditated jollity; he stuns the shopkeeper with his wild laughter. His gamut slides merrily from high comedy to farce.

He is seldom astonished, is frightened still less frequently, turns superstition into doggerel verses, and sings them, collapses exaggerations, makes light of mysteries,

sticks out his tongue at ghosts, dismounts everything that is on stilts, and introduces caricature into all epic pomposities. This is not because he is prosaic, far from it; but he substitutes the phantasmagoria of fun for solemn dreams. Were Adamastor to appear to him, he would shout out: "Hallo, there, old Bug-a-boo!"

This pale child of the Paris suburbs lives, develops, and gets into and out of "scrapes," amid suffering, a thoughtful witness of our social realities and our human problems. He thinks himself careless, but he is not. He looks on, ready to laugh; ready, also, for something else. Whoever ye are who call yourselves Prejudice, Abuse, Ignominy, Oppression, Iniquity, Despotism, Injustice, Fanaticism, Tyranny, beware of the gaping *gamin*.

He who, like ourselves, has rambled through the solitudes contiguous to our suburbs, which one might term the limbo of Paris, has noticed dotted about, here and there, always in the most deserted spot and at the most unexpected moment, beside some straggling hedge or in the corner of some dismal wall, little, helter-skelter groups of children, filthy, muddy, dusty, uncombed, dishevelled, playing mumblepeg, crowned with violets. These are all the runaway children of poor families. The outer boulevard is their breathing medium, and the *banlieu* belongs to them. There, they play truant, continually. There they sing, innocently, their collection of low songs. They are, or rather, they live there, far from every eye, in the soft radiance of May or June, kneeling around a hole in the ground, playing marbles, squabbling for pennies, irresponsible, birds flown, let loose and happy; and the moment they see you, remembering that they have a trade and must make their living, they offer to sell you an old woollen stocking full of May-bugs, or a bunch of lilacs.

These meetings with strange children are among the seductive but at the same time saddening charms of the environs of Paris. Sometimes among the crowd of boys, there are a few little girls — are they their sisters? — almost young women, thin, feverish, freckled, gloved with sunburn, with head-dresses of rye-straw and pop-

pies, gay, wild, barefooted. Some of them are seen eating cherries among the growing grain. In the evening they are heard laughing. These groups, warmly lighted up by the full blaze of noonday, or seen dimly in the twilight, long occupy the attention of the dreamer, and these visions mingle with his reveries.— *Les Misérables.*

THE VEIL.

The Sister.

What has happened, my brothers? Your spirit to-day
Some secret sorrow damps:
There's a cloud on your brow. What has happened? Oh, say,
For your eyeballs glare out with a sinister ray
Like the light of funeral lamps.
And the blades of your poniards are half-unsheathed
In your belt — and ye frown on me!
There's a woe untold, there's a pang unbreathed
In your bosom, my brothers three!

Eldest Brother.

Gulnara, make answer! Hast thou, since the dawn,
To the eye of a stranger thy veil withdrawn?

The Sister.

As I came, oh, my brother! at noon — from the bath —
As I came — it was noon, my lords —
And your sister had then, as she constantly hath,
Drawn her veil close around her, aware that the path
Is beset by these foreign hordes.
But the weight of the noonday's sultry hour
Near the mosque was so oppressive,
That — forgetting a moment the eye of the Giaour —
I yielded to th' heat excessive.

Second Brother.

Gulnara, make answer! Whom, then, hast thou seen,
In a turban of white and a caftan of green?

The Sister.

Nay, *he* might have been there; but I muffled me so,
He could scarcely have seen my figure —
But why to your sister thus dark do you grow?
What words to yourselves do you mutter thus low,
Of "blood" and an "intriguer?"
Oh! ye cannot of murder bring down the red guilt
On your souls, my brothers, surely!
Though I fear — from the hands that are chafing the hilt,
And the hints you give obscurely.

Third Brother.

Gulnara, this evening when sank the red sun,
Didst thou mark how like blood in descending it shone?

The Sister.

Mercy! Allah! have pity! oh spare!
See! I cling to your knees repenting!
Kind brothers, forgive me! for mercy, forbear!
Be appeased at the cry of a sister's despair,
For our mother's sake relenting.
O God! must I die? They are deaf to my cries!
Their sister's life-blood shedding;
They have stabbed me each one — I faint — o'er my eyes
A *veil of Death* is spreading!

The Brothers.

Gulnara, farewell! take *that* veil, 'tis the gift
Of thy brothers — a veil thou wilt never lift!
—*Translation of* FRANK S. MAHONEY.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

When huge Vesuvius in its torment long,
Threatening has growled its cavernous jaws among,
When its hot lava, like the bubbling wine,
Foaming doth all its monstrous edge incarnadine,
Then is alarm in Naples. With dismay
Wanton and wild her weeping thousands pour,

Convulsive grasp the ground, its rage to stay,
Implore the angry Mount — in vain implore!
For lo! a column tow'ring more and more,
Of smoke and ashes from the burning crest
Shoots like a vulture's neck reared from its airy nest.

Sudden a flash, and from th' enormous den
Th' eruption's lurid mass bursts forth amain,
Bounding in frantic ecstasy. Ah! then
Farewell to Grecian fount and Tuscan fane!
Sails in the bay imbibe the purpling stain,
The while the lava in profusion wide
Flings o'er the mountain's neck its showery locks untied.

It comes — it comes! that lava deep and rich,
That dower which fertilizes fields, and fills
New moles upon the waters, bay and beach,
Broad sea and clustered isles, one terror thrills
As roll the red inexorable rills:
While Naples trembles in her palaces,
More helpless than the leaves when tempests shake the trees.

Prodigious chaos, streets in ashes lost,
Dwellings devoured and vomited again.
Roof against neighbor-roof, bewildered, tossed.
The waters boiling and the burning plain;
While clang the giant steeples as they reel,
Unprompted their own tocsin peal.
Yet 'mid the wreck of cities, and the pride
Of the green valleys and the isles laid low,
The crash of walls, the tumult waste and wide,
O'er sea and land; 'mid all this work of woe,
Vesuvius still though close its crater-glow,
Forgetful spares — Heaven wills that it should spare —
The lonely cell where kneels an aged priest in prayer.

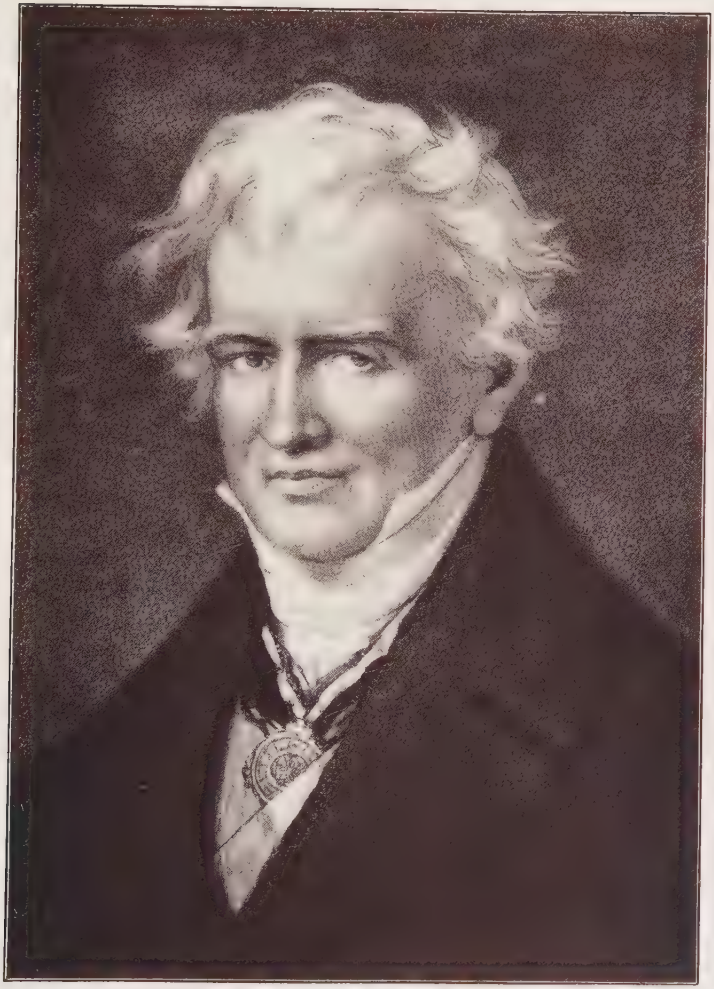
— *Translation of* W. C. K. Wilde.

THE ROSE AND THE GRAVE.

The Grave said to the Rose
"What of the dews of dawn,
Love's flower, what end is theirs?"
"And what of spirits flown,
The souls whereon doth close
The tomb's mouth unawares?"
The Rose said to the Grave.

The Rose said: "In the shade
From the dawn's tears is made
A perfume faint and strange,
Amber and honey sweet."
"And all the spirits fleet
Do suffer a sky-change,
More strangely than the dew,
To God's own angels new,"
The Grave said to the Rose.
— *Translation of* ANDREW LANG.

HUMBOLDT, FRIEDRICH HEINRICH ALEXANDER VON, a German scientist; born at Berlin, September 14, 1769; died there, May 6, 1859. He was educated at home with special regard to the natural sciences. He subsequently studied at the Universities of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Berlin, and Göttingen. His earliest work was an essay on *The Basalts of the Rhine* (1790). In 1791 he went to the Mining Academy at Freiberg, where he remained eight months, during which he wrote *Flora Subterranea Friburgensis.* During several succeeding years he was employed in the mining department, during which he prepared a work relating to Galvani's discovery and



F. H. ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT

its bearings upon the *Chemical Process of Life in the Animal and Vegetable World* (2 vols., 1797, 1799). His mother having died, he determined upon making a great scientific expedition, having in the meanwhile familiarized himself with such portions of astronomical science as would aid him in accurately determining geographical positions. He set out in 1797. His travels extended over a great portion of Central Europe, South America, Mexico, and the West Indies; those in America occupying about five years. In 1804 he returned to Paris, which was his residence for most of the time until 1827. There appeared his notable work, *Voyage aux Regions équinoxiales du Noveau Monde* (3 vols., folio, with an atlas, 1809–25).

In 1829 began a new era in his active career. Under the patronage of the Russian Government he undertook an expedition to Northern Asia, the Chinese Zungaria, and the Caspian Sea. The expedition, which was magnificently fitted out by the Russian Government, numbered several eminent scientists. Its principal objects were to explore the gold and platinum mines, make astronomical and magnetic observations, and gather geognostic and botanical collections. This journey of more than 10,000 miles was made in nine months. The main results are embodied in Humboldt's *Asie Centrale: Recherches sur les Chaines de Montagnes et la Climatologie comparée* (2 vols., 1837, 1842). Besides the works already mentioned, he made important contributions to almost every department of natural science, especially to botany and zoology.

In 1848 he took up his residence at Berlin, where he continued his scientific and literary labors to the close of his life. His great work, *Kosmos,* was begun in 1845, the fifth and concluding volume being pub-

lished after his death. Its object is to explain the phenomena of the physical universe, according to their dependencies and relations; to set forth nature as a whole, moved by internal forces; and to show the unity which prevails amid all its variety. The centenary of the birth of Humboldt was celebrated in 1869 in Germany and the United States, and shortly afterward a colossal bust of him was placed in the New York Central Park. His *Travels, Views of Nature,* and *Kosmos* have been translated into English. The best *Life of Humboldt* is that edited by Karl Brunt, translated into English by Jane and Caroline Lassels (1872).

INTERDEPENDENCE OF THE SCIENCES.

It has not unfrequently happened that the researches made at remote distances have often and unexpectedly thrown light upon subjects which had long resisted the attempts made to explain them within the narrow limits of our own sphere of observation. Organic forms that had long remained isolated, both in the animal and vegetable kingdom, have been connected by the discovery of intermediate links of transition. The geography of being endowed with life attains completeness as we see the species, genera, and entire families belonging to one hemisphere reflected, as it were, in the analogous animal and vegetable forms of the opposite hemisphere. They are, so to speak, the *equivalents* which mutually personate and replace one another in the great series of organisms. These connecting links and stages of transition may be traced alternately in a deficiency or an excess of development of certain parts, in the mode of junction of distinct organs, in the difference of the balance of forces, or in a resemblance to intermediate forms which are not permanent, but merely characteristic of certain phases of normal development.

Passing from the consideration of beings endowed with life to that of inorganic bodies, we find many

striking illustrations of the high state of advancement to which modern geology has attained. We thus see, according to the grand views of Elie de Beaumont, how chains of mountains dividing different climates and floras and different races of men, reveal to us their relative age, both by the character of the sedimentary strata they have uplifted, and by the directions which they follow over the long fissures with which the earth's crust is furrowed. Relations of super-positions of trachyte and of syenitic porphyry, of diosite and of serpentine which remain doubtful when considered in the auriferous soil of Hungary, in the rich platinum districts of the Oural, and on the southwestern declivity of the Siberian Altai, are elucidated by the observations that have been made on the plateaus of Mexico and Antioquia, and in the unhealthy ravines of Choes. The most important facts on which the physical history of the world has been based in modern times, have not been accumulated by chance.

A more accurate knowledge of the connection of physical phenomena will also tend to remove the prevalent error that all branches of natural science are not equally important in relation to general cultivation and industrial progress. An arbitrary distinction is frequently made between the various degrees of importance appertaining to mathematical sciences, to the study of organized beings, the knowledge of electro-magnetism, and investigations of the general properties of matter in its different conditions of molecular aggregation; and it is not uncommon presumptuously to affix a supposed stigma upon researches of this nature, by terming them "purely theoretical," forgetting, although the fact has been long attested, that in the observation of a phenomenon which at first sight appears to be wholly isolated, may be concealed the germ of a great discovery.

When Galvani first stimulated the nervous fibre by the accidental contact of two heterogeneous metals, his contemporaries could never have anticipated that the action of the voltaic pile would discover to us, in their alkalies, metals of a silvery lustre, so light as to swim on water, and evidently inflammable; or that it would

become a powerful instrument of chemical analysis, and at the same time a thermoscope and a magnet. When Huyghens first observed, in 1678, the phenomenon of the polarization of light, exhibited in the difference of the two rays into which a pencil of light divides itself in passing through a doubly refracting crystal, it could not be foreseen that a century and a half later the great philosopher Arago would, by his discovery of Chromatic Polarization, be led to discern, by means of a small fragment of Iceland spar, whether solar light emanates from a solid body or a gaseous covering; or whether comets transmit light directly or merely by reflection.

An equal appreciation of all branches of the mathematical, physical, and natural sciences is a special requirement of the present age, in which the material wealth and the growing prosperity of nations are principally based upon a more enlightened employment of the products and forces of nature. The most superficial glance at the present condition of Europe shows that a diminution or even a total annihilation of national prosperity must be the award of those states who shrink with slothful indifference from the great struggle of rival nations in the career of industrial arts. It is with nations as with nature, which, according to Goethe, "knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse on all inaction." The propagation of an earnest and sound knowledge of science can therefore alone avert the dangers of which I have spoken. Man cannot act upon nature, or appropriate her forces to his own use, without comprehending their full extent, and having an intimate acquaintance with the laws of the physical world. Bacon has said that in human societies knowledge is power. Both must rise and sink together. But the knowledge which results from the free action of thought is at once the delight and the indestructible prerogative of man; and in forming part of the wealth of mankind, it not unfrequently serves as a substitute for the natural riches which are but sparingly scattered over the earth. Those states which take no part in the general industrial movement, in the choice and preparation of natural substances, or in the appli-

cation of mechanics and chemistry, and in whom this activity is not appreciated by all classes of society, will infallibly see their prosperity diminish, in proportion as neighboring countries become strengthened and invigorated under the genial influence of arts and sciences.

As in nobler spheres of thought and sentiment, in philosophy, poetry, and the fine arts, the object at which we aim ought to be an inward one — an ennoblement of the intellect — so ought we likewise, in our pursuit of science, to strive after a knowledge of the laws and principles of unity that pervade the vital forces of the universe; and it is by such a course that physical studies may be made subservient to the progress of industry, which is a conquest of mind over matter. By a happy connection of causes and effects, we often see the useful linked to the beautiful and the exalted. The improvements of agriculture in the hands of free men, and on properties of a moderate extent, the flourishing state of the mechanical arts freed from the trammels of municipal restrictions, the increased impetus imparted to commerce by the multiplied means of contact of nations with each other, are all brilliant results of the intellectual progress of mankind, one of the ameliorations of political institutions in which this progress is reflected.

Nor let it be feared that the marked predilection for the study of nature, and for industrial progress, which is so characteristic of the present age, should necessarily have a tendency to retard the noble exertions of the intellect in the domains of philosophy, classical history, and antiquity; or to deprive the arts by which life is embellished of the vivifying breath of imagination. Where all the germs of civilization are developed beneath the ægis of free institutions and wise legislation, there is no cause for apprehending that any one branch of knowledge should be cultivated to the prejudice of others. All afford to the state precious fruits, whether they yield nourishment to man, and constitute his physical wealth, or whether — more permanent in their nature — they transmit in the works of mind the glory of nations to remotest posterity.— *Kosmos.*

HUMBOLDT, Karl Wilhelm von, a German statesman and philologist; brother of Friedrich Alexander von Humboldt; born at Potsdam, Prussia, June 22, 1767; died at Tegel, near Berlin, April 8, 1835. He bore an important part in public affairs from 1801 to 1819, being successively Prussian Resident at Rome, Minister of State for the Departments of Religion and Public Education, and Ambassador to England. In 1819 the King of Prussia, contrary to the advice of Humboldt, refused to introduce the representative system which he had promised to his people, and Humboldt was, by royal decree, deprived of all his official employments. He retired to private life, and devoted himself to literary pursuits, more especially to æsthetics and philology. It has been said that although Herder, Adelung, and Schlegel had paved the way, Humboldt was the first to make philology a science. Having formed the intention to follow all the languages spoken on the Pacific, he began with his work *Ueber die Kawisprache auf der Insel Java,* in which he traces the languages, history, and literature of the Malay races (3 vols., 4to, 1836–40). The most valuable portion of his work is the Introduction, published separately in 1836. His *Collected Works* were published by his brother Alexander (7 vols., 1841–52). His *Letters to a Friend* (Charlotte Diede) have been translated into English by Catharine M. A. Couper (2 vols., 1849). His large collection of MSS. and books was bequeathed to the Royal Library of Berlin. The best biography of Wilhelm von Humboldt is that by Haym (Berlin. 1856).

Talleyrand's opinion of him is said to have been expressed in these words: "Europe does not possess three statesmen of such power."

Humboldt's *Sphere and Duties of Government* was written as early as 1791; but, owing to the contrast of the young author's ideas to the events and opinions of the day, it was long obnoxious to the German censorship. The manuscript was therefore retained by the writer, and, being revised from time to time during his life, did not appear in its final perfection until after his death. The English translator speaks of it as "a treasure which has strong claims to attention, whether we regard the eminence of its author as a philosopher and a statesman, the intrinsic value of its contents, or their peculiar interest at a time when the sphere of government seems more than ever to require careful definition."

TO WHAT SHOULD THE SOLICITUDE OF THE STATE BE CONFINED?

It has been from time to time disputed by publicists, whether the State should provide for the security only, or for the whole physical and moral well-being of the nation. The vigilant solicitude for the freedom of private life has in general led to the former proposition; while the idea that the State can bestow something more than mere security, and that the injurious limitation of liberty, although a possible, is not an essential, consequence of such a policy, has disposed many to the latter opinion. And this belief has undoubtedly prevailed, not only in political theory, but in actual practice. Ample evidence of this is to be found in most of the systems of political jurisprudence, in the more recent philosophical codes, and in the history of constitutions generally. The introduction of these principles has given a new form to the study of politics (as is shown, for instance, by so many recent financial and legislative

theories), and has produced many new departments of administration, as boards of trade, finance, and national economy. But, however generally these principles may be accepted, they still appear to me to require a more radical investigation; and this can only proceed from a view of human nature in the abstract, and of the highest ends of human existence.— *From Sphere and Duties of Government.*

HUME, DAVID, a Scottish historian and philosopher; born at Edinburgh, April 26, 1711; died there, August 25, 1776. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, with the design of entering upon the legal profession, but was drawn away toward literature. In 1734 he entered a counting-house at Bristol, where he remained only a short time, then went to France, where he resided three years, and wrote his *Treatise of Human Nature.* This was published in 1738, and as he says, "fell dead from the press." Returning to Edinburgh, he published in 1742 the first volume of his *Essays,* and endeavored unsuccessfully to obtain a professorship in the university. He had in the meantime made numerous influential friends, by whom he was held in the highest esteem. Among these was General St. Clair, who in 1746 was sent as minister to Turin; and Hume accompanied him as secretary. While at Turin he wrote his *Inquiry into the Human Understanding,* which is essentially an enlargement of his earlier *Treatise of Human Nature.* He returned to Scotland in 1749, and published his *Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals* and *Political Discourses.*

DAVID HUME.

In 1752 he was chosen Librarian of the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, and commenced his *History of England,* which has become a standard classic. The first volume, as originally published, appeared in 1754; it contained the History of James I. and Charles I. The second volume, which appeared in 1756, treated of the reigns of Charles II. and James II. In 1759 appeared his *History of the House of Tudor,* and in 1761 the volumes relating to the earlier portions of the English annals. He had in mind to write two more volumes treating of the reigns of William III. and of Anne. But this purpose was never executed. Hume's *History of England,* as written by himself, closes with the conclusion of the reign of James II. It has been continued by other hands down to still later times, and these continuations are not unfrequently appended to the volumes of Hume. A very creditable abridgment of the work of Hume, entitled *The Student's Hume,* has been put forth under the editorial supervision of several persons.

Near the close of his life Mr. Hume wrote a few pages of autobiography, of which a few paragraphs are here given:

CHARACTER OF HUME BY HIMSELF.

I returned to Edinburgh in 1769, very opulent (for I possessed £1,000 a year), healthy, and, though somewhat stricken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long my ease, and of seeing the increase of my reputation. In the spring of 1775 I was struck with a disorder in my bowels, which at first gave me no alarm, but has since, as I apprehend it, become mortal and incurable. I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution. I have suffered very little pain from my disorder, and, what is more strange, have — notwithstanding the great decline of my person —

never suffered a moment's abatement of my spirit; insomuch that were I to name a period of my life which I should choose to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this later period. I possess the same ardor as ever in study, and the same gayety in company. I consider, besides, that a man of sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities; and though I see many symptoms to my literary reputation breaking out at last with additional lustre, I know that I could have but few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I now am.

To conclude historically with my own character: I am, or rather was — (for that is the style which I must now use in speaking of myself, which emboldens me the more to speak my sentiments) — I was, I say, a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humor; capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling passion, never soured my temper, notwithstanding my frequent disappointments. My company was not unacceptable to the young and careless, as well as to the studious and literary; and as I took a particular pleasure in the company of modest women, I had no reason to be displeased with the reception I met with from them.

In a word, though most men in any ways eminent have found reason to complain of calumny, I never was touched, or even attacked by her baleful tooth; and though I wantonly exposed myself to the rage of both civil and religious factions, they seemed to be disarmed in my behalf of their wonted fury. My friends never had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of my character and conduct: not but that the zealots, we may well suppose, would have been glad to invent and propagate any story to my disadvantage, but they could never find any which they thought would wear the face of probability. I cannot say there is no vanity in making this funeral oration of myself, but I hope it is not a misplaced one; and this is a matter of fact which is easily cleared and ascertained.— *Autobiography.*

THE MURDER OF THOMAS À BECKET.

When [1170] the suspended and excommunicated prelates arrived at Baieux, where the king [Henry II.] then resided, and complained to him of the violent proceedings of Becket [Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of all England], he instantly perceived the consequences; was sensible that his whole plan of operations was overthrown; foresaw that the dangerous contest between the civil and religious powers — a contest which he himself had first roused, but which he had endeavored by all his late negotiations and concessions to appease — must come to an immediate and decisive issue; and he was thence thrown into the most violent commotion. The Archbishop of York remarked to him that so long as Becket lived he could never expect to enjoy peace or tranquillity. The king himself being vehemently agitated, burst forth into an exclamation against his servants whose want of zeal, he said, had so long left him exposed to the enterprises of that ungrateful and ambitious prelate.

Four gentlemen of his household — Reginald Fitz-Urse, William de Traci, Hugh de Moreville, and Richard Brito — taking these passionate expressions to be a hint for Becket's death, immediately communicated their thoughts to each other; and swearing to avenge their prince's quarrel, secretly withdrew from court. Some menacing expressions which they had dropped gave a suspicion of their design; and the king dispatched a messenger after them, charging them to attempt nothing against the person of the primate; but these orders arrived too late to prevent their fatal purpose.

The four assassins, though they took different roads to England, arrived nearly about the same time at Saltwoode, near Canterbury; and being joined there by some assistants, proceeded in great haste to the archi-episcopal palace. They found the primate — who trusted entirely to the sacredness of his character — very slenderly attended; and though they threw out many menaces and reproaches against him, he was so incapable of fear — that, without using any precautions against their violence,

he immediately went to St. Benedict's Church to hear vespers. They followed him thither, attacked him before the altar, and having cloven his head with many blows, retired without meeting with any opposition.

This was the tragical end of Thomas à Becket — a prelate of the most lofty, intrepid, and inflexible spirit, who was able to cover to the world, and probably to himself, the enterprises of pride and ambition under the disguise of sanctity and zeal for the interests of religion. An extraordinary personage, surely, had he been allowed to remain in his first station, and had he directed the vehemence of his character to the support of law and justice, instead of being engaged by the prejudices of the times to sacrifice all private duties and public connections to ties which he imagined or represented as superior to every civil and political consideration. But no man who enters into the genius of that age can reasonably doubt of this prelate's sincerity. The spirit of superstition was so prevalent that it infallibly caught every careless reasoner — much more everyone whose interest, and honor, and ambition were engaged to support it.— *History of England, Chap. VIII.*

THE MURDER OF EDWARD II.

The suspicions which soon arose [1327] of Queen Isabella's criminal commerce with Mortimer, the proofs which daily broke out of this part of her guilt, increased the general abhorrence against her; and her hypocrisy in publicly bewailing with tears the king's unhappy fate, was not able to deceive even the most stupid and most prejudiced of her adherents. In proportion as the queen became the object of public hatred, the dethroned monarch who had been the victim of her crimes and her ambition, was regarded with pity, with friendship, with veneration; and men became sensible that all his misconduct, which faction had so much exaggerated, had been owing to the unavoidable weakness, not to any voluntary depravity, of his character.

The Earl of Leicester — now Earl of Lancaster — to whose custody he had been committed, was soon touched

with those generous sentiments; and besides using his prisoner with gentleness and humanity, he was suspected to have entertained still more honorable intentions in his favor. The king, therefore, was taken from his hands, and delivered over to Lord Berkeley and Maltravers and Gournay, who were entrusted alternately — each for a month — with the charge of guarding him. While he was in the custody of Berkeley he was still treated with the gentleness due to his rank and his misfortunes; but when the turn of Maltravers and Gournay came, every species of indignity was practised against him, as if their intention had been to break entirely the prince's spirit, and to employ his sorrows and afflictions, instead of more violent and more dangerous expedients, for the instruments of his murder. It is reported that one day when Edward was to be shaved, they ordered cold and dirty water to be brought from the ditch for that purpose; and when he desired it to be changed, and was still denied his request, he burst into tears, which bedewed his cheeks; and he exclaimed that, in spite of their insolence, he should be shaved with clean and warm water.

But as this method of laying Edward in the grave appeared still too slow to the impatient Mortimer, he secretly sent orders to the two keepers, who were at his devotion, instantly to despatch him; and these ruffians contrived to make the manner of his death as cruel and barbarous as possible. Taking advantage of Berkeley's sickness, in whose custody he then was, and who was thereby incapacitated from attending his charge, they proceeded to Berkeley Castle, and put themselves in possession of the king's person. They threw him on a bed, held him down violently with a table which they flung over him; thrust into his fundament a red-hot iron, which they inserted through a horn; and though the outward marks of violence upon his person were prevented by this expedient, the horrid deed was discovered to all the guards and attendants by the screams with which the agonized king filled the castle while his bowels were consuming.—*History of England, Chap. XIV.*

THE ARGUMENTS FOR TOLERATION AND FOR PERSECUTION.

The success which Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, from his cautious and prudent conduct, had met with in governing the Parliament, and engaging them to concur both in the marriage of Queen Mary and Philip of Spain, and in the re-establishment of the ancient religion — two points to which it was believed they bore an extreme aversion — had so raised his character for wisdom and policy, that his opinion was received as an oracle in the Council; and his authority, as it was always great in his own party, no longer suffered any opposition or control. Cardinal Pole himself — though more beloved on account of his virtue and candor, and though superior in birth and station — had not an equal weight in public deliberations; and while his learning, piety, and humanity were extremely respected, he was represented more as a good man than a great minister. A very important question was frequently debated before the Queen and Council by these two ecclesiastics: whether the laws lately revived against heretics should be put in execution, or should only be employed to restrain by terror the bold attempts of these zealots?

Pole was very sincere in his religious principles; and though his moderation had made him be suspected at Rome of a tendency toward Lutheranism, he was seriously persuaded of the Catholic doctrines, and thought that no consideration of human policy ought ever to come in competition with such important interests. Gardiner, on the contrary, had always made his religion subservient to his schemes of safety or advancement, and by his unlimited complaisance to Henry VIII. he had shown that, had he not been pushed to extremity under the late minority, he was sufficiently disposed to make a sacrifice of his principles to the established theology. This was the well-known character of these two great councillors; yet such is the prevalence of temper above system, that the benevolent disposition of Pole led him to advise a toleration of the heretical tenets which he highly blamed; while the severe disposition of Gardiner inclined him to support by

persecution that religion which at the bottom he regarded with great indifference.

This circumstance of public conduct was of the highest importance; and from being the object of deliberation in the council, it soon became the subject of discourse throughout the nation. We shall relate, in a few words, the topics by which each side supported, or might have supported, their scheme of policy: and shall display the opposite reasons which have been employed with regard to an argument that ever has been, and ever will be, so much canvassed.

The practice of persecution, said the defenders of Pole's opinion, is the scandal of all religion; and the theological animosity so fierce and violent, far from being an argument of men's conviction in their opposite sects, is a certain proof that they have never reached any serious persuasion with regard to those remote and sublime subjects. . . . But while men zealously maintain what they neither comprehend nor entirely believe, they are shaken in their imagined faith by the opposite persuasion or even doubts of other men, and vent on their antagonists that impatience which is the natural result of so disagreeable a state of the understanding; and if they can also find a color for connecting this violence with the interests of civil government, they can no longer be restrained from giving uncontrolled scope to vengeance and resentment. But surely, never enterprise was more unfortunate than that of founding persecution upon policy, or endeavoring, for the sake of policy, to settle an entire uniformity of opinion in questions which of all others are least subject to the criterion of human reason. The universal and uncontradicted prevalence of one opinion in religious subjects can be owing at first to the stupid ignorance alone and barbarism of the people, who never indulge themselves in any speculation or inquiry; and there is no expedient for maintaining that uniformity so fondly sought after, but by banishing forever all curiosity and all improvement in science and cultivation. It may not, indeed, appear difficult to check, by steady severity, the first beginnings of controversy; but besides that this policy exposes forever the people to all the ab-

ject terrors of superstition, and the magistrate to the endless encroachments of ecclesiastics; it also renders men so delicate that they can never endure to hear of opposition. . . . But whatever may be said in favor of suppressing by persecution the first beginnings of heresy, no solid arguments can be alleged for exercising severity toward multitudes, or endeavoring by capital punishment to extirpate an opinion which has diffused itself among men of every rank and station. Besides the extreme barbarity of such an attempt, it commonly proves ineffectual to the purpose intended; and serves only to make men more obstinate in their persuasion, and to increase the number of their proselytes. . . . Open the door to toleration, mutual hatred relaxes among the sectaries; their attachment to their particular modes of religion decays; the common occupations and pleasures of life succeed to the acrimony of disputation, and the same man who in other circumstances would have braved flames and tortures, is induced to change his sect from the smallest prospect of favor and advancement, or even from the frivolous hope of becoming more fashionable in his principles. If any exception can be admitted to this maxim of toleration, it will only be where a theology altogether new is imported from foreign countries, and may easily at one blow be eradicated, without leaving the seeds of future innovation. But as this exception would imply some apology for the ancient pagan persecutions, or for the extirpation of Christianity in China and Japan, it surely, on account of this detested consequence, ought to be rather buried in eternal silence and oblivion.

Though these arguments appear entirely satisfactory, yet such is the subtlety of human wit, that Gardiner and other enemies to toleration were not reduced to silence; and they still found topics on which to maintain the controversy. The doctrine, said they, of liberty of conscience, is founded on the most flagrant impiety, and supposes such an indifference among all religions, such an obscurity in theological doctrines, as to render the church and magistrate incapable of distinguishing with certainty the dictates of heaven from the mere fictions of human imagination. If the divinity reveals principles to man-

kind, he will surely give a criterion by which they may be ascertained; and a prince who knowingly allows these principles to be perverted or adulterated is infinitely more criminal than if he gave permission for the vending of poison, under the shape of food, to all his subjects. Persecution may indeed seem better calculated to make hypocrites than converts; but experience teaches us that the habits of hyprocrisy often turn into reality; and the children, at least, ignorant of the dissimulation of their parents, may happily be educated in more orthodox tenets. It is absurd, in opposition to considerations of such unspeakable importance to plead the temporal and frivolous interests of civil society, and if matters be thoroughly examined, even that topic will not appear so universally certain in favor of toleration, as by some it is represented. Where sects arise whose fundamental principle on all sides is to execrate and abhor each other, what choice has the magistrate left but to take part, and by rendering one sect entirely prevalent, to restore, at least for a time, the public tranquillity. The political body, being here sickly, must not be treated as if it were in a state of sound health; and an affected neutrality in the prince, or even a cool preference, may serve only to encourage the hopes of all the sects, and keep alive their animosity; . . . and if persecution of any kind be admitted, the most bloody and violent will surely be allowed the most justifiable, as the most effectual. Imprisonments, fines, confiscations, whippings, serve only to irritate the sects; but the stake, the wheel, and the gibbet, must soon terminate in the extirpation or banishment of all the heretics inclined to give disturbance, and in the entire silence and submission of the rest.

The arguments of Gardiner, being more agreeable to the cruel bigotry of Mary and Philip, were better received; and though Pole pleaded, as is affirmed, the advice of the emperor, who recommended it to his daughter-in-law not to exercise violence against the Protestants, and desired her to consider his own example, who, after endeavoring through his whole life to extirpate heresy, had in the end reaped nothing but disappointment, the scheme of toleration was entirely rejected. It was determined to

let loose the laws in their full vigor against the reformed religion; and England was soon filled with scenes of horror which have ever since rendered the Catholic religion the object of general detestation, and which proved that no human depravity can equal revenge and cruelty covered with the mantle of religion.—*History of England, Chap. XXXVII.*

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Thus perished, in the forty-fifth year of her age, and the nineteenth of her captivity in England, Mary, Queen of Scots — a woman of great accomplishments both of body and mind, natural as well as acquired; but unfortunate in her life, and during one period very unhappy in her conduct. The beauties of her person and graces of her air combined to make her the most amiable of women, and the charms of her address and conversation aided the impression which her lovely figure made on the hearts of all beholders. Ambitious and active in her temper, yet inclined to cheerfulness and society; of a lofty spirit, constant and even vehement in her purpose, yet polite and gentle, and affable in her demeanor, she seemed to partake only so much of the male virtues as to render her estimable, without relinquishing those soft graces which compose the proper ornament of her sex.

In order to form a just idea of her character, we must set aside one part of her conduct, while she abandoned herself to the guidance of a profligate man; and must consider these faults — whether we admit them to be imprudences or crimes — as the result of inexplicable though not uncommon inconstancy in the human mind, of the frailty of our nature, of the violence of passion, and of the influences which situations, and sometimes momentary incidents, have on persons whose principles are not thoroughly confirmed by experience and reflection. Enraged by the ungrateful conduct of her husband, seduced by the treacherous counsel of one in whom she reposed confidence, transported by the violence of her own temper, which never lay sufficiently under the guidance of discretion, she was betrayed into actions which may with some

difficulty be accounted for, but which admit of no apology, nor even of alleviation. An enumeration of her qualities might carry the appearance of a panegyric; an account of her conduct must in some parts wear the aspect of severe satire and invective.—*History of England, Chap. XLII.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions — and, what is more, of religious animosities — produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct.

Her vigor, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne. A conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities — the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also en-

gaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances, and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration — the true secret for managing religious factions — she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigor to make deep impression on their states. Her own greatness meanwhile remained unimpaired. . . .

When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity, but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind.— *History of England, Chap. XLIV.*

THE GOVERNMENT OF CHARLES I.

England, it must be owned, was in this respect unhappy in its present situation [1634], that the king had in 1633 entertained a very different idea of the constitution from that which began in general to prevail among his subjects. He did not regard national privileges as so sacred and inviolable that nothing but the most extreme necessity could justify an infringement of them. He considered himself as the supreme magistrate to whose care Heaven, by his birthright, had committed his people; whose duty it was to provide for their security and happiness, and who was invested with ample discretionary powers for that salutary purpose. If the observance of ancient laws and customs was consistent with the present convenience of the government, he thought himself to comply with that rule, as the easiest, the safest, and what

FERGUS HUME.

procured the most prompt and willing obedience. But when a change of circumstances — especially if derived from the obstinacy of the people — required a new plan of administration, national privileges, he thought, must yield to supreme power; nor could any order of the state oppose any right to the will of the sovereign, directed to the good of the public.

That these principles of government were derived from the uniform tenor of the English laws, it would be rash to affirm. The fluctuating nature of the constitution, the impatient humor of the people, and the variety of events, had no doubt, in different ages, produced exceptions and contradictions. These observations alone may be established on both sides: that the appearances were sufficiently strong in favor of the king to apologize for his following such maxims; and that public liberty must be so precarious under this exorbitant prerogative as to render an opposition not only excusable, but laudable in the people.— *History of England, Chap. LII.*

HUME, FERGUS, an English novelist; born at London, July 24, 1862. He was educated at the High School, Dunedin, N. Z., and the University of Otago. He was then admitted to the New Zealand bar, and after three years' residence in Melbourne, went to England in 1888. He traveled extensively in Italy, France, Switzerland and other continental countries. He made his first pronounced literary success in 1887 by the publication of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab.* This was followed by *Madam Midas* (1888); *Monsieur Judas* (1890); *The Island of Fantasy* (1892); *Harlequin Opal* (1893); *The Nameless City* (1893); *The Dwarf's Chamber* (1896); *The Bishop's Secret* (1900); *The Turnpike*

House (1902); *A Coin of Edward VII.* (1903); *The Red Window* (1904); *The Mandarin's Fan* (1904); and *The Secret Passage* (1905).

THE CONFESSION.

"What I am now about to write is set forth by me so that the true circumstances connected with the 'Hansom Cab Tragedy,' which took place in Melbourne in 18—, may be known. I owe a confession, particularly to Brian Fitzgerald, seeing that he was accused of the crime. Although I know he was rightfully acquitted of the charge, yet I wish him to know all about the case, though I am convinced, from his altered demeanor toward me, that he is better acquainted with it than he chooses to confess. In order to account for the murder of Oliver Whyte, I must go back to the beginning of my life in this colony, and show how the series of events began which culminated in the committal of the crime.

"Should it be necessary to make this confession public, in the interests of justice, I can say nothing against such a course being taken; but I would be grateful if it could be suppressed, both on account of my good name and of my dear daughter Margaret, whose love and affection has so soothed and brightened my life.

"If, however, she should be informed of the contents of these pages, I ask her to deal leniently with the memory of one who was sorely tried and tempted.

"I came to the colony of Victoria, or rather, as it was called then, New South Wales, in the year 18—. I had been in a merchant's office in London, but not seeing much opportunity for advancement, I looked about to see if I could better myself. I heard of this new land across the ocean, and though it was not then the El Dorado which it afterward turned out, and, truth to tell, had rather a shady name, owing to the transportation of convicts, yet I longed to go there and start a new life. Unhappily, however, I had not the means to go, and saw nothing better before me than the dreary life of a London clerk, as it was impossible that I could save out of the small salary I got.

Just at this time, however, an old maiden aunt of mine died and left a few hundred pounds to me, so with this, I came out to Australia, determined to become a rich man. I stayed some time in Sydney, and then came over to Port Phillip, now so widely known as Marvelous Melbourne, where I intended to pitch my tent. I saw that it was a young and rising colony, though of course, coming as I did, before the days of the gold digging, I never dreamed it would spring up, as it had done since, to a nation. I was careful and saving in those days, and, indeed, I think it was the happiest time of my life.

"I bought land whenever I could scrape the money together, and, at the time of the gold rush, was considered well-to-do. When, however, the cry that gold had been discovered was raised, and the eyes of all nations were turned to Australia, with her glittering treasures, men poured in from all parts of the world, and the 'Golden Age' commenced. I began to get rich rapidly, and was soon pointed out as the wealthiest man in the Colonies. I bought a station, and leaving the riotous, feverish Melbourne life, went to live on it. I enjoyed myself there, for the wild, open-air life had great charms for me, and there was a sense of freedom to which I had hitherto been a stranger. But man is a gregarious animal, and I, growing weary of solitude and communings with Mother Nature, came down on a visit to Melbourne, where, with companions as gay as myself, I spent my money freely, and, as the phrase goes, saw life. After confessing that I loved the pure life of the country, it sounds strange to say that I enjoyed the wild life of the town, but I did. I was neither a Joseph nor a St. Anthony, and I was delighted with Bohemia, with its good fellowship and charming suppers, which took place in the small hours of the morning, when wit and humor reigned supreme. It was at one of these suppers that I first met Rosanna Moore, the woman who was destined to curse my existence. She was a burlesque actress, and all the young fellows in those days were madly in love with her. She was not exactly what was called beautiful, but there was a brilliancy and fascination about her which few could resist. On first seeing her I did not admire her much, but laughed at my

companions as they raved about her. On becoming personally acquainted with her, however, I found that her powers of fascination had not been overrated, and ended by falling desperately in love with her. I made inquiries about her private life, and found that it was irreproachable, as she was guarded by a veritable dragon of a mother, who would let no one approach her daughter. I need not tell about my courtship, as these phases of a man's life are generally the same, but it will be sufficient to prove the depth of my passion for her when I at length determined to make her my wife. It was on condition, however, that the marriage should be kept secret until such time as I should choose to reveal it. My reason for such a course was this, my father was still alive, and he, being a rigid Presbyterian, would never have forgiven me for having married a woman of the stage; so, as he was old and feeble, I did not wish him to learn that I had done so, fearing that the shock would be too much for him in his then present state of health. I told Rosanna I would marry her, but wanted her to leave her mother, who was a perfect fury, and not an agreeable person to live with. As I was rich, young and not bad looking, Rosanna consented, and, during an engagement she had in Sydney, I went over there and married her. She never told her mother she had married me, why, I do not know, as I never laid any restriction on her doing so. The mother made a great noise over the matter, but I gave Rosanna a large sum of money for her, and this the old harridan accepted, and left for New Zealand. Rosanna went with me to my station, where we lived as man and wife, though, in Melbourne, she was supposed to be my mistress. At last, feeling degraded in my own eyes as to the way I was living to the world, I wanted to reveal our secret, but this Rosanna would not consent to. I was astonished at this, and could never discover the reason, but in many ways Rosanna was an enigma to me. She then grew weary of the quiet country life, and longed to return to the glitter and glare of the foot-lights. This I refused to let her do, and from that moment she took a dislike to me. A child was born, and for a time she was engrossed with it, but soon wearied of the new plaything,

and again pressed me to allow her to return to the stage. I again refused, and we became estranged from one another. I grew gloomy and irritable, and was accustomed to take long rides by myself, frequently being away for days. There was a great friend of mine who owned the next station, a fine, handsome young fellow, called Frank Kelly, with a gay, sunny disposition, and a wonderful flow of humor. When he found I was so much away, thinking Rosanna was only my mistress, he began to console her, and succeeded so well that one day, on my return from a ride, I found she had fled with him, and had taken the child with her. She left a letter saying that she had never really cared for me, but had married me for my money — she would keep our marriage a secret, and was going to return to the stage. I followed my false friend and false wife down to Melbourne, but arrived too late, as they had just left for England. Disgusted with the manner in which I had been treated, I plunged into a whirl of dissipation, trying to drown the memory of my married life. My friends, of course, thought that my loss amounted to no more than that of a mistress, and I soon began myself to doubt that I had ever been married, so far away and visionary did my life of the year previous seem. I continued my fast life for about six months, when suddenly I was arrested upon the brink of destruction by — an angel. I say this advisedly, for if ever there was an angel upon earth it was she who afterward became my wife. She was the daughter of a doctor, and it was her influence which drew me back from the dreary path of profligacy and dissipation which I was then leading. I paid her great attention, and we were, in fact, looked upon as good as engaged, but I knew that I was still linked to that accursed woman, and could not ask her to be my wife. At this second crisis of my life Fate again intervened, for I received a letter from England, which informed me that Rosanna Moore had been run over in the streets of London, and had died in an hospital. The writer was a young doctor, who had attended her, and I wrote home to him, begging him to send out a certificate of her death, so that I might be sure she was no more. He did so, and also inclosed an ac-

count of the accident, which had appeared in a newspaper. Then, indeed, I felt that I was free, and closing, as I thought, forever, the darkest page of my life's history, I began to look forward to the future. I married again, and my domestic life was a singularly happy one. As the colony grew greater, with every year I became even more wealthy than I had been, and was looked up to and respected by my fellow citizens. When my dear daughter Margaret was born, I felt that my cup of happiness was full, but suddenly I received a disagreeable reminder of the past. Rosanna's mother made her appearance one day — a disreputable-looking creature, smelling of gin, and in whom I could not recognize the respectably dressed woman who used to accompany Rosanna to the theater. She had spent long ago all the money I had given her, and sunk lower and lower, until she now lived in a slum off Little Bourke Street. I made inquiries after the child, and she told me it was dead. Rosanna had not taken it into England with her, but had left it in her mother's charge, and, no doubt, neglect and want of proper nourishment was the cause of its death. There now seemed to be no link to bind me to the past with the exception of the old hag, who knew nothing about the marriage. I did not attempt to undeceive her, but agreed to allow her enough to live on if she promised never to trouble me again, and to keep quiet about everything which had reference to my connection with her daughter. She promised readily enough, and went back to her squalid dwelling in the slums, where, for all I know, she still lives, as money has been paid to her regularly every month by my solicitors. I heard nothing more about the matter, and now felt quite satisfied that I had heard the last of Rosanna. As years rolled on, things prospered with me, and so fortunate was I in all speculations that my luck became proverbial. Then, alas! when all things seemed to smile upon me, my wife died, and the world has never seemed the same to me since. I, however, had my dear daughter to console me, and in her love and affection I became reconciled to the loss of my wife. A young Irish gentleman, called Brian Fitzgerald, came out to Australia, and I soon saw that my daughter was in

love with him, and that he reciprocated that affection, whereat I was glad, as I have always esteemed him highly. I looked forward to their marriage, when suddenly a series of events occurred, which must be fresh in the memory of those who read these pages. Mr. Oliver Whyte, a gentleman from London, called on me and startled me with the news that my first wife, Rosanna Moore, was still living, and that the story of her death had been an ingenious fabrication in order to deceive me. She had met with an accident, as stated in the newspaper, and had been taken to an hospital, where she recovered. The young doctor, who had sent the certificate of her death, had fallen in love with her and wanted to marry her, and had told me that she was dead in order that her past life might be obliterated. The doctor, however, died before the marriage, and Rosanna did not trouble herself about undeceiving me. She was then acting on the burlesque stage under the name of 'Musette,' and seemed to have gained an unenviable notoriety by her extravagance and infamy. Whyte met her in London, and she became his mistress. He seemed to have a wonderful influence over her, for she told him all her past life, and about her marriage with me. Her popularity being on the wane in London, as she was now growing old, and had to make way for younger actresses, Whyte proposed that they should come out to the Colonies and extort money from me, and he had come to me for that purpose. The villain told me all this in the coolest manner, and I, knowing he held the secret of my life, was unable to resent it. I refused to see Rosanna, but told Whyte I would agree to his terms, which were, first, a large sum of money was to be paid to Rosanna, and secondly, Whyte wanted to marry my daughter. I, at first, absolutely declined to sanction the latter proposal, but as he threatened to publish the story, and that meant the proclamation to the world of my daughter's illegitimacy, I at last agreed, and he began to pay his addresses to Madge. She, however, refused to marry him, and told me she was engaged to Fitzgerald, so after a severe struggle with myself, I told Whyte that I would not allow him to marry Madge, but would give him whatever sum he liked to name. On

the night he was murdered he came to see me, and showed me the certificate of marriage between myself and Rosanna Moore. He refused to take a sum of money, and said unless I consented to his marriage with Madge he would publish the whole affair. I implored him to give me time to think, so he said he would give me two days, but no more, and left the house, taking the marriage-certificate with him. I was in despair, and saw that the only way to save myself was to obtain possession of the marriage-certificate and deny everything. With this idea in my mind I followed him up to town and saw him meet Moreland, and drink with him. They went into the hotel in Russell Street, and when Whyte came out, at half past twelve, he was quite intoxicated. I saw him go along to the Scotch Church, near the Burke and Wills' monument, and cling to the lamp-post at the corner. I thought I would then be able to get the certificate for him, as he was so drunk, when I saw a gentleman in a light coat — I did not know it was Fitzgerald — come up to him and hail a cab for him. I saw there was nothing more to be done at that time, so, in despair, went home and waited for the next day, in fear lest he should carry out his determination. Nothing, however, turned up, and I was beginning to think that Whyte had abandoned his purpose, when I heard that he had been murdered in the hansom cab. I was in great fear lest the marriage-certificate would be found on him, but as nothing was said about it I began to wonder. I knew he had it on him, so came to the conclusion that the murderer, whoever he was, had taken it from the body, and would sooner or later come to me to extort money, knowing that I dare not denounce him. Fitzgerald was arrested, and afterward acquitted, so I began to think that the certificate had been lost, and my troubles were at an end. However, I was always haunted by a dread that the sword was hanging over my head, and would fall sooner or later. I was right; for two nights ago, Roger Moreland, who was an intimate friend of Whyte's, called on me and produced the marriage-certificate, which he offered to sell to me for five thousand pounds. In horror, I accused him of murdering Whyte, which he denied at first, but afterward acknowledged,

stating that I dare not betray him for my own sake. I was nearly mad with the horror I was placed in, either to denounce my daughter as illegitimate or let a murderer escape the penalty of his crime. At last I agreed to keep silent, and handed him a check for five thousand pounds, receiving in return the marriage-certificate. I then made Moreland swear to leave the colony, which he readily agreed to do, saying Melbourne was dangerous. When he left I reflected upon the awfulness of my position, and had almost determined to commit suicide, but thank God, I saved myself from that crime. I wrote out this confession in order that after my death the true story of the murder of Whyte may be known, and that any one who may hereafter be accused of the murder may not be wrongfully punished. I have no hopes of Moreland ever receiving the penalty of his crime, as when this is open all trace of him will, no doubt, be lost. I will not destroy the marriage-certificate, but place it with these papers, so that the truth of my story can be seen. In conclusion, I would ask forgiveness of my daughter Margaret for my sins, which have been visited on her, but she can see for herself that circumstances were too strong for me. May she forgive me, as I hope God in His infinite mercy will, and may she come sometimes and pray over my grave, nor think too hardly upon her dead father."— *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab.*

HUME, Martin Andrew Sharp, an English historian; born at London, December 8, 1847. He was educated in Madrid, and in 1878–9 he was attached to the Turkish army. He later became editor of the Spanish State Papers in the Public Record Office, and examiner of Spanish in the University of London. His published works include *Chronicle of Henry VIII* (1889); *Courtships of Queen Elizabeth*

(1896); *The Year After the Armada* (1896); *Sir Walter Raleigh* (1897); *Philip II of Spain* (1897); *The Great Lord Burghley* (1898); *Spain: Its Greatness and Decay* (1898); *Modern Spain* (1899); *History of the Spanish People* (1901); *Treason and Plot* (1901); *The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots* (1903).

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

It is fitting that a series relating the lives of those who have reared the stately fabric of our Colonial Empire should begin with the story of the man who laid the foundation stone of it. The prescient genius of Sir Walter Raleigh first conceived the project of a Greater England across the seas, which should welcome the surplus population of the mother country to industry and plenty, and make of England the great mart for the products of its virgin soil. Others before him had dreamed of North-West passages to tap the trade of the teeming East; of gold, and gems, and sudden riches, to be grasped in far-off lands; but to Raleigh and his brother Sir Humphrey Gilbert belongs the more enduring honor of a nobler ideal — the planting in savage lands of English-speaking nations, ruled by English laws, enjoying English liberties, and united by links of kinship, and allegiance to the English crown. To them, more than to any other men, is it due that for all time to come the mighty continent of North America will share with England the cherished traditions and the virile speech of the race to which Raleigh belonged. To measure the greatness of the world's debt to him it will suffice to compare the sloth and poverty of the Southern part of the continent with the riches and activity of the North.

Through all the stirring career of Raleigh, splendid favorite, successful soldier, statesman, poet, historian, philosopher, chemist, admiral, explorer and privateer, there ran, like a golden thread, shining brightly amid the dross that surrounded it, the inextinguishable resolve that the arrogant claim of the Philips to the exclusive posses-

sion of the western world, by virtue of a Pope's bull, should be resisted to the death; and that in order to make this resistance effective England must be supreme upon the sea.

To this ruling principle he devoted his talents, his fortune and his life; he was the apostle and the martyr of a British Colonial Empire; and this is the phase of his multitudinous activities in which the present short biography is intended to regard him.

His commanding personality, and the strange vicissitudes of his fortune, from the first impressed the imagination of his countrymen; and his life has been written so often, and so thoroughly, that there is little fresh material to reward the research of more recent inquirers. In 1733, before the modern methods of historical investigation were possible, Oldys, with marvellous industry, collected every fact then obtainable respecting the life of his hero; much of his information being derived from sources not now easily accessible. In 1867 Mr. Edwards, with equal thoroughness and erudition, ransacked State-archives, official documents and private muniment rooms, for such information as they contained on the subject. To Oldys's *Life of Raleigh,* in the eleventh edition of the *History of the World,* and to Edwards's *Life and Letters of Raleigh* all subsequent biographers must perforce be indebted, either for direct information or for the indication of original lines of research. To a lesser degree acknowledgment is due to the works of Southey, Tytler, Sir Robert Schomburgk, Mr. Stebbing, and especially to Dr. S. R. Gardiner.

But however well gleaned a field may be, there is always some stray grain still to be gathered; and another Life of Raleigh would hardly be justifiable, unless it contained some new contribution, however humble, to the knowledge of the subject; some fresh fact, however small, which should aid us in arriving at a just judgment upon the extraordinary, and sometimes problematical, circumstances of Raleigh's career. It has always been known that he was deliberately sacrificed to the importunities of the Spanish Ambassador, Gondomar, and many reasons have been suggested for the Spaniard's apparent animos-

ity. Dr. Gardiner has to some extent lifted the veil, but the exact process and reasons of Raleigh's ruin by Gondomar have hitherto never been set forth in Gondomar's own words. It will be seen in the course of the present volume that it was no private revenge, it was with no desire to inflict punishment for the injury actually done on the last Guiana voyage, that led Gondomar to hound Raleigh to death, for he was practically condemned before he sailed, but to serve as an object lesson to England that all South America, at least, belonged to Spain. The reason why the weak King allowed Gondomar to hector him into judicially murdering his most distinguished subject is also clearly seen in the Spanish papers utilised for the present volume, to have been a pusillanimous desire to curry favor with Spain at any cost, and to sell Raleigh's head at as high a price as he could get for it. Gondomar's letters at Simancas and in the Palace Library at Madrid place this beyond doubt, and furnish also several side lights which help to elucidate other disputable points. They have likewise afforded me an opportunity of including in the present work two important letters from Raleigh to Lord Carew which are not contained in Mr. Edwards's collection.—*Preface to the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh.*

DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLAND'S MARITIME POWER.

The most striking development of national thought in modern times has been the almost sudden quickening of the imperial instincts of our race. There has been little excitement or shouting about it; but the stream of conviction flows swiftly, and with ever-growing potency, that the stately confederacy of nations we call the British Empire has a future before it even more splendid than its glowing past, and that all its citizens from the highest to the humblest may with reason hold their heads higher as they claim their share in the glory of their common birthright. It was not always so. For many a long year we were so busy garnering the results of empire that we had almost lost sight of the means of retaining it. Overprosperity, perchance, had softened our muscles and thickened our brains, and we were content for a time to con-

tinue to reap without sowing; but the national awakening came in good season, and has braced us with the knowledge that the responsibilities of empire must be boldly faced if the pride of empire is to be preserved.

We know now that Britain must be undisputed mistress of the seas, or meekly take a secondary place amongst the nations; and there is no divided counsel, no wavering faith amongst us as to the fulfilment of our duty. Our insular position has intermittently brought the fact home to us ever since we were a united nation. Every hundred years or so, the conviction grows irresistibly great, and leads to effective action; but only if the material elements of effective action have been evolved during the period of quiescence. If during that period wealth has not increased, science has not advanced, practical seamanship has not improved, or the physical development of the race has decayed, then no amount of popular enthusiasm, however dire the need, will conjure up a great navy, as by the touch of a magician's wand. Great navies, like great empires, are things of slow growth, depending for their very being upon previously existing material, and experienced knowledge. The great Portuguese African and American possessions sprang from the patiently accumulated elements, material and scientific, gathered at the instance of one enlightened prince from all quarters of the known world, through a long series of years. Seamen, navigators, cosmographers, astronomers, mathematicians and naval architects were all bribed to surrender their observation or their learning to the man who slowly built up a navy with the deliberate intention of founding a colonial empire for his country. But valuable as may have been the services rendered to Prince Henry's great plans by the wise men from afar, the ultimate success of his efforts, and of the subsequent triumphs of Columbus, depended mainly upon the existence of a school of fearless mariners who knew the sea and loved it, and the invention of the caravel, a form of craft, finer in line, handier in working, and swifter in pace than had ever been seen before.

The great naval renaissance in England, during the

reign of Elizabeth, sprang from exactly similar circumstances.

During the lifetime of the great Queen the sceptre of the seas passed from the hands of Spain into the powerful grasp which has held it ever since, and the dramatic completeness of the transference is rightly looked upon as one of the greatest marvels of that virile age. But wonderful as it seems when regarded from a distance, the causes are perfectly clear. The Queen personally did but little for it, except in so far that her national policy gave all Englishmen pride and faith in their country, and that she honored success when it came.

The Spanish Armada was not beaten by fighting but by *not* fighting. It was the fact that they could not get at the swift, handy craft of the English which turned the proud confidence of the Spaniards into dismay and panic. It was the superior build of the English ships, and the greater efficiency of the English seamen, which gave Spain her deathblow upon the seas; and these circumstances arose from causes long anterior to the date of the armada itself.

The foundation was laid by Henry VIII. He knew that Columbus had offered to discover the new world for England, and had been repulsed by the cautious Henry VII. He knew that the Cabots had failed to reach Cathay by the west, and that if he was to secure his share of the spoils of the Indies — for it was no question of a colonial empire for England yet — he must have larger and stronger ships. He was rich, clever, and ambitious, and set about improving his navy. The royal dockyards were refitted: navigators, shipbuilders and cannon founders were brought from the English west country, from Genoa and from Portugal; and before he died he had the satisfaction of knowing that some of the finest ships that sailed the seas flew the flag of St. George. An eye-witness of the attempt of Francis I. with his fleet of three hundred sail to attack the Isle of Wight in 1544 echoes the impartial foreign opinion of Henry's navy at the time. The English had only sixty ships to five times that number of Frenchmen. But amongst them were the *Great Harry* and *Mary Rose,* of nearly a thousand tons

burden each, and there were many of those wonderful vessels 'such as had never been seen before which would work to windward with sails trimmed fore and aft'; invented by 'Mr. Fletcher of Rye'; and the English were so little dismayed, that great Harry, the King, had himself come down to see the victory of his beloved fleet. The watchword on board was 'God save the King,' and the answer was 'Long to reign over us.' 'You may believe me,' says the eye-witness 'that one English ship was worth more than any five Frenchmen. It was truly a pleasant sight to see them anchored all in a line.'

The French did not enjoy the sight so much as the onlooker, and decided to leave great Harry's ships alone.

Then a period of quiescence came, and England's navy was allowed to rot in harbor. Somerset and Northumberland were too rapacious, Mary too poor, to spend money on the fleet; and in 1555 the Council was obliged to confess to King Philip that the English navy was unfit to put to sea. Even he saw that, at all costs, this must be remedied, and wrote to them that — 'England's chief defence depends upon its navy being always in good order to protect the kingdom against aggression. The ships must not only be fit for sea, but instantly available.'

When Elizabeth came to the throne, the merchant navy of England engaged in lawful commerce amounted to no more than 50,000 tons, and the royal navy in commission consisted only of seven cruisers, the largest 120 tons, and eight armed merchant brigs. The navy was a mere skeleton; but the material was being formed in this period of depression from which England's future maritime greatness was to be built. The constant wars between Charles V. and the French kings had caused the English Channel to swarm with Spanish, Flemish and French privateers. Some bore letters of marque, some were mere pirates, but whatever they were, the sight of their easy gains and their adventurous lives fired the young English west country seamen, into whose ports they came. There were no sailors better than the Cornish and Devonshire men. Their voyages were the longest and roughest; for Falmouth, Dartmouth, Exmouth, Plymouth, Bideford and Bristol well

nigh monopolized the over-sea traffic, excepting that with France and Flanders. The abolition of the fasts of the Church had immensely decreased the demand for fish, for the consumption of anything but flesh was looked upon almost as a sign of Papistry, and it was an easy step for the English sailors to take up such a profitable trade as piracy in exchange for fishery. Vessels of all sorts passed into the business; younger sons of county families, and even sober merchants were attracted by the gains; and soon anarchy reigned on the seas. The race was with the swift, the battle with the strong; and only the swiftest and the strongest survived. The stancher, the handier, the quicker a vessel was, the greater was its chance of success, the bolder, and more hardy the men, the greater was their gain; and out of this welter there arose such a race of seamen and shipbuilders as the world had never seen before. In the struggle for the survival of the fittest, Devonshire and Cornwall carried off the victory; and when the supreme effort had to be made, which was to establish the sea power of England for good and for all, the stout hearts, the keen eyes, the matured experience of these scourges of the sea, were ready to fight their country's battle.

The national policy of Elizabeth in adopting the reformed faith, and keeping Spain at arm's length, her aid of the revolting Netherlands, and of the Huguenots in France, had naturally led to a recrudescence of the persecution of English Protestants who fell into the hands of the Spaniards. The English sailors were of course those who suffered most, and their kinsmen at home at Plymouth, Falmouth, or Exmouth, gradually concentrated most of their attacks upon Spanish shipping. There were few country gentlemen on the Devonshire coast who had not a swift cutter or two at sea, on the look out for plunder or revenge; and the talk at the firesides of cottage and manor house alike, was all of daring and profitable adventure, and of the improvement of shipbuilding which made it possible.— *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh.* (By permission of LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY.)

HUNGERFORD, Margaret Hamilton Wolfe Argles ("The Duchess"); an Irish novelist; born at Ross, in 1850; died at Bandon, County Cork, January 24, 1897. She was a daughter of a vicar choral of Cork Cathedral. At the death of her husband, Edward Argles, she began writing novels as a means of livelihood, using the pseudonym "The Duchess." She afterward married T. H. Hungerford. Her novels became popular in England and the United States. Among the thirty-two romances written by Mrs. Hungerford may be mentioned *Phyllis* (1877); *Molly Bawn* (1878); *Airy Fairy Lillian* (1879); *Beauty's Daughter* (1880); *Mrs. Geoffrey* (1881); *Portia* (1882); *Tender Dolores* (1885); *Green Pastures* (1886); *A Modern Circe* (1887); *The Duchess* (1887); *Undercurrents* (1888); and *Hon. Mrs. Vereker* (1889). Her stories while not possessing the highest literary value are cleverly written and are extremely entertaining.

MORNING AT CHETWOODE.

All the flowers at Chetwoode are rejoicing; their heads are high uplifted, their sweetest perfumes are making still more sweet the soft, coquettish wind that, stealing past them, snatches their kisses ere they know.

It is a glorious day, full of life, and happy sunshine, and music from the throats of many birds. All the tenors and sopranos and contraltos of the air seem to be having one vast concert, and are filling the woods with melody.

In the morning a little laughing, loving shower came tumbling down into the earth's embrace, where it was caught gladly and kept forever — a little baby shower, on which the sunbeams smiled, knowing it had neither power nor wish to kill them.

But now the greedy earth has grasped it, and others, knowing its fate, fear to follow, and only the pretty, sparkling jewels that tremble on the grass tell of its having been.

In the very center of the great lawn that stretches beyond the pleasure-grounds stands a mighty oak. Its huge branches throw their arms far and wide, making a shelter beneath them for all who may choose to come and seek there for shade. Around its base pretty rustic chairs are standing in somewhat dissipated order, while on its topmost bough a crow is swaying and swinging as the soft wind rushes by, making an inky blot upon the brilliant green, as it were a patch upon the cheek of a court belle.

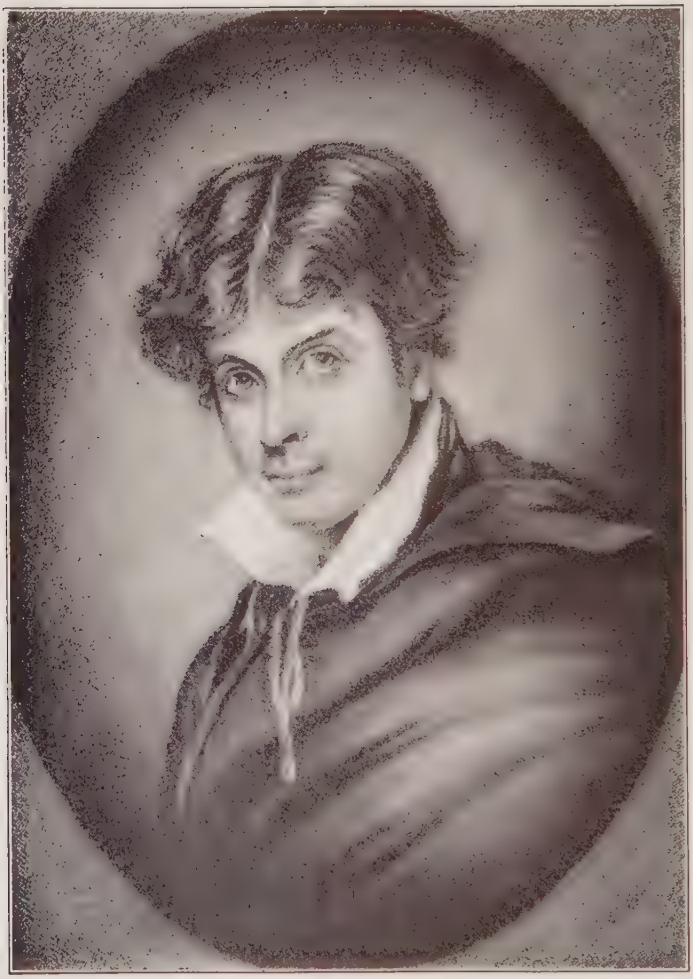
Over all the land from his lofty perch this crow can see — can mark the smiling fields, the yellowing corn, the many-antlered deer in the Park, the laughing brooklets, the gurgling streams that now in the great heat go lazily and stumble sleepily over every pebble in their way.

He can see his neighbors' houses, perhaps his own snug nest, and all the beauty, and richness, and warmth of an English landscape.

But presently —being a bird of unformed tastes, or unappreciative, or, perhaps, fickle — he tires of looking, and flapping his black wings, rises slowly and sails away.

Toward the east he goes, the sound of his harsh but homely croaking growing fainter as he flies. Over the trees in their gorgeous clothing, across the murmuring brooks, through the uplands, over the heads of the deer that gaze at him with their mournful, gentle eyes, he travels, never ceasing in his flight until he comes to a small belt of firs, evidently set apart, in the center of which stands the Cottage.

It is considerably larger than any one would expect from its name. A long, low, straggling house, about three miles from Chetwoode entrance-gate, going by the road, but only one mile, taking a short cut through the park. A very pretty house — with a garden in front, carefully hedged round, and another garden at the back — situated in a lovely spot — perhaps the most enviable in all



LEIGH HUNT.

Chetwoode — silent, dreamy, where one might, indeed, live forever, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

In the garden all sorts of the sweetest old-world flowers are blooming — pinks and carnations, late lilies and sweet-williams; the velvety heartsease, breathing comfort to the poor love-that-lies-a-bleeding; the modest forget-me-not, the fragrant mignonette (whose qualities, they rudely say, surpass its charms), the starry jasmine, the frail woodbine, while here and there from every nook and corner shines out the fairest, loveliest, queenliest flower of all — the rose.

Every bush is rich with them; the air is heavy with their odor. Roses of every hue, of every size, from the grand old cabbage to the smallest Scotch, are here. One gazes round in silent admiration, until the great love of them swells within the heart and a desire for possession arises, when, growing murderous, one wishes, like Nero, they had but one neck, that they might all be gathered at a blow.

Upon the house only snow-white roses grow. In great masses they uprear their heads, peeping curiously in at the windows, trailing lovingly round the porches, nestling under the eaves, drooping coquettishly at the angles. To-day a rain-drop has fallen into each scented heart, has lingered there all the morning, and is still loath to leave. Above the flowers the birds hover twittering; beneath them the ground is as a snowy carpet from their fallen petals. Poor petals! How sad it is that they must fall! Yet, even in death, how sweet!— *Airy Fairy Lillian.*

HUNT, JAMES HENRY LEIGH, an English poet and essayist; born at Southgate, October 19, 1784; died at Putney, August 28, 1859. His father, a native of the West Indies, had married in Philadelphia, settled there, and was so active a partisan of the King at the opening of the Revolution, that

he was obliged to flee to England, where he became a clergyman. His son, Leigh, was born at Southgate, Middlesex. He was educated at Christ Hospital School. An impediment in his speech, overcome in later life, kept him out of the University. He had already written a number of poems, some of which his father collected and published in 1802, under the title of *Juvenilia.* He was then engaged as theatrical critic for *The News,* and in 1807 published a volume of *Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres.* After a short term of employment as a clerk in the War Office, he joined his brother John in the management of *The Examiner,* a journal of political and literary criticism. In March, 1812, commenting on a fulsome article in the *Morning Post, The Examiner* published an attack on the Prince Regent, the sting of which was in its truth:

ATTACK UPON THE PRINCE REGENT.

"What person, unacquainted with the true state of the case, would imagine, in reading these astounding eulogies, that this *Adonis in loveliness* was a corpulent man of fifty! in short, that this *delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honorable, virtuous, true,* and *immortal* prince, was a violator of his word, a libertine, over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, a companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity!"

This article led to the arrest and imprisonment of the brothers, with the additional penalty of a fine of £500 apiece. During his two years' confinement Hunt was visited by the most celebrated men of the time. By the means of paint and paper, he transformed his prison apartment into a bower, where he read, wrote,

and enjoyed the society of his friends. After his release, in 1815, he published *The Descent of Liberty,* a masque, and in the following year a narrative poem, *The Story of Rimini.* The *Round-Table,* the joint work of Hunt and William Hazlitt, appeared in 1817, *Foliage* in 1818, *Hero and Leander,* and *Bacchus and Ariadne,* in 1819. His carelessness and improvidence kept him always poor; his health, and that of his wife, failed, and in 1821 he sailed with his family to Italy to join Shelley and Byron in the management of the *Liberal.* This periodical lived through four quarterly numbers. Shelley's death destroyed its prospects. Byron went to Greece, and Hunt was left to shift for himself. During his residence in Italy he translated Redi's *Bacco in Toscana* and wrote *The Religion of the Heart,* which was not published until nearly twenty years afterward.

In 1825 he returned to England. By the publication, two years later, of *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries,* he drew upon himself much unfavorable criticism, from the fact that he had gathered much of his material while under Byron's roof. For several years after this Hunt struggled with ill-health and misfortune. At length, in 1844, Mrs. Shelley and her son settled an annuity of £140 upon him, and in 1847 he received a pension of £200 from the Government, which relieved him from the pressure of want. His industry was unremitting. Among his works not previously mentioned are *Sir Ralph Esher,* a romance of the time of Charles II. (1832); *Captain Sword and Captain Pen* (1835); *A Legend of Florence,* a drama (1840); *Palfrey; a Love-Story of Old Times* (1842); *Stories from the Italian Poets* (1846); *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla,* a vol-

ume on the *Pastoral Poetry of Sicily* (1847); *The Town; its Character and Events* (1848); his *Autobiography* (1850); *Imagination and Fancy; Wit and Humor; A Book for a Corner,* and *The Old Court Suburb,* an anecdotical sketch of Kensington. His narrative poems, original and translated, were published in 1855 in a volume entitled *Stories in Verse.* He also edited *The Tatler;* The London *Journal, The Monthly Repository,* and *The Indicator,* and contributed to the Edinburgh *Review,* the *Westminster Review,* and edited the plays of Wycherly, Congreve, and Farquhar.

CHARACTERISTICS OF BYRON: 1822.

He was anxious to show you that he possessed no Shakespeare or Milton; "because," he said, "I have been accused of borrowing from them!" He affected to doubt whether Shakespeare was so great a genius as he has been taken for, and whether fashion had not a great deal to do with it. Spenser he could not read — at least he said so. All the gusto of that most poetical of the poets went with him for nothing. I lent him a volume of the *Faerie Queene,* and he said he would try to like it. Next day he brought it to my study window, and said: "Here, Hunt, here is your Spenser. I cannot see anything in him;" and he seemed anxious that I should take it out of his hands, as if he was afraid of being accused of copying so poor a writer. That he saw nothing in Spenser is not likely; but I really do not think that he saw much. Spenser was too much out of the world, and he too much in it. . . .

He would make confessions of vanity, or some other faults, or of inaptitude for a particular species of writing, partly to sound what you thought of it, partly that while you gave him credit for the humility, you were to protest against the concession. All the perversity of his spoiled nature would then come into play; and it was in these, and similar perplexities that the main dif-

ficulty of living with him consisted. If you made everything tell in his favor, as most people did, he was pleased with you for not differing with him; but then nothing was gained. He lumped you with the rest, and was prepared to think as little of you in the particular as he did of anyone else. If you contested a claim, or allowed him to be right in a concession, he could neither argue the point nor readily concede it. He was only mortified, and would take his revenge.

Lastly, if you behaved, like his admirers in general, in a sulky or disputatious manner, but naturally, and as if you had a right to your jest and your independence — whether to differ or admire, and apart from an eternal consideration for himself — he thought it an assumption, and would perplex you with all the airs and humors of an insulted beauty. Then nobody could rely, for a comfortable intercourse with him, either upon admissions or non-admissions, or even upon flattery itself. An immeasurable vanity kept even his adorers at a distance; like Xerxes enthroned with his millions a mile off. And if in a fit of desperation he condescended to come close, and be fond, he laughed at you for thinking you were of consequence to him, if you were taken in; and hated you if you stood out, which was to think yourself of greater consequence. Neither would a knowledge of all this, if you made him conscious, have lowered his self-admiration a jot. He would have thought it the mark of a great man — a noble capriciousness — an evidence of power, which none but the Alexanders and Napoleons of the intellectual world could venture upon.

Mr. Hazlitt had some reason to call him "a sublime coxcomb." Who but he (or Rochester, perhaps, whom he resembled) would have thought of avoiding Shakespeare, lest he should be thought to owe him anything? And talking of Napoleon — he delighted, when he took the additional name of Noel, in consequence of his marriage with an heiress, to sign himself "N. B.," "because," said he, "Bonaparte and I are the only public persons whose initials are the same."— *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries.*

MAY MORNING AT RAVENNA.

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May,
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay,
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
And all the scene, in short — sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.
'Tis nature full of spirits, waked and springing:
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white,
Like joyful hands, come up with scattered light,
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.
Already in the streets the stir grows loud,
Of expectation and a bustling crowd.
With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,
The deep talk heaves, the ready laugh ascends;
Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
And shouts from mere exuberance of delight;
And armèd bands, making important way,
Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,
And nodding neighbors, greeting as they run,
And pilgrims, chanting in the morning sun.

— *The Story of Rimini.*

CUPID SWALLOWED.

T'other day, as I was twining
Roses for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, midst the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf,
The tiny traitor — Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him;
And what d'ye think I did? — I drank him!
Faith, I thought him dead. No he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment, with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

TO L. H. H., SIX YEARS OLD, DURING SICKNESS.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smoothes off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly 'midst my dear ones
Have wasted with dry brow;

But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear their gentleness —
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too;
My light, where'er I go,
My bird, when prison-bound,
My hand-in-hand companion — no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed" —
"His voice" — "his face" — "is gone;" —
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed and sleeping!
This silence, too, the while —
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering a smile:
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of seraphim,
Who say, "We've finished here."

DEATH.

Death is a road our dearest friends have gone:
Why, with such leaders, fear to say, "Lead on?"
Its gate repels lest it too soon be tried,
But turns in balm on the immortal side.
Mothers have passed it; fathers, children, men
Whose like we look not to behold again;
Women that smiled away their loving breath: —

Soft is the travelling on the road of Death!
But guilt has passed it? — men not fit to die?
Oh, hush — for He that made us all is by!
Human were all — all men, all born of mothers;
All our own selves in the worn-out shape of others;
Our *used,* and oh, be sure, not to be *ill*-used brothers.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace;
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold: —
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" — The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord!"
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

HUNT, THOMAS STERRY, an American chemist and geologist; born at Norwich, Conn., September 5, 1826; died at New York, February 12, 1892. He began the study of medicine in his native town, but soon abandoned it for that of chemistry, which he pursued at New Haven under the younger Silliman, acting also as assistant to the elder

Silliman in the Yale Laboratory. After thus spending two years at New Haven he was offered the position of Chemical Assistant in the School of Agricultural Chemistry recently established at Edinburgh, Scotland. He declined the position in order to accept in 1847 that of Chemist and Mineralogist to the Geographical Survey of Canada, under Sir William Logan. He also held for some years the chair of Chemistry in Laval University, Quebec, delivering his lectures in French, and afterward in McGill University, Montreal. In 1872 he resigned his position in the Canadian Geological Survey, and accepted that of Professor of Geology in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, holding that chair until 1878. His investigations in chemistry, mineralogy, and geology cover a wide field, and he was the inventor of a peculiar kind of permanent green ink which is largely used in printing bank-notes. He was a popular lecturer on scientific subjects, and published *Chemical and Geological Essays* (1874); *Azoic Rocks* (1878); *Mineral Physiology and Physiography* (1886); *A New Basis for Chemistry* (1887), and just before his death *Mineralogy According to a Natural System.* He also wrote numerous monograms upon scientific subjects, the whole number of which is more than two hundred.

PHENOMENA OF VOLCANOES.

A volcano is an opening in the crust of the earth from which are ejected heated gases, steam, finely divided solid matter resembling ashes, cinders, masses of solid rock intensely heated, and currents of molten rock called lava. These materials in time build up a solid conical pile, which may attain a height of several thousand feet, forming a volcanic hill or mountain around the

opening, and having in its upper part a depression called the "crater" of the volcano, which communicates with the sources of the fiery matter below. The action of certain of these volcanic vents or openings is continuous or nearly so, one or all of the products named being daily ejected, while in others, eruptions take place only at rare intervals. Those which are supposed to have ceased to be active are called "extinct volcanoes." The name of "mud volcanoes" is given to openings which, through the action of steam or gas, throw up a pasty mixture of earth and water unaccompanied by any igneous manifestation. Volcanic vents sometimes appear on high lands, and in this way their cones may be built up on mountains of ordinary rocks, while at other times the whole elevation from the sea-level is of volcanic origin. They occasionally break out beneath the sea, forming submarine volcanoes, the matters ejected from which sometimes build up islands.

Volcanic activities have been at work on the earth's surface from early geologic times; but modern volcanoes are limited to certain regions, generally very distinct from those which were seats of volcanic energy in past geological periods. It is impossible to determine with any degree of accuracy the number of existing volcanic vents. Humboldt fixed it at 407, of which 225 had been active within a century. Of the latter about half were supposed to be on the Asiatic islands. It has since been estimated that the Indian archipelago alone contains over 900. A noticeable fact in the history of volcanoes is their general linear arrangement, which is particularly conspicuous in the range of volcanic islands of eastern Asia and in those of the western part of the American continent, along both shores of the Pacific. It is, however, to be noticed that the regions bordering upon the Atlantic, with the exception of a single point on the coast of Africa, are destitute of volcanic vents, while the seas separating the northern and southern continents abound in them, as is seen in the West Indies, the Mediterranean basin, and in the Indian archipelago.

Volcanoes differ greatly among themselves, not only in dimensions but in the degree of their activity, the

quantity and quality of the materials ejected from them and the continuous or intermittent character of their action. For more than 2,000 years Stromboli in the Mediterranean has been constantly discharging lava; and Sangai, in Peru, 17,000 feet high, has for 150 years been in continuous action, ejecting every few minutes fiery cinders, with explosions of tremendous violence. In other cases centuries elapse between the eruptions of a volcano. Thus Vesuvius, though built up of volcanic matter, had remained dormant for ages previous to the beginning of our era, when its discharges of lava and ashes buried the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. A single eruption of this mountain in 1794 is supposed to have yielded 46,000,000 cubic feet of lava, and one of Etna in 1699 more than twice that amount. The great eruption from the Skapta Jökul in Iceland, which began in 1783 and continued for two years, gave rise to two lava-streams, one 40 and one 50 miles long, with breadths of 7 and 15 miles respectively. A large part of the lava current was 100 feet thick, and in some of the valleys it attained 600 feet, while its total bulk was estimated at not less than 21 cubic miles.

The phenomena of volcanoes may be best understood by considering that they are openings connected with spaces containing molten rock, which is forced upward in the crater by the action of steam or of permanent gases, or in some cases probably by movements of the earth's crust. This material is sometimes in a state of complete fusion like glass, but oftener consists in great part of unmelted grains mingled with a sufficiency of liquid matter to give fluidity to the mass. It is moreover charged with water and with various gases, all of which are probably intimately combined with the molten mass under the great pressure which exists below, and in many cases aid materially in giving it fluidity; but as the lava ascends, and the pressure is thus removed, assume the gaseous state and escape. One result of this process appears in the very fluid lava of the great crater of Kilauea in Hawaii, where a surface of molten lava, 1,000 feet in diameter, is sometimes seen in active ebulli-

tion, rising into jets of great height, while the projected portions harden into a glassy substance.

But if, as is generally the case, the lava is in a state of less perfect fusion, it swells up greatly, forming huge bubbles, from the bursting of which the grains of unfused matter which it contains, as well as the interposed liquid portion, are scattered in the shape of ashes or cinders, sometimes with masses of unfused solid rock, often several feet in diameter. These ejections of ignited solid matter are seen in the ordinary eruption of Vesuvius; and in one case the fiery cinders from the mountain were estimated to ascend to a height of nearly two miles from the crater. In such cases the lighter material from the volcanoes is often borne away by the upper currents of the atmosphere, and may, as is occasionally seen, descend in showers many hundred miles away. The heavier materials fall in the shape of cinders or ashes in the vicinity of the crater, and by their accumulation help to build up the cone.

When, as very often happens, there is a precipitation of water due to the condensation of the immense amount of steam given off during the eruption, the wetted cinders constitute a kind of mud called volcanic tufa. Not unfrequently the swelling up within the crater will cause the lava to overflow; or else the pressure of the column of liquid matter may cause a breach in the side of the mountain; in either of which cases a lava current is formed. These currents, as we have seen, are sometimes of great volume, and the sheets of such molten rock contribute with the cinders to build up the mountain cone, the two being often interstratified. The fissures in the mountain-side resulting from the action of the volcanic forces do not always give rise to lava currents, but may become filled up more or less with the more or less liquid mass. This, hardening within them, gives rise to great walls or dikes of rock, which intersect the beds of lava and of cinders, giving stability to the mass. The surface of the lava-stream is rough cinder, light and porous, but at a little depth the lava hardens to a solid rock. Volcanic eruptions are sometimes accompanied by earthquakes, but great outflows result-

ing from the rupture and discharge of huge craters filled with lava may take place without any convulsions of the earth.

The gaseous products of volcanoes appear to be chiefly carbonic acid, chlorohydric acid, and sulphur in the forms of sulphuretted hydrogen and sulphurous acid. Combustible gases form at best but an insignificant part of volcanic ejections, and it is doubtful whether the luminous appearances accompanying eruptions, which have given rise to the popular name of burning mountains, are dependent in any degree upon combustion. They are probably due solely to the intense ignition of the ejected matters. How far the movements of the lava in the craters of volcanoes are dependent on local and external conditions, and how far on deep-seated and occult agencies, is a question. It is by some supposed that the atmospheric waters falling on a volcanic region, and sinking through the soil under the pressure of the column of water above, may penetrate the lavas and become an efficient agent in their elevation in the manner already pointed out. But there is good reason to believe that the force is in many cases far more deeply seated.

HUNTER, Sir William Wilson, an English statistician; born at Glasgow, July 15, 1840. He was educated in the University of Glasgow, at Paris, and at Bonn. In 1862 he was appointed to the civil service in the Bengal district. During the famine of 1866 he was Superintendent of Public Instruction in the provinces of Orissa and South-western Bengal, and afterward received the thanks of the Government for his labors. He also received the thanks of the Governor-General and the degree of LL.D. from the University of Glasgow, for his *Dic-*

tionary of the Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia, prepared while he was on sick-leave in England. In 1871 he was appointed Director-General of Statistics for India, and head of the department, and carried out the statistical survey of India. On the publication, in 1876, of the *Statistical Account of Bengal,* he was again thanked by the Government for his investigations into the causes of famines and the methods of controlling them. Among his other books are *Annals of Rural Bengal* (1868); *Orissa, or an Indian Province under Native and British Rule; The Indian Mussulmans; A System of Famine Warnings; The Imperial Gazetteer of India,* and *The Indian Empire: its History, People, and Products* (1882). His writings on subjects pertaining to India and the Indians are regarded in England as the highest authority.

THE SANTALS.

The Santals, or hill-tribes on the west of Beerbhoom, belong to that section of the aborigines which physically resembles neither the Chinese nor the Malays. The Santal is a well-built man, standing about five feet seven, weighing eight stone, without the delicate features of the Aryan, but undisfigured by the oblique eye of the Chinese, or the heavy physiognomy of the Malay. His skull is round, rather than broad or narrow; his face is also round, rather than oblong or square; the lower jaw is not heavy; the nose is irregular; the lips are a little thicker than the Aryan's, but not thick enough to attract remark; the cheek-bone is higher than that of the Hindu, but not higher in anything like the degree in which the Mongolian is — rather as the cheek-bone of a Scotchman is higher than that of an Englishman. He is about the same height as the common Hindu, shorter than the Braham of pure Aryan descent, heavier than the Hindu, hardier than the Hindu, more squarely built than the Hindu, with a forehead not so

high, but rounder and broader; a man created to labor rather than to think, better fitted to serve the manual exigencies of the present, than to speculate on the future or to venerate the past.

The Santals inhabit the whole western frontier of Lower Bengal, from within a few miles of the sea to the hills of Bhagulpore. Their country is the shape of a curved strip, about 400 miles long by 100 broad, giving an area of 40,000 square miles. In the western jungles they are the sole population; in a large tract toward the north they form nineteen-twentieths of it; in the plains the proportion is much smaller, and indeed the race gradually slides into the low-caste Hindus. They certainly number a million and a half, and probably approach two millions of human beings, claiming a common origin, speaking one language, following similar customs, worshipping the same gods, and forming in all essentials a distinct ethnical entity among the aboriginal races.

The present generation of Santals have no definite idea of where their forefathers came from. It is a race whose sub-soil of tradition is thin and poor. Written documents they have none. Go into one village, mark what appears on the surface, listen to the chants of the young men, hear the few legends which the elders relate at evening under the shade of the adjoining Sal grove, and subsequent investigations will not materially change first impressions.

The Santals, indeed, afford a striking proof of how a race takes its character from the country in which it lives. Those who have studied them only in the undulating southern country near the sea, call them a purely agricultural nation; the missionaries who have preached to them in the mountainous jungles look upon them as a tribe of fishers and hunters; in the highlands of Beerbhoom they appear as a people with no particular occupation, living as best they can in a sterile country by breeding buffaloes, cultivating patches of Indian corn, and eking out a precarious semi-agricultural, semi-pastoral existence by the products of the forest. The jungle, indeed, is their unfailing friend. It supplies them

with everything that the lowland Hindus have not. Noble timber, brilliant dyes, gums, beeswax, vegetable drugs, charms, charcoal, and the skins of wild animals — a little world of barbaric wealth, to be had for the taking. Throughout the cold weather, long lines of their buffalo-carts — the wheels made from a single slice of Sal trunk — are to be seen toiling and creaking toward the fairs of lowland Beerbhoom. At night the Santal is at no loss for a tent; he looses his buffaloes on the margin of some wayside tank, creeps under his cart, lights a fire at one end, draws up a second cart with its solid wheel against the other, and after a heavy supper, sings himself to sleep.

As a huntsman he is alike skilful and intrepid. He never stirs without his bow and arrows. The bow consists of a strong mountain bamboo which no Hindu lowlander can bend. His arrows are of two kinds: heavy, sharp ones for the larger kind of game; and light ones with a broad knob at the point, for small birds. The difficulty of shooting true can only be appreciated by those who have tried it; but few English sportsmen, provided with the latest improvement in firearms can show a better bag of small game from the jungle than the Santal, equipped solely with his rude weapon. Fowling, however, he only resorts to in order to meet his immediate necessities. I have seen a wayside encampment of Santals, after toiling along the road the whole day, supply themselves with water-birds from the tank at which they drew up for the night, in less time than a Hindu would take to purify himself, or a Mussulman traveler to say his prayers. The tiger or leopard hunt is at once his pastime and his profit. If he looks to the gain, he keeps the existence of the animal a secret from everyone, except the fortunate kinsman who possesses a gun, and stealthily watches what drinking-place the wild beast frequents. This ascertained, the two relatives take up their position in an adjoining tree, and patiently wait, sometimes for days, the coming of their prey.

The long-barrelled matchlock, loaded with a charge of coarse, slow-burning powder enough to serve for a

small piece of ordnance, and rammed down with pebbles and scraps of iron, is placed in position; the smouldering rope, which serves as a tinder, is blown into a glow; and if the unconscious animal takes a long enough draught for all these performances to be gone through, that drink is his last one. The Santal never fires on mere chance. The prestige of his matchlock, possibly the only one within thirty miles, must not be lightly risked; and his powder, coarse as it is, has to be brought from the Hindu village on the plains, which he dreads to approach. If the hunt be for pastime the Santal prefers driving a tiger to shooting it.

The Santal owes nothing of his skill in husbandry to the Aryan. He has crops of his own, implements of his own, his own system of cultivation, and an abundant vocabulary of rural life, not a word of which he has borrowed from the superior race who ousted him from his heritage in the valley. Upon low-lying ground near the sea he cultivates rice as successfully as his Hindu neighbors, and if not oppressed by them, becomes a substantial man. As the lowland population advances, however, he recedes, so that few large villages and no Santal cities grow up.

Rice — the most beautiful gift of nature to man — is the national crop of the Santal: his earliest traditions refer to it, his language overflows with terms to express its different stages; and even in the forest he never wholly loses his hereditary skill in raising it. Each period in its cultivation is marked by a festival. The Santal rejoices and sacrifices to his gods when he commits the seed to the ground; when the green blade has sprouted; when the ear has formed; and the gathering of the rice crop forms the occasion of the crowning festival of the year.

The Santal possesses a happy disposition, is hospitable to strangers, and sociable to a fault among his own people. Every occasion is seized upon for a feast, at which the absence of luxuries is compensated for by the abundance of game and liquor made from fermented rice. In the southern country each house has its "stranger's seat" outside the door, to which the traveler, what-

ever be his creed or color, is courteously invited as soon as he enters the village. The Santal has a form of salutation of his own. He does not abase himself to the ground like the rural Hindu, but gravely raises his hands to his forehead, and then stretches them out toward the stranger, till the palms touch each other. He keeps his respect chiefly for the aged among his own people; and in dealings with outsiders, while courteous and hospitable, he is at the same time free from cringing.

Unlike the Hindu, he never thinks of making money by a stranger, scrupulously avoids all topics of business, and feels pained if payment is pressed upon him for the milk and fruits which his wife brings out. When he is at last prevailed upon to enter upon business matters, his dealings are off-hand; he names the true price at first, which a lowlander never does, and politely waives all discussion or beating down. He would much rather that strangers did not come to his village; but when they do come, he treats them as honored guests. He would in a still greater degree prefer to have no dealings with his guests; but when his guests introduce the subject, he deals with them as honestly as he would with his own people.

The village government is purely patriarchal. Each hamlet has an original founder (*Manjhi-Hanan*), who is regarded as the father of the community. He receives divine honors in the sacred grove, and transmits his authority to his descendants. The head-man for the time being (*Manjhi*) bears the undisputed sway which belongs to a hereditary governor; but he interferes only on great occasions, and leaves the details to his deputy (*Paramanik*). A missionary who has lived for some years among the Santals assures me that he has never seen an abuse of power by these authorities; and the chance traveler cannot help remarking the facility with which he can get food, guards, and means of transport — in short, everything — by a word from the head-man. As the adults of the village have their head-man and his deputy, so also have the children. The juvenile community are strictly controlled by their own officers (the *Jog-Manjhi* and *Jog-Paramanik*), whose superintendence

continues till the youth or maiden enters on the responsibilities of married life. A watchman completes the list of village officers; but among the pure Santals, crime and criminal officers are almost unknown.

Of a supreme and beneficent God the Santal has no conception. His religion is a religion of terror and deprecation. Hunted and driven from country to country by a superior race, he cannot understand how a Being can be more powerful than himself without wishing to harm him. Discourses upon the attributes of the Deity excite no emotion among the more isolated sections of the race, except a disposition to run away and hide themselves in the jungle; and the only reply made to a missionary at the end of an eloquent description of the omnipotence of God, was, "And what if that Strong One should get me?"

But although the Santal has no God from whose benignity he may expect favor, there exist a multitude of demons and evil spirits, whose spite he endeavors by supplications to avert. The worship of the Santals is based upon the family. Each household has its own deity which it adores with unknown rites, and scrupulously conceals from strangers. In addition to the family god, each household worships the ghosts of its ancestors. The Santal, without any distinct conception of his own immortality or of a future life, cannot believe that the link between man and this earth is wholly dissolved by death, and imagines himself constantly surrounded by a shadow-world. Disembodied spirits flit disconsolately among the fields they once tilled, stand upon the banks of the mountain-streams in which they fished, and glide in and out of the dwellings where they were born, grew up, and died. These ghostly crowds require to be propitiated in many ways, and the Santal dreads his Lares as much as he does his Penates.— *Annals of Rural Bengal.*

In 1880 the *Statistical Survey of India* was completed under his direction, and its records were issued in 128 volumes. *The Imperial Gazetteer of*

India, 9 volumes, appeared in 1881; and the same, expanded edition, 14 volumes, was published in 1886.

HURLBERT, William Henry, an American journalist; born at Charleston, S. C., July 3, 1827; died in 1895. After his graduation at Harvard University and Divinity School he studied for two years in Berlin, Rome, and Paris, entered the Unitarian ministry, studied law in the Harvard Law School, and in 1854 published *Gan Eden, or Pictures of Cuba.* The next year he entered upon literary work in New York, and in 1857 joined the editorial staff of the New York *Times.* While on private business in Georgia in 1861 he was arrested by a vigilance committee and was imprisoned. On his release he was refused a passport, because he declined to pledge himself not to take part against the States in rebellion. It was not until August, 1862, that he escaped through the Confederate lines. In October of the same year he became associated with the New York *World,* of which, from 1876 to 1883, he was editor-in-chief, when he removed to Europe. In 1864 he published *General McClellan and the Conduct of the War,* and purchased the New York *Commercial Advertiser,* which he sold at the end of three years. He contributed many articles to periodicals, as well as to the newspapers with which he had been connected, and published *Ireland Under Coercion* (1888); *France and the Republic* (1889). He was the master of a brilliant and forcible style, and his editorial articles, especially, were direct and concise.

THE SKY AND SEA OF CUBA.

Within three days' sail of our southern ports, lie scenes than which India itself offers nothing more thoroughly strange to our eyes. The world of nature is strange. The eye seeks in vain the many-branching, small-leaved forests of the Continent. They are replaced by taller, more leafy, more graceful tribes of the vegetable kingdom — the grains and grasses of our cornfields and our ponds, shooting up, mighty arborescent giants, overhead. The rich and dainty flowers, whose acquaintance we made as the delicately nurtured belles of the aristocratic New England hot-house, flaunt upon us, rude and healthy hoydens, from every hedge and roadside. New lights are in the firmament, strange constellations shining with a planetary splendor in these new, more magnificent heavens.

There, most beautiful of all the signs God hath set in the skies, flames the Southern Cross, the Christian constellation, the symbol of the new hopes and the new life revealed to Christendom in that latter age when first it greeted European eyes. Strangely, among the new tenants of the upper world, shows the familiar brightness of Orion and of the Pleiades; and the great Northern Bear seems a wanderer like ourselves, gazing on the splendid Southern stars as the rude Gothic heroes and fierce Vikinger gazed of old upon the gorgeous pageantries of Rome and of Byzantium. The very crescent moon has changed; the huntress Diana has bartered her silver bow for a golden boat, in which she floats, Cleopatra-like and careless of the chase, through the luxurious purple skies.

Not less strange in appearance than the moon are the waters which she sways. The ocean rolls around the volcanic and coralline rocks, a tide more "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue" than is ever seen upon our northern coasts, more blue even than the glorious blue waters of the Mediterranean. These waters, which are very deep close inshore — for the shores of northern Cuba are generally steep and sudden — are transparent and pellucid as the crystal of Lake George; and, leaning over the bows of the

ship, you may see far down below you a whole submarine landscape of queer and enormous plants, populous with all manner of lazy conservatives — huge turtles not less grave and aldermanic in appearance than their transatlantic human foes; star-fishes content throughout their lives to be the admiration of their own Little Pedlingtons; lazzaroni conches, to whom Heaven has granted what alone the lazzarone of Naples considers wanting to his bliss, "that food should have legs and crawl to him"; for, lying on his back, the happy conch, with feelers indolently stretched along the tide, takes toll of all slight living things that pass that way. How cool and inviting seem to the sun-burned, soul-weary voyager those silent, watery realms, unvexed by merman or by mermaid, a dream of idleness in groves Elysian.— *Gan Eden.*

HAVANA.

The northern voyager, as his steamer glides into the huge tub-shaped harbor of Havana, gazes with astonishment on a scene which revives his visions or his memories of the far Levant. It seems to us that to have reached this stately panorama of Havana, we must have traversed many miles of longitude instead of a few degrees of latitude. On the left hand rise fortifications massive as those of Malta or Gibraltar, wrought into the dark gray rocks of the Morro, sweeping along the many lined hill-sides of the Cabañas, glittering throughout their lengthening lines with the white uniforms and shining bayonets of the sentinels who guard the proud flag of Spain, that gorgeous banner of blood and of gold, which symbolizes so well the career and the character of the pedler Knights, or knightly Pedlers, who conquered the Indians for Castile and Leon.

On the right, stretch irregular masses of parti-colored buildings, blue, pink, white, green, yellow, overtopped at intervals by some massive church-tower or graceful tufted palm-tree. Queer-looking boats, emancipated gondolas, shameless sisters of the veiled Venetian nuns, and brilliant as butterflies, dart in and out along the crowded quays. Half-naked negroes are riding fractious

horses into the sluggish water, and a confused incessant buzz, like that which rises from vociferous Naples to the ear of the lonely traveler dreaming among the orange-groves of lofty St. Elmo, comes faintly from the shore. You land, penetrate the mysteries of the city, and still the wonder grows. You call a coach, and find only an odd-looking gig, with shafts sixteen feet long, and wheels six feet in circumference, driven by a negro postilion, three parts jack-boots and one part silver-laced jacket. Into this singular vehicle you fling yourself, and find that to the gig of your dear native land this tropical gig is as the pineapple is to the pearmain, so luxurious is it, so cradling, so provocative of bland indifference to all worldly cares.

You reach your inn, and find it in appearance a Moorish palace — in general discomfort a German boarding-house, in expense a Bond Street hotel. You find that you are to live on two meals a day; a breakfast that begins with eggs and rice, is sustained by fried pork and Catalan wine, and ends with coffee and cigars; a dinner, every dish of which is a voyage of discovery. You are to sleep on a cot which resembles a square drum-head of vast dimensions, without mattress or coverlets, in a room with a red-tiled floor, and with windows bare of glass, but barred like those of a Bastile. Boots is a native African — an ex-cannibal for aught you know — wonderfully tattooed, and the laundress an athletic young negress who smokes authentic long-nines. You walk out through streets narrow as those of Pompeii, past shops open to the ground, like those of Naples, and shaded with heavy awnings that often sweep across the street. Everything is patent to your gaze, and nobody seems to be aware of the fact. Only now and then you pass some vast pile of yellow stone, stately as the palaces of Genoa, and catch through the great archway a glimpse of court-yards, fountain-cooled and palm-shaded, that suggest dreams of Eastern seclusion and invisible beauty. You dream on this fine dream, for in all your walk you meet no female form save of the Pariah class, unless, perchance, you stumble on some fair foreigner, at sight of whose bonnet the incurious native deigns to look up from

his business in-doors, or his lounge in the shade, with a sudden stare and a half-pitying smile, which provoke you to wonder that you had ever ceased to feel how fearful a thing the bonnet of civilization is. Water-carriers, balancing their jars, mules half-hidden from the eye by fresh bundles of green fodder, borne on either side, large cream-colored oxen, superb as the mild-eyed monsters of Lombardy, pulling primeval carts by means of yokes fastened in front of the horns, crowd up the narrow streets. And through them all the frequent calesero, swinging in his heavy saddle, steers the clumsy length of his *quitrin* with careless, certain skill.

The signs of the shops startle you, for if you are to take them *au pied de la lettre,* all the retail business of Havana is in the hands of saints, goddesses, and heroes, of birds, beasts, and beauties. St. Dominic deals in healing drugs, St. Anthony boldly handles laces, muslin, and ribbons. Diana dispenses sweets to all the dandies of the town, the Empress Eugenie meekly measures tapes, and the blessed Sun himself has really "proved a micher," and cheats in cosmetics. The greater merchants, like the burghers of the Middle Ages, often occupy with their families the elegant upper floors of the building, which in its first story serves them for a warehouse.

Not less mediæval is the confusion of quarters. Next door to the begrimed hovel of a dealer in coal, rises the palatial home of the opulent marquis; St. Giles and St. James elbow each other. Have we not passed the Pillars of Hercules, and shall we not "look the blue straits over," for the heights of Morocco?— *Gan Eden.*

HURST, JOHN FLETCHER, an American clergyman; born at Salem, Md., August 17, 1834; died at Washington, D. C., May 4, 1903. He was educated at Dickinson College, studied theology at Halle and Heidelberg, and entered the ministry of

the Methodist Church. For three years he was theological instructor in the Bremen Methodist Mission-school; in 1871 he became Professor of Historical Theology in the Drew Theological Seminary, and two years later became its President. In 1880 he was elected a Bishop in the Methodist Church, and Chancellor of the American University in 1891. Among his works are *A History of Rationalism* (1865); *Outlines of Bible History* (1873); *Life and Literature of the Fatherland* (1874); *Our Theological Culture; A History of the Reformation* (1884); *A General History of the Christian Church* (1887); *History of the Church in the United States* (1890); *Indika: the Country and People of India and Ceylon* (1891); *Short History of the Christian Church* (1892). He translated Hagenbach's *History of the Church in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries* (1869); Van Oosterzee's *Lecture in Defence of John's Gospel* (1869); Lange's *Romans* (1870); *The Literature of Theology* (1895), and Seneca's *Moral Essays.*

His works are held in high esteem by students of theology for their careful research, direct expression, and exhaustive handling of the subjects undertaken.

LESSING'S OPINIONS.

It was difficult to tell what Lessing believed. His publication of the Views of a Doubter was of itself a proof that he agreed, to some extent at least, with them. This we must grant as a concession to his honesty and common-sense. And when assailed by Gotze and others for thus attacking the faith of the Church, he replied, that, even if the Fragmentists were right, Christianity was not thereby endangered. He rejected the letter, but reserved the spirit of the Scriptures. Consequently, objections against the letter, as well as against the Bible, are not precisely objections against

the spirit and religion. For the Bible evidently contains more than belongs to religion, and it is a mere supposition that, in this additional matter which it contains, it must be equally infallible.

Moreover religion existed before there was a Bible. Christianity existed before Evangelists and Apostles had written. However much, therefore, may depend upon those scriptures, it is not possible that the whole truth of the Christion religion should depend upon them. The Christian religion is not true because Evangelists and Apostles taught it; but they taught it because it was true. It is from their internal truth that all written documents must be explained, and all these written documents cannot give it internal truth when it has none. The truths of religion have nothing to do with the facts of history.

With such opinions as these, expressed with great clearness and conciseness, who can fail to perceive that their tendency was to overthrow the traditional faith of the Church in large portions of the Bible? Who is to be the judge of what is to be retained and what rejected? Indeed, if Lessing be right, the entire Scripture record might be abolished without doing violence to religion. The effect of his writings was decidedly sceptical. His view of Christianity was merely æsthetical, and only so far as the Bible was an agent of popular elevation did he seem to consider it valuable. He did not dispute the facts of Scripture history because of the various accounts of them given by the inspired writers. Variety of testimony was no ground for the total overthrow of the thing testified. He retained the history of the resurrection in spite of the different versions of it. "Who," he asks, "has ever ventured to draw the same inference in profane history? If Livy, Polybius, Dionysius, and Tacitus relate the very same event — it may be the very same battle, the very same siege — each one differing so much in the details that those of the one completely give the lie to the other, has anyone, for that reason, ever denied the event itself in which they agree?"

We may examine the entire circle of Lessing's liter-

ary productions, and we shall see, scattered here and there through them, sentiments which, taken singly, would have a very beneficial effect upon the popular faith in inspiration and the historical testimony of the Scriptures. But unhappily, these were overshadowed by others of a conflicting nature, and though he did not array himself as a champion of Rationalism, he proved himself one of the strongest promoters of its reign. He considered his age torpid and sluggish. It was his desire to awaken it. And he did succeed in giving to the chaotic times in which he lived that literary direction which we now look back upon as the starting-point of recent German literature. The chief evil that he inflicted was due to the position in which he placed himself as the combatant of the avowed friends of inspiration. He was honest in his love of truth, but he loved the search for it more than the attainment. The key to his whole life may be found in his own words: "If God should hold in his right hand all truth, and in his left the ever-active impulse and love of search after truth, although accompanied with the condition that I should ever err, should say, 'Choose!' I would choose the left with humility and say, 'Give Father! Pure truth belongs to Thee alone.'"—*History of Rationalism.*

HUTSON, CHARLES WOODWARD, an American philologist and historian; born at McPhersonville, S. C., September 23, 1840. He entered the College of South Carolina, at Columbia, where he was graduated in 1860. At the commencement of the Civil War he volunteered for service in Virginia, serving as a private during the entire war, and was under General J. E. Johnston in 1865. The year following he was admitted to the bar at Columbia, S. C., but gave more attention to literature than to

law. He was at length called to the Professorship of Greek in the Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge, holding the place for four years, during the last two of which he also acted as Professor of History and English Literature. In 1881 he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Mississippi, also lecturing upon History His first formal book was *The Beginnings of Civilization* (1887). This was soon followed by *The Story of Beryl,* a graceful novelette, and by several other books previously written. In 1889 appeared his *French Literature,* an admirable *résumé* of the subject. The *Story of Language* appeared in 1897.

RACE ENVIRONMENTS.

Even in temperate climes the early settlers of prehistoric periods must have had a ceaseless struggle to win and keep a narrow foothold between the forests and the rivers, the forests and the lakes, the forests and the coast-line of the sea. This fact must have had much to do with the choice of their places of abode by the cave-dwellers, who slew great game with weapons of flint, and the coast-dwellers which they met who left the refuse-heaps called by us kitchen-middens, and the lake-dwellers who built huts on pile-supported platforms far out from shore. Each of these early settlers in turn selected the home best suited to the environment and to the needs of the race.

The forests could not be inhabited by man until, to some extent, clearings in them had been made by races better equipped for the struggle with nature than those just mentioned. The route of the first bands of Aryan immigrants into Europe is known to have been along the rivers; and this was because the forests were pathless. To this very day settlements in the region of the Amazon are to be found only along the line of the river and its tributaries, the primeval forest lying un-

opened at the back of each settlement. Even civilizations which have once existed in defiance of the rapid growth of the forest, the vastness of the population, and possession of fairly good cutting implements enabling the race to cope with nature, have been in some cases swallowed up by the tropical forests after their decay from other causes, and their remains hidden for ages from the knowledge of later civilizations. Such was the fate of that remarkable civilization in Yucatan, the ruins of which so long remained in the heart of the forest, known only to the Mayas, who cared not to reveal their existence to the descendants of the conquering Europeans.

In the case of many lands, organized conquest of nature has only been possible to those who had some knowledge of the practical arts of bridge-building, and road-making, as well as great tenacity of purpose. It was to these qualities, no less than to their splendid military capacity, that the Romans owed their conquest of the world. It is easy to see, then, that whether the dwellers in the ice-bound lands of the extreme north and the dwellers in lands where vast forests, lofty mountain-ranges, or deep and rushing rivers barred the way, were pre-Adamic races or only wandering cadets of Adamic families, there could be little leisure in either case for them to cultivate those arts which imply civilization, and to organize great societies such as the Hamitic and Semitic empires of the East.

There were lands, however, where the conditions were altogether favorable for the rapid organization of society and the development of civilization — lands of genial climate and productive soil, yet not infested by wild beasts to a dangerous extent, nor too heavily forested — lands bordering on seas or rivers, which facilitated commerce and increased the food-supply; while, fenced in by mountains or deserts from the invasions of wilder tribes, they furnished races possessing an inborn proclivity for aggregation, ample opportunity to found cities and establish a government. Such a land was Egypt, with the Nile to enrich its lowlands; the mountains, the deserts, and two seas to divide it from plundering

hordes, and a climate admirably suited to races of the Hamitic and Semitic type. Such a land was Chaldæa, with the Perisan Gulf and the deserts and mountains to hem it in from nomadic races, and with great rivers to water it. Such was that part of Arabia which became at an early day the prosperous land of Yemen under a Hamitic race, early mingled with the descendants of the Semitic founder, Joktan, one of the sons of the Eber from whom the children took their race name of *Hebrews*, the name *Arab* being a variation, in the judgment of some scholars, of the same name. In this land the defences were seas, deserts, and mountains. Such was that Mesopotamian land, called in one of the languages of the cuneiform inscriptions *Naharina*, which was first an extension of Chaldæan culture, and became in turn the seat of the Chaldæan, Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Parthian, later Persian, and Arabian empires. Such were all the lands in which the oldest civilizations of the world have come into existence.

Insulated water-courses flowing through alluvial lands; mountain-buttressed and sea-girt countries with boundless pasturage for camels, horses, and sheep; or peninsulas with convenient archipelagoes of sunny, vine-clad and olive-producing islands; or protected plateaus like that of Mexico — such have been the favored spots of earth, in point of environment, for the production of organized society and the arts of peace. Something more is needed, however, for the early and continuous development of a race than fortunate situation. Some races seem through a long youth to have preferred the nomadic life to settlement in even the most attractive region. Of other races the natural existence seems to have been the life of the hunter, whether of beast or of man. Some of the most brilliant and energetic races of history have begun with the adventurous career of the pirate.

It was, then, something more than accident which led the Hamitic and Semitic races to coast-lines like the Egyptian, the Arabian, the Chaldæan, the Phœnician, and the Carthaginian. It was a genuine race-instinct that made the princes of the line of Ham and the line of Shem eager to found cities and to cultivate those

arts which no doubt had been handed down traditionally to the older sons from the discoverers. That Japhetic race, from whom our Aryan ancestors are generally believed to have sprung — that race, whose genius seemed to lie dormant for so many centuries, was no doubt by nature less prone to follow the lead of one man, less apt to coalesce smoothly in all its variant types into nationality, less willing to leave the woods, the fields, and the rivers for the life of cities. The race was slow to mature, but it was repaid for its long waiting by a richer and livelier maturity than was reached by the races which for so long a period left it so far behind in the march of civilization.— *Beginnings of Civilization.*

HUTTEN, Ulrich von, a German poet and politico-religious reformer; born at Castle Steckelberg, near Fulda, Prussia, April 21, 1488; died on the island of Ufenau, Lake Zurich, August 23, 1523. He was the eldest son of a powerful baron; but being feeble from infancy, it was decided by his father that he should enter the Church, while the secular inheritance should go to a younger brother having more brawn, although, most likely, less brain. Ulrich was in his eleventh year placed in the monastery of Fulda, "with the intent," he says, "that I should stay there and become a monk," which nowise suited him. At sixteen he ran away, and for several years led an almost vagabond life. We find him at half a dozen German universities, one after the other, where he became known as an uncommonly clever fellow. At twenty-four he made his way to Pavia, in Northern Italy, intending to study law at the famous university there. The French and Imperialists

were fighting for the mastery of Upper Italy. The French got possession of Pavia, and kept Hutten shut up in his little room for three days. He fancied that he was to be made away with, and composed an epitaph for himself.

HUTTEN'S EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF.

He who was nurtured in grief, ever pursued by misfortune,
He who by land and by sea was ever by danger surrounded —
Here lieth Ulrich von Hutten. He who had no crime committed,
Was by the sword of the Gaul cruelly bereft of existence.
He was appointed by fate only to seasons of sorrow.
Ah, it was well for him then to rest from his troubles.
He, amid danger and pain shrank not from serving the Muses,
And, with the gifts that he had, poured out his spirit in song.

The French were soon forced out of Lombardy, and Hutten, whom poverty had compelled to enlist in the Imperial army, published this scornful epigram:

THE FLIGHT OF THE FRENCH COCK FROM ITALY.

Why is flying away, comb bleeding, and feathers dishevelled,
He, the proud Cock and the valiant, the dread of all the birds around him?—
Why, but that he preferred the din and the clamor of battle,
Thinking to win o'er the Eagle a victory easy and sure.
Little he measured his foe, who bore it awhile and was patient;
But when his rage was aroused he defended himself with his talons.

Truly, it fares ill with those who rashly dare to offend
him.
Better to make him a friend than to be crushed by the
might of his anger.

Returning to Germany, Hutten got into the good graces of Albert, Margrave of Brandenburg, who had just got to be Archbishop of Mayence. The Archbishop gave him a comfortable position at Court, and it appears, sent him on some business to the Papal Court. At all events, Hutten went to Rome about 1516. Four years afterward, when Hutten had espoused the side of Luther, he thus describes his visit to Rome:

WHAT HUTTEN SAW AT ROME.

Hear all ye people, while I tell
What me some years ago befell:
How that I wanted Rome to see,
And what the customs there might be;
And yet to tell it shameth me.
  In truth, no common crimes I found,
Such as in other lands abound;
No common crowds, too, did I meet,
Going to and fro each busy street;
Horses and asses too, tricked out
With golden trappings all about,
Full many ducats' worth; and they
So crowded up the tortuous way
'Twas well I was not crushed and slain
By haughty Knight in narrow lane.
  And then the Cardinals rode by,
Officials, Abbots, Prelates: I
Can't tell them all, nor yet will try.
But many a story could be told
Of Priests thus clad in silk and gold.
  Then came the Pope, in chair bedight,
And borne by many a satellite:

He's of the Holy Church the Head,
And must not touch the ground we tread.
Then went the Holy Virgin by,
With bangles tricked to please the eye;
And we must *vivas* loudly cry.
A benediction from the Pope
Came next, and we were blessed — I hope.
But say, can you or I believe
Homage like this God will receive?
Christ dwells in humble hearts below,
Nor will be served by pomp and show.
  Then followed clerks and copyists:
Some thousands must have passed in all.
And even such as these they call
Part of the Church that reigns at Rome —
They say she's only there at home;
But sure in this they greatly err.
The Church is where good Christians are.
  Then came a long procession near,
Of women finely dressed and fair,
And hosts of ruffians — such a pest —
Who every lane in Rome infest.
Next Advocates, Auditors,
And Notaries, all with servitors;
They publish Bulls, lay down the law,
With which Rome keeps the world in awe.
All these, and more than I have told,
Live on our hard-won German gold.
Shall this go on as heretofore?
Nay, dearest Germans, nevermore;
No, not a farthing more we'll pay,
And if they starve — well, so they may.
Then would no longer such a number
Of useless folks the earth encumber. . . .
  Beloved Germans! lift the hand,
Take pity on our Fatherland.
Now is the time to strike the blow
For Freedom — God will have it so.
Take heart, whose hearts for Freedom still
Can beat. No longer bend your will
To those whose lives have wrought us ill.

Till now in ignorance we slept,
For priests the key to knowledge kept:
But God has given us laymen grace
To learn from books His will and ways.
No lack of counsel now or lore,
And all men may partake the store.
And so I call on Count and Knight
To help me bring the truth to light.
Nobles' and Burghers' aid I claim:—
One country's ours, our cause the same.
Who'd lag behind at such a time?—
The die is cast! There is my rhyme.

This poem was not written until four years after Hutten's visit to Rome; and it really voiced what was the sentiment of the German people, and what it seemed would be that of all the secular princes. Hutten rose higher and higher in favor. The Emperor Maxmilian had made him a Knight, and had him crowned as Poet Laureate. But Luther had begun to inveigh against the sale of indulgences. And Hutten's patron, the Archbishop of Mayence, had farmed out from the Pope the right of selling these indulgences in Germany. It were long to tell how it was that Hutten threw himself upon the side of Luther. When at length Luther's works were ordered to be publicly burned, Hutten came out with this poem:

ON THE BURNING OF LUTHER'S WRITINGS.

Here, Lord, Thy holy words they burn,
Thy teachings pure they from them spurn;
Here are Thy precepts thrust aside,
And license given to vice and pride;
Here pardons granted every day,
But none to those who cannot pay.
Here lies are told, deceit begun,
And sins remitted ere they're done.

Here even Thy hold Heaven they sell,
And here condemn to pains of hell
Whoever dares a word to say.
Here men of truth are driven away,
Our nation spoiled by robbers bold,
And wicked deeds allowed for gold;
Here for his soul man careth not,
And Thou, Lord God, art nigh forgot.
But brother dear, I grieve for thee,
O'erwhelmed by force and treachery,
And yet at last the tide will turn,
And men thine innocency learn.
Servant of God, have patience still;
And may I but the part fulfill
Of strengthening thee with word or deed,
And helping in thy sorest need,
Gladly, in such a holy strife,
I'll part with goods, or ease, or life.

The Imperial power in Germany had come to take side with the Papal power of Rome, and between the two, Hutten, in common with the other "Reformers," came into peril. He put forth, about 1520, various "Appeals to the German people," urging them to see to it that he was not wrongfully dealt with. One of these "Appeals" runs thus:

AN APPEAL BY HUTTEN.

Where shall I turn? Where seek help? To you I appeal, German rulers and men. Will you permit the innocent to be punished? I appeal to all to protect one who has labored for all. The labor and the enterprise were mine. The result depends on the will of God. I am no less in peril than if I had achieved that which I have undertaken for your sakes. I should now be in good favor with the Bishop of Rome, had I not desired to turn to the advantage of my country all that I have acquired so laboriously in my travels, amidst severe misfortunes and struggles with adverse fate. Will you per-

mit me to be murdered unheard and uncondemned? I do not fear the law. I tarry with you in full confidence; but let not violence be done to me; lest when my foes have compassed the death of an innocent man, they invent a crime for the dead. . . .

Open your eyes, ye Germans, and see who they are who plunder you at home, and bring you into ill repute abroad. They are the shameless traffickers in Indulgences, the crazy traders in Pardons, Dispensations, Absolutions, and Bulls; who have set up a traffic in holy things in the Church of God, from which he once drove out those who only bought and sold worldly merchandise. It is they also who have brought me into this danger and distress because I exposed their thefts; and thus their gains have been diminished, and true religion increased. I have always avoided exciting revolt; and to show how little it was my intent, I have written in Latin, that I might admonish them *tête-à-tête,* and not to proclaim it to the multitude. Even now I do not wish to incite any to violence, but only to protect myself, and prevent them from further wrong-doing.

This "Appeal" had hardly been published before Hutten changed both his plans and his methods. Instead of writing in Latin for the learned he began to write in German for the people. He took for his motto "The die is cast," and this occurs over and over again in his stirring German poems.

THE DIE IS CAST.

Sing, Germans, sing! I call on you,
Praise God that truth is born anew;
Deceit and guile have lost their shine,
And lies give way to truth divine.
For truth was smothered with a lie,
And now again is raised on high.
Ho, pious Germans, every one,
Consider what has yet been done.
Let each resolve with steadfast mind

Still to go on, nor look behind.
I faithfully my part have done,
Nor asked reward of any one;
And now a solemn vow I make,
That truth I never will forsake,
No man shall turn me, though he try
With weapon, ban, or outlawry;
Nay, though my pious mother weep,
Still I my vow must steadfast keep.
God comfort her: and though He will
That obstacles my path should fill,
I will push on till they be past,
Nor turn aside while life shall last.
The die is cast.

NO STEP BACKWARD.

I've cast the die without recall,
And never shall repent;
I may not win, but all shall see
And own my good intent.
And not for self,
Nor yet for pelf
But for my country's sake.
Chide as they may
They yet shall say
I did the venture make.

Foe of the priests they call me;
I reck not, for I ween,
Had I been tamely silent,
They had more friendly been.
I spoke the truth,
And so, forsooth,
Their rage doth me pursue.
Good folk, be sure
My aim was pure,
Though nothing more I do.

Take up your own, your righteous cause
O nation brave and strong;

Will ye not listen to my words,
And help avenge this wrong?
The die is cast,
And I stand fast
Whatever be my fate;
The cards I'll play
As best I may,
And then the end await.

Although the cunning priests, I know,
Their snares for me have laid,
The man who knows his cause is good
Needs not to be dismayed
I'll play the game,
And all the same
E'en though they seek my life.
Brave nobles all,
On you I call:
Join Hutten in the strife.

The path of Hutten and that of Luther began to diverge. Luther would fight Rome with Scripture; Hutten with the sword. The breach between the two Reformers came to an open quarrel. In 1522 Hutten went to Switzerland, where the Reformers were in nowise over-friendly to Luther. He was broken in health and fortune, and seems to have been dependent for bare subsistence upon two or three of the Swiss Reformers. When he died he possessed nothing except his pen, and left nothing except the debt of a few score florins which he had borrowed. Few men who have died at five-and-thirty have written so much as Hutten. An edition of his *Complete Works,* mostly in Latin, was published in 1821–27, and republished, in 7 volumes, in 1859. The only adequate Life of Hutten is that of Strauss (1857; second edition, 1871), translated by Mrs. G. Sturge (1872). The extracts above quoted are from this translation by Mrs. Sturge

HUTTON, Laurence, an American journalist, essayist and critic; born at New York, August 8, 1843; died at Princeton, N. J., June 10, 1904. He was the son of a well-known merchant of New York, John Hutton, formerly of St. Andrews, Scotland, a descendant of the Robert Patterson of Scott's *Old Mortality.* Laurence went for a time to a private school in New York; then, at an early age, became an employee in a commission-house; and finally drifted into literature. He was for several years dramatic critic of the *Evening Mail;* and in 1886 he became literary editor of *Harper's Magazine.* During the twelve years previous to this latter date, he devoted his entire time to authorship, and became well known as the author and compiler of numerous works on dramatic and literary subjects. In the former line he has issued *Plays and Players* (1875); *Curiosities of the American Stage* (1887); *Memoir of Edwin Booth* (1893); and contributed largely to the *American Actor* series (1881); *Actors of Great Britain and the United States* (1886); *John Bernard's Retrospection of America* (1887); *Opening Addresses of the American Stage* (1887); *Memoir of Lester Wallack* (1887); *Occasional Addresses of the American Stage* (1890). His miscellaneous works include *Artists of the Nineteenth Century* (1879); *Portraits in Plaster* (1890); *Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins* (1892); *Other Times and Other Seasons* (1896). Mr. Hutton is best known, however, to the general reading world, by his valuable *Literary Landmarks,* a series of volumes which were prepared with the utmost care, and which were the result of much

reading, correspondence, and personal observation. These include *Literary Landmarks of London* (1887); *Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh* (1892); *Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem* (1895); *Literary Landmarks of Venice* (1896); *Literary Landmarks of Florence* (1897); *Literary Landmarks of Rome* (1897); *Literary Landmarks of Oxford* (1903); and *Literary Landmarks of Scottish Universities* (1904). In 1892 the degree of A.M. was conferred upon him by Yale University.

Perhaps the most important of Mr. Hutton's books, from the purely literary view-point, was his last work, *Literary Landmarks of the Scottish Universities.* The book tells of the associations that have grown up around the famous institutions of learning in Scotland — the Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrews. Among other things the book tells of the celebrated men who attended the different universities, and also of the minor schools and colleges of Scotland. A glance at the index reveals such names as Sir Walter Scott, Shakespeare, Robert Burns, John Brown, Thomas Campbell, Thomas Carlyle, Lord Darnley, Oliver Goldsmith, James Boswell, Robert Stevenson, and many others. In the introduction John H. Finley says:

"It seems now most fitting that the last book of literary landmarks written by Mr. Hutton should have been devoted to Scotland, the home of his ancestors, and the last chapter of St. Andrews University, in whose environing town his own father was born. The manuscript of this volume was sent to the printer some weeks before Mr. Hutton's death, but the proofs were returned too late for his revision. They have been read by a friend and neighbor of his in the town

in which he died, a town which is the seat of an American university that has many historic associations with the universities of which Mr. Hutton wrote. In performing this last office of the author in the printing of a book, his friend takes responsibility for any errors that may have crept into the text. The manuscript was prepared with conscientious care, and it is doubtful if Mr. Hutton would have changed a single line, for he set down naught except in kindliest spirit, in gentlest humor, and in honesty."

AMERIGO AND AMERICA.

While Amerigo Vespucci has no special claims to Landmarks that are Literary except as a writer of voluminous and excellent letters, the literature of a great nation owes to him at least a great name; and some of its makers and its readers on that account, if on no other, will perhaps care to know, when they come to Florence, just where he was born and lived. The site of his house on the Borgo Ognissanti — No. 18 — and near the Via dei Fossi, is now occupied by a hospital founded by him. Here he wrote the letter which Waldseemüller quoted in his *Cosmographiæ Introductio* in 1507, with the remark: "Now a fourth part of the World has been found by Amerigo Vespucci, and I do not see why we should be prevented from calling it Amerigo or America." And thus did the local habitation which Columbus is credited with discovering for us get its name. A stone in the floor of a chapel in the adjoining Church of Ognissanti bears the legend, in Latin, that it was once the property of Vespucci; and the broad avenue on the banks of the river, from the Ponte alla Carraia to the Piazza degli Zuavi, is called Lung' Arno Amerigo Vespucci to this day,— with no one to object.—*From Literary Landmarks of Florence.*

THE ALDINE PRESS.

The fact that there exists a letter addressed to Gregoropoulos at the little narrow Calle del Pistor, and written while Gregoropoulos was employed by Aldus as corrector of Greek manuscript and Greek proof, would seem to imply that the famous printing-press stood in that street, if such a gutter can be called a street at all. It resembles no thoroughfares elsewhere in the world except the closes of Edinburgh; but it is not unlikely to have been the scene of the birth of the Aldines so dearly prized by the bookworms of to-day. The original Aldus is believed to have settled in Venice about 1488. As Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement remarks, he was no mere printer, and although it is by that name now that he is most frequently regarded, he was a scholar before he was a printer, and he became a printer because of his scholarship. Concerning the many troublesome visitors to his place of business, who went there to gossip and to kill their time, Aldus wrote: "We make bold to admonish such in classical words, in a sort of edict placed over our door, 'Whoever you are, Aldo requests you, if you want anything, ask for it in a few words and depart, unless, like Hercules, you come to lend the aid of your shoulders to the weary Atlas. Here will always be found, in that case, something for you to do, however many you may be.'" A certain Hercules named Erasmus came once to lend his shoulders to the load, and found something to do. Erasmus in the workshop of Aldus, printing, perhaps, his own *Adages,* is a picture for a poet or a painter to conjure with. Venice in all its glory never saw a greater sight.— *From Literary Landmarks of Venice.*

HUXLEY, Thomas Henry, an English biologist; born at Ealing, near London, May 4, 1825; died at Eastbourne, June 29, 1895. He was educated at the school in his native place, in which his father was one of the masters; afterward he studied medicine with a brother-in-law who was a physician; and attended lectures at the Medical School of the Charing Cross Hospital. In 1845 he passed his first examination at the University of London for the degree of M.B., taking honors in physiology; and in the following year was appointed Assistant-Surgeon to the *Victory* for service at Haslar Hospital. In 1847 he was appointed Assistant-Surgeon to H.M.S. *Rattlesnake,* and spent the greater part of the ensuing three years off the eastern coast of Australia. In 1851 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, receiving one of the Royal medals next year. In 1855 he was appointed Professor of Natural History in the Royal School of Mines; Fullerian Professor of Physiology to the Royal Institution, and Examiner in Physiology and Comparative Anatomy to the University of London. In 1858 he was appointed Groonian Lecturer to the Royal Society, and chose for his subject the "Theory of the Vertebrate Skull." In 1860 he delivered a course of lectures to working-men at the School of Mines, his subject being "The Relation of Man to the Lower Animals." The views which he then propounded gave rise to much vehement controversy. In 1862 he delivered another course of lectures to working-men, which were subsequently published under the title of *Lectures on our Knowledge of the Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature.* In

1870 he was elected a member of the London School Board, where he took an active part in the opposition to denominational teaching. In 1872 he was elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University; and in 1873 Secretary of the Royal Society, of which he was chosen President in 1883. In 1881 he was appointed Inspector of Salmon Fisheries; but in 1885 he was compelled by ill-health to resign. In 1890 he wrote to the London *Times* severely criticising General Booth's "Darkest England" scheme. In 1892 he was called to the Privy Council.

The following are Mr. Huxley's principal works: *Lessons in Elementary Physiology* (1866); *Introduction to the Classification of Animals* (1869); *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews* (1870); *Manual of the Anatomy of the Vertebrated Animals* (1871); *Critiques and Addresses* (1873); *American Addresses* (1877); *Physiography; an Introduction to the Study of Nature* (1877); *Anatomy of Invertebrated Animals* (1877); *The Crayfish; an Introduction to the Study of Zoölogy* (1879); *Science and Culture* (1882); *The Origin of the Existing Forms of Animal Life*, being the Rede Lecture at Cambridge for 1883; *Essays on Some Controverted Questions* (1892); *Evolution and Ethics* (1893). Besides these he has delivered numerous lectures, which have been separately published.

THE RELATIONS OF MAN TO THE LOWER ANIMALS.

The question of questions to mankind — the problem which underlies all others, and is more deeply interesting than any other — is the ascertainment of the place which man occupies in nature, and of his relations to the universe of things. Whence has our race come? what are the limits of our power over nature, and of nature's

power over us? To what good are we tending?— these are the problems which present themselves anew and with undiminished interest to every man born into the world.

Most of us, shrinking from the difficulties and dangers which beset the seeker after original answers to these riddles, are contented to ignore them altogether, or to smother the investigating spirit under the feather-bed of respected and respectable tradition. But in every age one or two restless spirits, blest with that constructive genius which can only build a secure foundation, or cursed with the mere spirit of scepticism, are unable to follow in the well-worn and comfortable track of their forefathers and contemporaries; and, unmindful of thorns and stumbling-blocks, strike out into paths of their own. The sceptics end in the infidelity which asserts the problem to be insoluble, or in the atheism which denies the existence of any orderly progress and governance of things. The men of genius propound solutions which grow into systems of theology or philosophy; or, veiled in musical language which suggests more than it asserts, take the shape of the poetry of an epoch.

Each such answer to the great question — invariably asserted by the followers of its propounder, if not by himself, to be complete and final — remains in high authority and esteem, it may be for one century, or it may be for twenty; but, as invariably, time proves each reply to have been a mere approximation to the truth — tolerable chiefly on account of the ignorance of those by whom it was accepted, and wholly intolerable when tested by the larger knowledge of their successors.

In a well-worn metaphor a parallel is drawn between the life of man and the metamorphosis of the caterpillar into the butterfly; but the comparison may be more just, as well as more novel, if for its former term we take the mental progress of the race. History shows that the human mind, fed by constant accessions of knowledge, periodically grows too large for its theoretical coverings, and bursts them asunder to appear in new habiliments, as the feeding and growing grub at intervals casts its too narrow skin and assumes another, itself but

temporary. Truly the *imago* state of Man seems to be terribly distant; but every moult is a step gained, and of such there have been many.

It will be admitted that some knowledge of Man's position in the animated world is an indispensable preliminary to the proper understanding of his position in the universe; and this again resolves itself, in the long run, into an inquiry into the nature and the closeness of the ties which connect him with those singular creatures which have been styled the Man-like Apes. The importance of such an inquiry is indeed intuitively manifest. Brought face to face with these blurred copies of himself, the least thoughtful of men is conscious of a certain shock, due, perhaps, not so much to disgust at the aspect of what looks like an insulting caricature, as to the awakening of a sudden and profound mistrust of time-honored theories and strongly rooted prejudices regarding his own position in nature, and his relations to the Under-world of life; while that which remains a dim suspicion for the unthinking becomes a vast argument, fraught with the deepest consequences, for all who are acquainted with the recent progress of anatomical and physiological sciences.

I now propose briefly to unfold that argument, and to set forth, in a form intelligible to those who possess no special acquaintance with anatomical science, the chief facts upon which all conclusions respecting the nature and the extent of the bonds which connect man with the brute world must be based. I shall then indicate the one immediate conclusion which, in my judgment, is justified by those facts; and I shall finally discuss the bearing of that conclusion upon the hypotheses which have been entertained respecting the origin of Man.—*Man's Place in Nature.*

THE CONCLUSION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Leaving Mr. Darwin's views aside, the whole analogy of natural operations furnishes so complete and crushing an argument against the intervention of any but what are termed secondary causes in the production of all the

phenomena of the universe that, in view of the intimate relations between Man and the rest of the living world, and between the forces exerted by the latter and all other forces, I can see no excuse for doubting that all are co-ordinated terms of nature's great progression, from the formless to the formed — from the inorganic to the organic — from blind force to conscious intellect and will. Science has fulfilled her mission when she has ascertained and enunciated truth; and were these pages addressed to men of science only, I should now close this Essay, knowing that my colleagues have learned to respect nothing but evidence, and to believe that their highest duty lies in submitting to it, however much it may jar against their inclinations.

But desiring, as I do, to reach the wider circle of the intelligent public, it would be unworthy cowardice were I to ignore the repugnance with which the majority of my readers are likely to meet the conclusions to which the most careful and conscientious study I have been able to give to this matter has led me. On all sides I shall hear the cry — "We are Men and Women, and not a mere better sort of Apes — a little longer in the leg, more compact in the foot, and bigger in the brain, than your brutal Chimpanzees and Gorillas. The power of knowledge — the consciousness of good and evil — the pitiful tenderness of human affections — raise us out of all real fellowship with the brutes, however closely they may seem to approximate us."

To this I can only reply that the exclamation would be most just, and would have my own entire sympathy, if it were only relevant. But it is not I who seek to base Man's dignity upon his great-toe, or insinuate that we are lost if an ape has a *hippocampus minor*. On the contrary, I have done my best to sweep away this vanity. I have endeavored to show that no absolute structural line of demarcation, wider than that between the animals which immediately succeed us in the scale, can be drawn between the animal world and ourselves. And I may add the expression of my belief that the attempt to draw a physical distinction is equally futile, and that even the highest faculties of feeling and intellect begin to germi-

nate in the lower forms of life. At the same time, no one is more thoroughly convinced than I am of the vastness of the gulf between civilized man and the brutes; or is more certain that whether *from* them or not, he is assuredly not *of* them. No one is less disposed to think lightly of the present dignity, or despairingly of the future hopes, of the only consciously intelligent denizen of the world.

We are indeed told by those who assume authority in these matters that the two sets of opinions are incompatible, and that the belief of the unity of origin of man and brutes involves the brutalization and degradation of the former. But is this really so? Could not a sensible child confute, by obvious arguments, the shallow rhetoricians who would force this conclusion upon us? Is it indeed true that the Poet, or the Philosopher, or the Artist, whose genius is the glory of his age, is degraded from his high estate by the undoubted historical probability — not to say certainty — that he is the direct lineal descendant of some naked and bestial savage, whose intelligence was just sufficient to make him a little more cunning than the fox, and by so much more dangerous than the tiger? Or is he bound to howl and grovel on all fours because of the wholly unquestionable fact that he was once an egg, which no ordinary power of discrimination could distinguish from that of the dog? Or is the philanthropist or the saint to give up his endeavors to lead a noble life because the simplest study of man's nature reveals, at its foundations, all the selfish passions and fierce appetites of the quadruped? Is the mother-love vile because the hen shows it; or fidelity base because dogs possess it?

The common-sense of the mass of mankind will answer these questions without a moment's hesitation. Healthy humanity, finding itself hard-pressed to escape from real sin and degradation, will leave the brooding over speculative pollution to the cynics and the "righteous overmuch," who, disagreeing in everything else, unite in blind insensibility to the nobleness of the visible world and inability to appreciate the grandeur of the place Man occupies therein. Nay, more thought-

ful men, once escaped from the blinding influences of traditional prejudice, will find in the lowly stock whence Man has sprung the best evidence of the splendor of his capacities, and will discern in his long progress through the Past a reasonable ground of faith in his attainment of a nobler Future.

They will remember that in comparing civilized man with the animal world one is as the Alpine traveler who sees the mountains soaring into the sky, and can hardly discern where the deep-shadowed crags and roseate peaks end, and where the clouds of heaven begin. Surely the awe-struck voyager may be excused if he at first refuses to believe the geologist, who tells him that these glorious masses are, after all, the hardest mud of primeval seas, or the cooled slag of subterranean furnaces — of one substance with the dullest clay, but raised by inward forces to that place of proud and seemingly inaccessible glory. But the geologist is right; and the due reflection on his teachings, instead of diminishing our reverence and our wonder, adds all the force of intellectual sublimity to the more æsthetic intuition of the uninstructed beholder.

And after passion and prejudice have died away, the same result will attend the teachings of the naturalist respecting that great Alps and Andes of the living world — Man. Our reverence for the nobility of manhood will not be lessened by the knowledge that Man is, in substance and structure, one with the brutes; for he alone possesses the marvellous endowment of intelligible and rational speech, whereby, in the secular period of his existence, he has slowly accumulated and organized the experience which is almost wholly lost with the cessation of every individual life in other animals; so that he now stands on the mountain-top, far above the level of his humble fellows, and transfigured from the grosser nature by reflecting, here and there, a ray from the Infinite Source of Truth.— *Man's Place in Nature.*

PROTOPLASM IN ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

Notwithstanding all the fundamental resemblances which exist between the power of the protoplasm in plants and animals, they present one striking difference, in the fact that plants can manufacture fresh protoplasm out of mineral compounds, whereas animals are obliged to procure it ready-made; and hence, in the long run, depend upon plants. Upon what condition this difference in the powers of the two great divisions of the world of life depends, nothing at present is known. With such qualification as arises out of this fact, it may be truly said that all the acts of all living things are fundamentally one. Is any such unity predicable of their forms? Let us seek in easily verified facts for a reply to this question.

If a drop of blood be drawn by pricking one's finger, and viewed with proper precautions, and under a sufficiently high microscopic power, there will be seen, among the innumerable multitude of little, circular, discloidal bodies, or corpuscles, which float in it and give it its color, a comparatively small number of colorless corpuscles, of somewhat large size and irregular shape. If the drop of blood be kept at the temperature of the body, these colorless corpuscles will be seen to exhibit a marvellous activity, changing their forms with great rapidity, drawing in and thrusting out prolongations of their substance, and creeping about as if they were independent organisms.

The substance which is thus active is a mass of protoplasm, and its activity differs in detail rather than in principle from that of the protoplasm of the nettle. Under sundry circumstances the corpuscle dies, and becomes distended into a round mass, in the midst of which is seen a smaller spherical body, which existed, but was more or less hidden, in the living corpuscle, and is called its *nucleus*. Corpuscles of essentially similar structure are to be found in the skin, in the lining of the mouth, and scattered through the whole framework of the body. Nay, more; in the earliest condition of the human organism — in that state in which it has just become dis-

tinguishable from the egg in which it arises — it is nothing but an aggregation of such corpuscles; and every organ of the body was once no more than an aggregation of such corpuscles. Thus a nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body, in its earliest state, is a mere multiple of such units, variously modified.

But does the formula which expresses the essential structural character of the highest animal cover all the rest, as the statement of its powers and faculties covered that of all others? Very nearly. Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polype, are all composed of structural units of the same character — namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus. There are sundry very low animals each of which, structurally, is a mere colorless blood-corpuscle, leading an independent life. But at the very bottom of the animal scale even this simplicity becomes simplified, and all the phenomena of life are manifested by a particle of protoplasm without a nucleus. Nor are such organisms insignificant by reason of their want of complexity. It is a fair question whether the protoplasms of those simplest forms of life which people an immense extent of the bottom of the sea would not outweigh that of all the higher living beings which inhabit the land put together. And in ancient times, no less than at the present day, such living beings as these have been the greatest of rock-builders.

What has been said of the animal world is no less true of plants. Imbedded in the protoplasm at the broad or attached end of the nettle-hair there lies a spherical nucleus. Careful examination further proves that the whole substance of the nettle is made up of a repetition of such masses of nucleated protoplasm, each contained in a wooden case, which is modified in form, sometimes into a woody fibre, sometimes into a duct or spiral vessel, sometimes into a pollen-grain or an ovule. Traced back to its earliest state, the nettle arises, as a man does, in a particle of nucleated protoplasm. And in the lowest plants, as in the lowest animals, a single mass of such protoplasm

may constitute the whole plant, or the protoplasm may exist without a nucleus.

Under these circumstances, it may well be asked, How is one mass of non-nucleated protoplasm to be distinguished from another? Why call one plant and the other animal? The only reply is that, so far as form is concerned, plants and animals are not separable; and that, in many cases, it is a mere matter of convention whether we call a given organism an animal or a plant.

There is a living body called *Æthalium septicum,* which appears upon decaying vegetable substances, and, in one of its forms, is common upon the surface of tanpits. In this condition it is, to all intents and purposes, a fungus, and formerly was always regarded as such. But the remarkable investigations of De Bary have shown that, in another condition, that *Æthalium* is an actively locomotive creature, and takes in solid matters upon which, apparently, it feeds, thus exhibiting the most characteristic features of animality. Is this a plant? or is it an animal? Is it both? or is it neither? Some decide in favor of the last supposition, and establish an intermediate kingdom — a sort of No Man's Land — for all these intermediate forms. But as it is admittedly impossible to draw any distinct boundry line between this No Man's Land and the Vegetable World, on the one hand, or the Animal, on the other, it appears to me that this proceeding merely doubles the difficulty, which before was single.

Protoplasm — simple or nucleated — is the formal basis of all life. It is the clay of the potter, which — bake it and paint it as he will — remains clay, separated by artifice, and not by nature, from the commonest brick or sun-dried clod. Thus it becomes clear that all living powers are cognate; and that all living forms are fundamentally of one character. The researches of the chemist have revealed a no less striking uniformity of material composition in living matter. —*The Physical Basis of Life.*

HUYGHENS, CONSTANTINE, a Dutch poet; born at The Hague, September 4, 1596; died at Hofwijk, March 28, 1687. He was educated at Leyden, and was employed in various governmental capacities. Having been in Italy, and three times in England, as an ambassador, he succeeded his father as State Secretary in 1625. In the same year he published his poems with the collective title *Otia, of Ledighe Uren;* and in 1658 he began the issue, in twenty-seven parts, of the collection known as *Korenbloemen.* Additional verses have been since gathered and published under the title of *Cluyswerk.* He was one of the greatest masters of metrical form of his age. In an epistle to the poet Tesselschade he uses, with the utmost ease and at great length, a stanza of which this is an example:

Tesselschaedje,
Kameraedje,
Die dit praetje
Uit mijn hert,
En van binnen
Uyt het spinnen
Van mijn sinnen,
Hebt ontwert.

"This," says Edmund Gosse, "is more like one of the lovely creations of Victor Hugo or of Swinburne than a production of the heavy and fettered Teutonic tongues of the seventeenth century. But," continues this able critic, "in respect of mastery over form Huyghens is *facile princeps* among the Dutch poems of his time or since." When Tesselschade died of grief after her daughter's death, all the poets wrote

memorial verses; the most touching and simple of which were those of Huyghens, of which Mr. Gosse has given us the following version:

TESSELSCHADE'S GRAVE.

'Tis Tesselschade's Grave!
Let no one vainly try
To measure out in words her matchless quality;
The honor that men give the Sun to her they gave.
And why in death she lay,
Listen, I will relate:
O mothers, think, it was her daughter sealed her fate,
And she who owed her life took life from her away.

The child had little blame;
The mother saw her die,
And died that she to keep her company might try.
So perished Tesselschâ through her own tender aim!
— *From Korenbloemen.*

HUYSMANS, Jorris Karl, a French novelist; born at Paris, February 5, 1848. His father and grandfather were noted painters; and among his ancestors was Cornelius Huysmans, whose works are admired by visitors to the Louvre. He studied law; was for a while in the Department of the Interior; and about 1874 he began to devote himself to literature. In that year he published his *Drageoir aux Épices;* and the following year he issued *Marthe.* These first works showed the naturalistic tendencies of the writer; and the disciple of the Zola school is clearly seen in his later novels: *Sac au Dos* (1878); *Sœurs Vatard* (1879); *Les Croquis Parisiens*

(1880); *En Ménage* (1881); À *Vau l' Eau* (1883). A reaction toward a kind of indefinite spiritualism is seen in *À Rebours* (1885); *En Rade* (1887); *Là Bas* (1889); *En Route* (1895).

Speaking of this latter work, Professor Wells says the author "has joined those pessimists 'who have grown tired of the devil and are trying a reconciliation with God,' and has given us a study of monastic dilettanteism, which leads his hero to the weary conclusion that he is 'too much a man of letters to be a monk, and is already too much of the monk to live with men of letters"; and one turns gladly from such perversions of genius." But few of his works have been translated into English.

FRANCE AND MYSTICISM.

All exalted writers are foreigners. Saint Denys the Areopagite was a Greek; Eckhart, Tauler, Suso, Sister Emmerich, were Germans: Ruysbröck came from Flanders; Saint Teresa; Saint John of the Cross, Saint Marie d'Agreda, were Spaniards; Father Faber was English; Saint Bonaventure, Angela of Foligno, Magdalen of Pazzi, Catherine of Genoa, Jacopo de Voragine, were Italians. France can count religious authors, more or less celebrated, but very few mystical writers properly so called. It cannot be denied, the genius of our race cannot easily follow and explain how God acts when He works in the central depths of the soul, which is the ovary of thought, the very source of conception. It is refractory at explaining, by the expressive power of words, the crash or the silence of grace. Bursting forth in the domain which is wasted by sin it is inapt at extracting from that secret world such works of psychololgy as those of Saint Teresa and Saint John of the Cross, such works of art as those of Voragine and Sister Emmerich. Besides that our field is scarcely arable and our soil harsh, where shall we find the laborer who sows and harrows it; who

prepares, not indeed a mystical harvest, but even any spiritual fruit capable of assuaging the hunger of the few who stray and are lost, and fall from inanition in the icy desert of our time?—*From En Route; translation of* C. KEGAN PAUL.

HYNE, CHARLES JOHN CUTLIFFE WRIGHT, an English novelist, commonly known as "Cutliffe Hyne"; born at Bibury, Gloucestershire, May 11, 1866. He was graduated from Clare College, Cambridge, and began his career by writing for the magazines. He traveled in Europe, Canary Islands, Congo Free State, Gold Coast, Lapland, Canada, Mexico, and for many years made it a special task to cover 10,000 miles of new territory every year. His novels include *The New Eden* (1892); *The Recipe for Diamonds* (1894); *Honor of Thieves* (1895); *The Stronger Hand* (1896); *The Paradise Coal Boat* (1897); *Through Arctic Lapland* (1898); *Captain Kettle* (1898); *Further Adventures of Captain Kettle* (1899); *The Filibusters* (1900); *Thompson's Progress* (1901); *McTodd* (1902); *Captain Kettle K. C. B.* (1903); and *Atoms of Empire* (1904).

THE SALVAGE HUNTER.

Michael Power, the third mate, was standing with his grizzled chin thrust over the starboard dodger of the *Black Pearl's* bridge, and the binoculars at his eyes were pointed to a shadowy outline which loomed vaguely through the darkness as it swung in the trough of the Western Ocean swell.

Power would much have liked to alter the *Black Pearl's* course, so as to make her pass nearer to the

stranger, but for a reason he forbore to do this; and the quartermaster in the boxed-up wheelhouse below blinked wearily at the glowing binnacle and sawed away at his course, and the shadowy vessel which rolled in the trough drew abeam.

"Not a light showing anywhere," Power summarized. "Mizzenmast off the deck, and mainmast standing, as the Yankee wreck-chart said. She's got her fore-yard crossed, but the top-mast and the rest of the gear are gone by the upper cap. She'll have dropped those in that breeze of last week. Likewise all the boats, barring the two lifeboats we took: she must have been pretty well swept. That funnel's scoured down to the naked iron. But it doesn't look shaky, though. Glad I had those funnel stays set up the day before it happened."—He stared on with a drawn face while the derelict passed astern. "But she can't have much water in her, or she wouldn't swim like that. And the cargo's shifted back again; she's lost all her list. O Lord, my luck! Why can't I have her back now?"

The *Black Pearl* went ahead at her steady nine knots, and the timber in her holds squeaked like a supper party of mice as the rollers shouldered her over their backs. The deserted steamer dwindled into the night astern. With a sigh, Power left the shelter of the canvas dodger, and turned to go down to the track-chart, which lay on the table at the head of the companion-way. He was going to make an accurate (and private) note of the derelict's then position upon the face of the waters.

But as he turned, another figure met him on the ladder of the first bridge, and he recognized with a shock the second quartermaster of the watch, the official look-out on the *Black Pearl's* forecastle head. The man had given no warning of having seen the derelict drift past, and Power, with a gush of thankfulness, had supposed him to be asleep. The pair met across the binnacle, swaying to the roll. The yellow glow from the compass-card lit both their faces. Each read the knowledge of the other at a glance.

"Well, quartermaster?"

"I didn't hail you," the sailor said. "I thought best

not: I reckoned you'd see her for yourself, and may be want to do something." He omitted the "sir," and spoke in a stormy undertone, so as not to be heard by the other quartermaster at the wheel in the house below.

The grizzled mate beckoned the man away to the shelter of the starboard dodger.

"You — you spotted her, then?"

"I was on the *Caspian* myself once, when she was in the Bombay trade. That was before you got her, captain."

"Yes," said Power. "I wasn't appointed until after she'd left that and the firm had put her on the South America run. But you're sure it's her?"

"As sure as you are. What sailor-man ever shipped on a steamboat and forgot her afterwards?"

"Why — why didn't you hail me?" Power asked nervously.

"Because I reckoned that if you wanted to make a noise, Captain Power, you'd use your own voice. I don't owe the Old Man here anything that I know of. Nor do you, I should say. All hands forrard has seen the way he's been treating you — you that had a master's ticket before he was put in breeches. If we picked up that steamboat now and towed her in somewhere, the skipper here would make a thousand pounds, and I'd get tipped a matter of two weeks' wages. Well, a couple of quid isn't to be sneezed at by a man like me that's steadied down and got a wife and kids to keep ashore, and I tell you I had it in mind of me first to sing out blue glory. But when I looked aft and saw you with your glasses on her, squinting for all you were worth, but never letting up a word, I says to myself, 'The third mate — the captain that was — knows 'is own business. 'E's got a game on, and if there's a nice thing to be picked up out of this, W. Joist will not be forgotten. The captain of the *Black Pearl* is a beggar; but Captain Power, that used to be master of the *Caspian* before he had his misfortune, is a gentleman every inch of him.'"

The quartermaster broke off and knuckled his seal-skin cap.

"I don't think I was wrong, sir?" he said tentatively.

"Quartermaster," said the third mate huskily, "I'm hanged if I know what to say to you. I'm hanged if I know what to say to myself."

"Very good, sir," said Joist, "don't let me scurry you. But there ought to be dollars in the old *Caspian,* Captain Power, if one can only see where they come in. And y' know I'm a married man, sir, with a missis and kids to think about."

"You great fool," said Power, "do you think you're the only man in the world with a wife and family that are hungry? Look at me: I was a steamboat skipper myself once, all brass-edged, and proud as a soldier. I was earning a matter of between fifteen and twenty pounds a month, and we lived up to it. I'd a house ashore as smart as any man could wish for, and our minister had supper with us Sunday nights fifty-two times every year. I'd a good insurance mounting up, and in thirty more months' time I should have been able to left the sea, and be the gentleman ashore with money to live on. I was going to run a hen-farm: it's a thing I've been looking forward to all my life. Then up gets my luck and smacks me fair in the face. The old *Caspian* is loaded with machinery for the River Plate; she gets into a blow; the stuff inside her shifts; and she gets a list on her which there is no curing. It's the blessed Liverpool stevedore's fault, I reckon, but that doesn't count for much once you've left port."

"No, *sir,*" said Joist.

"Of course I did my best: any man would have done. I put her round and let her take the seas on her other side; but that only made her worse, and just then the whole blessed bedplate must needs start in the engine-room. I tell you the fellows from down there hopped up on deck like rats. The old Chief gave me news of it himself. He said his engines might take charge any minute, and once they were adrift they'd go through the skin of her, like as though it was so much paper. He said he was badly scared, and wanted to leave the ship while there was still a chance. I told him that for me it was 'hang on all' so long as she floated; but he got talking among the crew, and they thought she might turn the

turtle with them any minute and they got the two life-boats in the water, in spite of all the ugly words I could think of. And then after that there was nothing left for me but to go off with them. We got picked up, and a consul sent us home, and there was a Board of Trade inquiry."

"Well, they couldn't take away your ticket for that, sir?"

"Couldn't they, by James? You don't know the brutes. They suspended my master's certificate for six months, and gave me a mate's ticket to go on with. The old *Caspian* had been sighted by a Charleston schooner after we left her, still afloat. She'd righted again, and so of course they thought my yarn was all a lie."

"She had lost her list when we passed her just now," Joist admitted, "and that's a holy fact."

"You needn't tell me," retorted Power grimly. "I know it for myself. I've remembered it most days since that Yankee wreck chart was handed in as evidence. I can tell you it's tolerable hell for a man who's been a master fifteen years to climb down to the other end again and be glad of a shop as third mate. I'm officering this ship just now: to-morrow we'll be in soundings and I sha'n't be allowed to take a watch! The mate will be set over me, a young slip of twenty-two who does the funny dog business to make the other officers laugh at my bit of a stomach. Well, I know I'm not so slim as I was, and I suppose I am slow. But it doesn't come any the sweeter to remember because he makes a sour joke out of it."

"Wait until that swine gets a wife and kids of 'is own," said Joist. "Then 'e'll not want to jump about the way 'e does and make the hands do double work."

"Oh, a mate's a mate, and has to attend his duty," said Power, "only my time's past, and there's no error about that. Should I ever get shipped on this *Black Pearl* again, even if I offered to come for five pound a month? Not likely. Well, look here, quartermaster, you keep your tongue quiet in your head, and if there's anything to be made out of the old *Caspian* you shall have a fling at it."

"Then you have a plan, sir?"

"I have no plan. But if I can get this poor old head of mine to work after I'm turned in, and any ideas come to me, I promise that you shall stand in to get your whack. And now I'll just slip below and prick off on the chart exactly where the old *Caspian* had drifted to when we saw her last."—*The Paradise Coal Boat, and Other Stories.*

I

IBSEN, Henrik, a Norwegian poet, novelist and dramatist; born at Skien, a small village on Langesund Fjord, Norway, March 20, 1828. While in his twentieth year he became an apothecary's clerk in the village of Grimstad, during which period he wrote several poems which were published in country papers, and of which but one, *Til Ungarn,* survives. While preparing for Christiania University he wrote a drama, entitled *Catalina,* which was rejected by the theatres and publishers, and was printed at last at the expense of a friend, the total sales being but thirty copies. The same year he entered Christiania University and began writing for the daily and other periodicals, and he closed the year by obtaining the presentation of a one-act play *Kjaempehöjen,* at the Christiania Theatre. At this period Ibsen was a Radical and a pronounced Socialist, a contributor to the famous Michael Thrane's paper, and one of a party of students who made an organized protest against the expulsion of another leading agitator from the country. Ibsen narrowly escaped imprisonment with Thrane when the latter was arrested and his paper suppressed. Ibsen also afterward joined two other young Radicals in founding the weekly, *Andhrimner,*

Henrik Ibsen

His Christiania career was cut short by the offer of the post of theatre director and dramatic author for the theatre at Bergen, the second city of Norway, with a trip abroad to study methods and an engagement for five years. No doubt the poet's remarkable dramatic handling is largely due to his having accepted this proposal and thus having long studied the drama from the stand-point of the actual presentation. His first drama at Bergen, *Sancthansnat,* was not successful, and was not published. The next, *Fru Inger til Ostraat,* a play based upon that period of Norway's history when her ancient Kings were making their last stand against the triumphant Danish invaders, was well received and is still considered one of his best acting dramas. It is especially notewothy as furnishing a female tragic part only comparable in modern tragedies to that of Lady Macbeth. Two other dramas, based upon the almost mythical stories of the Viking period, *Gildet Paa Solhaug* and *Haermaendene paa Helgeland,* were also successful. A short poetical drama, *Olaf Liljekrans,* was also produced but not published. From fragments of this, Henrik Jaeger, Ibsen's biographer, is of the opinion that it was a rude sketch of the same motive which afterward produced Ibsen's greatest dramatic poem, *Brand.*

When his engagement closed, Ibsen returned to Christiania, and in company with Björnstjerne Björnson and others organized the pro-Norsk literary and dramatic movement which resulted in the founding of an opposition theatre at Christiania, known as the Norsk Theatre, at which everything deemed Danish was excluded. The movement was so far successful that the other theatre had to bend to popular opinion and dismiss its Danish actors. Ibsen's Bergen-trained

actors soon became the favorites. But two theatres made returns small for both, and not only was the reward of playwriters small, but at last the Norsk Theatre had to succumb. While the pro-Norsk movement was popular, Ibsen was not regarded as queer and out of harmony with the prevailing literary spirit, which was pervaded by Björnson's earlier romantic and idyllic tales. Ibsen produced two dramas, one *Kongsemnerne,* based on events of the period of the early Kings of Norway, and the other, *Kjaerlighedens Komedie,* the precursor of his social dramas. The latter he tried to write in prose, but, after several attempts, abandoned that idea and wrote it in rhymed verse, being unable to give over the dignified language of historical drama and employ the speech of the modern drawing-room in a moment's time. This drama offended the public, being practically a defence of *marriage de convenance,* a position especially distasteful to those who were imbued with the Björnsonesque spirit of that day. Björnson and Ibsen, who had been college-mates, were then and always firm friends. During this period Ibsen wrote his two greatest lyric poems, *Terje Viken* and *Paa Viderne.*

The Norwegian Storthing had voted Björnson a "digtergage" or poet's pension. A motion to give the same to Ibsen was rejected, but a small sum was granted him wherewith to travel. He visited Germany, Austria, Italy, and France, being absent from Norway for ten years. In the first year he wrote *Brand,* and in the second *Peer Gynt,* two great symbolical dramas in verse, of the general character of Goethe's *Faust,* which were brought out by his new publishers, in Copenhagen. Though symbolical, they had a strong human interest, and were instantly suc-

cessful, being regarded as the most powerful interpretations of Norwegian racial character ever published.

It was five years after his departure from Norway before he published a prose drama for actual stage presentation, *De Unges Forbund.* This was the first of his great modern social dramas, and its perfection of expression shows a marvellous change since when he had been compelled to write a social play in verse in order to express himself. The presentation of this drama at Christiania caused great excitement, and from that moment Ibsen's sway over the Norwegian stage was complete. Already, in 1866, his accomplishments as a poet had brought him the "digtergage."

He returned to Norway a short time in 1873, at about the time that his double drama, *Kejser og Gallilaeer,* based on the career of the Emperor Julian, was published. Though in prose, this is a symbolical novel of the type of *Brand* and *Peer Gynt.* For many years Ibsen resided at Munich, occasionally returning to Norway. At Munich most of his social dramas have been written, viz: *Samfundets Stotteo; Et Dukkehjem; Gjengangere; En Folkefiende; Vildanden; Rosmersholm,* and *Fruen fra Havet.* While living in Christiania he produced *Hedda Gabler; Bygmester Solness; Lille Eyolf,* and *John Gabriel Borkman.* Of his social dramas the most famous are *Et Dukkehjem; Gjengangerne,* and *En Folkefiende.*

His plays have been translated into all the principal languages. In English a complete edition has been prepared by William Archer, all being authorized translations excepting that of *Brand.* Of this poem one unauthorized verse and one prose translation have

already appeared. The authorized translation we reproduce by permission of the translator, Miles Menander Dawson. We also reproduce a selection from William Archer's translation of *En Folkefiende,* which he translates *An Enemy of Society.* A translation of Ibsen's longest lyrical poem, *On the Heights,* may be found in *Poems of the New Time,* by M. M. Dawson.

The following is a complete list of Ibsen's dramas, with the titles in English: *Cataline; Lady Inger of Ostraat; The Feast at Solhaug; The Warriors at Helgeland; Claimants of the Throne; The Comedy of Love; Brand; Peer Gynt; The Young Men's League; Emperor and Galilean; The Pillars of Society; Nora; or, a Doll-House; Ghosts; An Enemy of Society; Wild Duck; Rosmersholm; The Lady from the Sea; Hedda Gabler; Builder Solness; Little Eyolf; John Gabriel Borkman; When We Dead Awaken.*

A ROTTEN FOUNDATION FOR PROSPERITY.

Burgomaster. [*After a pause.*] Was it really necessary to make all those investigations behind my back?

Dr. Stockman. Yes, till I was absolutely certain I ——

Bur. And so you are certain now.

Dr. S. Yes, and I suppose it has convinced you, too?

Bur. Is it your intention to submit this statement to the board of directors as an official document?

Dr. S. Of course. Why something must be done in the matter, and that promptly.

Bur. After your wont, brother, you use very strong expressions in your statement. Why, you actually say that what we offer our visitors is a persistent poison!

Dr. S. But, Peter, can it be called anything else? Only think — poisonous water both internally and externally! And that for poor sick folk who come to us in good faith, and who pay us heavily to heal them.

Bur. And from this you come to the conclusion that we must build a sewer which will carry off all the sup-

posed impurities from the Miller's Dale, and relay all the water-pipes?

Dr. S. Yes. Can you suggest any other alternative? I know none.

Bur. I looked in at the town engineer's this morning, and so — half in jest — I brought up the subject of these alterations as of a matter we might, possibly, have to take into consideration at some future time.

Dr. S. Possibly at some future time!

Bur. He smiled at my apparent extravagance — naturally. Have you taken the trouble to reflect upon what these proposed alterations would cost? From the information I have received, these expenses would most likely run up several hundred thousand crowns!

Dr. S. So much as that?

Bur. Yes. But the worst is to come. The work would take at least two years.

Dr. S. Two years; do you mean to say two whole years?

Bur. At least. And what are we to do in the meanwhile with the Baths? Are we to close them? For that is what it would come to. Besides, do you believe anyone would come here if the rumor got abroad that the water is injurious to health?

Dr. S. But, Peter, you know it is injurious.

Bur. And all this now, just now, when the baths are beginning to do well. Neighboring towns, too, have some idea of establishing baths. Don't you see that they would at once set to work to divert the full stream of visitors to themselves! It's beyond a doubt! And we should be left stranded! We should probably have to give up the whole costly undertaking; and so you would have ruined your native town.

Dr. S. I — ruined!

Bur. It is only through the baths that the town has any future worth speaking of. You surely know that as well as I do.

Dr. S. But what do you think should be done?

Bur. Your statement has not succeeded in convincing me that the condition of the water at the baths is as serious as you represent.

. . . . . .

Bur. As you have been so garrulous in talking about this unpleasant business to outsiders, although it should have been kept an official secret, of course it can't be hushed up. All sorts of rumors will be spread everywhere, and the evil disposed among us will swell these rumors with all sorts of additions. It will, therefore, be necessary for you to meet these rumors.

Dr. S. I? How? I don't understand you.

Bur. We venture to expect that after further investigation you will come to the conclusion that the affair is not nearly so dangerous or serious as you had at the first moment imagined.

Dr. S. Ah, ha! So you expect that?

Bur. Furthermore, we shall expect you to have confidence in the board of directors, and to express your belief that they will thoroughly and conscientiously carry out all measures for the removal of every shortcoming.

. . . . . .

Dr. S. Pshaw! What's that to me? What the devil do I care! I will be free to speak out upon any subject on earth.

Bur. As you please. But not a word about the baths ——

Dr. S. [*Shouting.*] You forbid! You! — such fellows ——

Bur. I forbid you that — I, your chief; and when I forbid you anything, you'll have to obey.

Dr. S. [*Controlling himself.*] Peter, really, if you weren't my brother ——

[Petra *throws open the door.*]

Petra. Father, you should not submit to this!

[Mrs. Stockman *following her.*]

Mrs. Stockman. Petra, Petra!

Bur. Ah! So we've been listening!

Mrs. S. You spoke so loud; we couldn't help ——

Petra. Yes, I did stand there and listen.

Bur. Well, on the whole, I'm glad ——

Dr. S. [*Coming nearer to him.*] You spoke to me of forbidding and obeying ——

Bur. You forced me to speak in that tone.

Dr. S. And have I, in a public declaration, to give myself the lie?

Bur. We consider it absolutely necessary that you should issue a statement in the terms I have requested.

Dr. S. And if I don't obey?

Bur. Then we shall ourselves put forth a statement to reassure the public.

Dr. S. Well and good. Then I'll write against you. I hold to my opinion. I shall prove that I am right, and you are wrong. And what will you say to that?

Bur. I shall then be unable to prevent your dismissal.

. . . . . .

Dr. S. It is I who have the real good of the town at heart. I want to lay bare the evils that, sooner or later, must come to light. Ah! You shall yet see that I love my native town.

Bur. You, who, in your blind obstinacy, want to cut off the town's chief source of prosperity.

Dr. S. The source is poisoned, man! Are you mad? We live by trafficking in filth and garbage. The whole of our developing social life is rooted in a lie.

But. Idle fancies — or something worse. The man who makes such offensive insinuations against his own native place must be an enemy of society.

Dr. S. [*Going toward him.*] And you dare to ——

Mrs. S. [*Throwing herself between them.*] Thomas!

Petra. [*Seizing her father's arm.*] Oh, hush, father.

Bur. I will not expose myself to physical violence. You are warned now. Reflect upon what is due to your family. Good-by.

. . . . . .

Dr. S. [*Struggling with himself and clinching his hands.*] And such threats this office-monger dares utter to a free and honest man! Isn't it horrible, Katrine?

Mrs. S. Yes; that he is behaving badly to you is certainly true. But, good God! There is so much injustice to which we must submit here on earth! Here are the

boys. Look at them! What is to become of them? Oh! no, no, you cannot find it in your heart.

[EJLIF *and* MORTEN *with school-books have entered meanwhile.*]

Dr. S. The boys! [*Suddenly stands still firmly and decidedly.*] Never, though the earth should crumble, will I bend my neck beneath the yoke. [*Goes toward his room.*]

Mrs. S. [*Following him.*] Thomas, what are you going to do?

Dr. S. [*At the door.*] I want to have the right to look into my boys' eyes when they are grown men. [*Exit into room.*]

Mrs. S. [*Bursts into tears.*] Ah! God help and comfort us all.

Petra. Father is brave! He will not give in.

[*Curtain.*]

— Archer's *Translation of latter part of Act II. of An Enemy of Society.*

DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

Agnes. Robbed of all — all taken away —
All which bound my soul to clay!

For a time she stands motionless. Little by little the expression on her face changes to beaming joy. BRAND *enters. She bounds rejoicing to meet him, throws her arms about his neck and cries:*

I am free, Brand, I am free!

Brand. Agnes!

Agnes. Night has passed from me!
All the terrors which oppressed
Like a heavy sea my breast
Lie at the bottom of the void!
Will is victor in the fray;
All the clouds are rolled away,
The threatening thunder-clouds destroyed!
Across death's current through the night
I catch a gleam of morning light!

The churchyard, churchyard! To my ears
The word conveys no thought of tears,
It doth no sleeping wound awaken —
Our child has been to Heaven taken!
Brand. Yes, victor, Agnes, now art thou!
Agnes. Yes, truly, surely, victor, now!
A victor over death am I!
Oh, Brand, look upward, look on high!
See you Alf before the throne,
Happy as in days gone by.
Stretching forth his hands toward us?
Did I a thousand voices own,
If I dared and if I could,
Not a single one I would
To recover him upraise!
Oh, how great, how rich our Lord is
In inventing means and ways!
The sacrifice of baby hath
Redeemed my wandering soul from death!
He was given me but to lose;—
From on high to victory wooes!
Thanks, you led me by your hand;
Patiently for me you strove.
I saw you struggle with your love.
Now in the vale of choice you stand;
Now on yourself the lot doth fall
Of choosing: Is it naught or all?
Brand. What meaning do your strange words cover?
The battle now is surely over.
Agnes. Do you forget the proverb, wise:
"The soul that sees Jehovah dies?"
Brand. [*Shrinks back.*] Oh, what a light you kindle!
Woe
Unto me; be it never so!
My hands are mighty; you shall stay;
I will not let you from me stray!
All I have brought to pass, undo;
Take all things else from me away —
I am content — but oh, not you!
Agnes. Choose, then; you at the cross-road stand!
What I shall be is in your hand!

Put out the light which in me glows;
Shut down the fount of Christmas joy;
Give me once more my idol-clothes —
The woman's out there with her boy —
Once again my soul replace
In those blind and thoughtless days;
Once more restore me to the slough
Where stupidly I sinned till now!
You have the power so to do;
Little could I oppose to you!
Clip my wings, my soul restrain,
Hang again upon my heel
The lead-ball of humdrum existence,
Bind me, push me down again —
Down thither whence by your assistance —
And by yours only — I have risen!
You have the power thus to deal —
You who rescued me from prison!
Let me live once more as then,
Writhing in the darkness hid.
If you wish to do so and
Dare, I am your wife again!—
Choose, you at the cross-road stand!

Brand. Woe unto me if I did!
Oh, but far from here and far
From where your sorrow's memories are,
Life and solace you will find!

Agnes. Have you forgotten, then, that you
Does consecrated baptism bind —
Aye, and sacred offering, too?
Forgotten the thousand spirits there,
Given over to your care —
Whom you did safely undertake
To lead to Heaven at God's command
And to salvation? Choose! For at
The cross-road you yourself now stand!

Brand. There is no choice for me to make!

Agnes. [*Clasps her arms about his neck.*] Thanks for all and thanks for that!
Faithfully your child you led.
Now heavy clouds hang over me,

But you will watch beside my bed.
Brand. Sleep: your day's work now is done!
Agnes. Done and evening begun!
Now I am weary; victory
Did all my little strength divest.
To praise God is a task, now light!
Brand, good-night.
Brand. Good-night!
Agnes. Good-night!
Thanks for all; now I will rest. [*Exit Agnes.*]
Brand. [*Presses his hands to his breast.*] Soul, be steadfast — falter never!
Vict'ry is to all surrender.
Loss the highest gain will render;
The lost alone is thine forever.
[*Curtain.*]

—DAWSON'S *Translation of latter part of Act IV. of Brand.*

IGNATIUS, Bishop of Antioch, one of the Apostolic Fathers of the Church, concerning whose life little is certainly known. He was one of the earliest successors of the Apostles and is supposed to have been a native of Syria. According to Eusebius he was a disciple of St. John, and was made Bishop of Antioch in the year 69. He filled this station for about forty years, when the Emperor Trajan began a persecution of the Christians. Of even the date and place of his martyrdom there are contradictory accounts. According to one, he suffered at Antioch in 107; according to another, at Rome in 115. The *Martyrium Ignatii,* which professes to have been written by an eye-witness, gives the latter account. Of the writings of Ignatius (besides eight epistles at-

tributed to him which are undoubtedly spurious) there are seven epistles which are generally, though not quite universally, accepted as genuine. The most important of these, and one the genuineness of which is not disputed, is that to the Romans. This was written from Smyrna, while he was being taken under a military guard to Rome, and forwarded by way of Ephesus. Its main object is to inform the disciples at Rome that he is being conveyed thither, with the full expectation, and even longing, to be thrown to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre; and he beseeches the Christians at Rome to make no effort to prevent this martyrdom.

HIS DESIRE FOR MARTYRDOM.

I write to all the churches, and impress upon all that I shall willingly die for God, unless ye hinder me. I beseech of you not to show an unseasonable good-will toward me. Suffer me to become food for the beasts, through whose instrumentality it will be granted me to attain to God. I am the wheat of God, and am ground by the teeth of the wild beasts, that I may be found the pure bread of God. Rather entice the wild beasts, that they may become my tomb, and may leave nothing of my body; so that when I have fallen asleep, I may not be found troublesome to anyone. Then shall I be found a true disciple of Jesus Christ, when the world shall not see so much as my body. Entreat the Lord for me that by these instruments I may be found a sacrifice to God. I do not, as Peter and Paul, issue commandments unto you. They were apostles of Jesus Christ, but I am the very least; they were free, as the servants of God; while I am, even until now, a servant. But when I suffer, I shall be the freed-man of Jesus Christ, and shall rise again emancipated in Him. And now, being in bonds for Him I learn not to desire anything worldly or vain.

From Syria even unto Rome I fight with beasts, both by land and sea, both by night and day, being bound to ten leopards — I mean a band of soldiers who, even when

they receive benefits, show themselves all the worse. But I am more instructed by their injuries; *yet am I not thereby justified.* May I enjoy the wild beasts that are prepared for me; and I pray that they may be found eager to rush upon me, which also I will entice to devour me speedily, and not deal with me as with some, whom, out of fear, they have not touched. But if they be unwilling to assail me, I will compel them to do so. Pardon me: I know what is for my benefit. Now I begin to be a disciple, and have no desire after anything visible or invisible, that I may attain to Jesus Christ. Let fire and the cross; let the crowds of wild beasts; let breakings, tearings, and separations of bones; let bruisings to pieces of the whole body; and let the very torments of the devil come upon me: only let me attain to Jesus Christ.

All the ends of the world, and all the kingdoms of this earth, shall profit me nothing. It is better for me to die for the sake of Jesus Christ than to reign over all the ends of the earth. *For what is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, but lose his own soul?* I long after the Lord, the Son of the true God and Father, even Jesus Christ. Him I seek, who died for us and rose again. Pardon me, brethren: do not hinder me in attaining to life; for Jesus is the life of believers. Do not wish to keep me in a state of death, for life without Christ is death. While I desire to belong to God, do not ye give me over to the world. Suffer me to obtain pure light: when I have gone thither, I shall indeed be a man of God. Permit me to be an imitator of the passion of Christ, my God. If anyone has Him within himself, let him consider what I desire, and let him have sympathy with me, as knowing how I am straitened. . . .

Remember in your prayers the church which is in Syria, which, instead of me, has now for its shepherd the Lord, who says, *I am the good Shepherd.* And He alone will oversee it, as well as your love toward Him. But as for me, I am ashamed to be counted one of them; for I am not worthy, as being the last of them, and one born out of due time. But I have obtained mercy to be somebody, if I shall attain to God. My spirit salutes you, and the love of the churches which have received me in the name

of Jesus Christ, and not as a mere passer-by. For even those churches which were not near to me in the way have brought me forward, city by city.

Now I write these things to you from Smyrna by the Ephesians, who are deservedly most happy. There is also with me, along with many others, Crocus, dearly beloved by me. As to who have gone before me from Syria to Rome for the glory of God, I believe that you are acquainted with them; to whom do ye make known that I am at hand.—*Translation of* ROBERTS *and* DONALDSON.

IMLAH, JOHN, a Scottish poet; born at Aberdeen, November 15, 1799; died at St. James's, Jamaica, January 9, 1846. He was the son of an innkeeper in his native city, where he received a good education at the grammar-school, and was then apprenticed as a piano-tuner to a local music-dealer. In 1827 he published a collection of lyrics in the Scottish dialect under the title *May Flowers.* In 1841 he issued another collection entitled *Poems and Songs.* He was also a contributor to the Edinburgh *Literary Journal,* and to Macleod's *National Melodies.* He died of yellow fever while visiting a brother in the West Indies. His songs are rich in fancy, and show a true instinct for the music of words. Many of them have won considerable favor, and have found a place in all Scottish hearts, for they tell of the simple home-life of the land of glens and lochs, and the breeze from the moor blows once more in the face of the wanderer who reads their homely lines in foreign lands. One of the best known of these is *There Lives a Young Lassie Far Down Yon Lang Glen;* another, *Oh, Gin*

I Were Where Gadie Rins, is a special favorite, and its tune was long the quick-march of the Aberdeen City Rifle Battalion.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Rise, rise! Lowland and Highland men,
Bald sire to beardless son, each come and early:
Rise, rise! Mainland and Island men,
Belt on your broad claymores; fight for Prince Charlie!
Down from the mountain steep,
Up from the valley deep,
Out from the clachan, the bothie, the shieling:
Bugle and battle-drum,
Bid chief and vassal come:
Bravely out bag-pipes the pibroch are pealing.

When hath the tartan-plaid mantled a coward?
When did the blue-bonnet crest the disloyal?
Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart;
Follow your leader, the rightful, the royal!
Chief of Clanronald,
Donald MacDonald!
Lovat! Lochiel! with the Grant and the Gordon!
Rouse every loyal kilted clan,
Rouse every loyal man,
Gun on the shoulder, and thigh the good sword on.

IMMERMANN, KARL LEBRECHT, a German dramatist, poet and novelist; born at Magdeburg, April 24, 1796; died at Düsseldorf, August 25, 1840. He was educated in the Gymnasium of Magdeburg and in the University of Halle. He served in the Prussian army in 1815, and then returned

to Halle to complete his studies. A pamphlet written by him, "On the Contentions of the Students at Halle," was solemnly burned by the students at the Wartburg Feste. Soon afterward Immermann was appointed Refendary at Magdeburg. Thence he went to Münster, and thence to Düsseldorf, in 1827, as Counsellor of the Provincial Court. Here he divided his time between his official duties and efforts to bring the theatre to a permanently higher standard. He was the author of many plays, of a volume of poems, and of several romances. Among his tragedies are *The Vale of Ronceval* (1822); *King Periander* (1823); *Cardenio* and *Celinde* (1826); *Frederick II.* (1828), *and Ghismonda* (1839). His best comedies are *The Princes of Syracuse* (1821); *The Eye of Love* (1824); *Disguises* (1828), and *The School of the Devout* 1829). He wrote a mythical play, *Merlin* (1831); a *Trilogy of Alexis* (1832); a dramatic poem, *The Tragedy in the Tyrol* (1827), and *Poems* (1825). His chief romances are *Tulifäntchen* (1828); *Die Epignonen* (1836), and *Münchausen* (1839).

THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S MADNESS.

The school-master, Agesilaus, who had formerly been called Agesel, had filled the office of instructing the youth of a neighboring village in reading and writing. He dwelt in a mud cottage, the only apartments in which were his school-room and his bedroom; and he had a salary of thirty gulden a year, besides the schooling money, which was twelve kreuzer for a boy, and six for a girl; a grass-plot for a cow, and the right of driving two geese into a common. He performed his duties without blame; taught the children to spell according to the old fashion, that had been in use in the village for upward of a hundred years: *G-e Ge, s-u-n-d, sund, h-e-i-t, heit, Gesundheit* (health), etc.; and advanced the cleverest so

far that they were frequently able to read print without any extraordinary effort. And for writing, there were some that left his hands capable of forming their own name; that is, if they were not hurried, but had proper time given them. Under this system, our school-master had attained the age of fifty years. Then it happened that the general advance of the age called forth in the land a new method of instruction, which was destined to reform even the village school-masters. His superiors sent him an Accidence of the German language — one of those which profess to base the science of *A, B, C,* on deep and philosophical principles — and at the same time directed him to rationalize his hitherto crude empiricism: first to instruct himself from the book, and then to begin the new method of teaching youth.

The school-master read the book through, and he read it through again, and he read it backward, and he read it from the middle, and he did not know what he had read. For it treated of *Stimmlauten,* and *Mitlauten,* of *Auf-In,* and *Umlauten;* he was, above all things to learn to deaden (*turben*) and to sharpen (*verdunnen*) the sounds; to produce them by aspiration, hissing, pressing, gurgling, and talking through the nose; he learned that the language had roots and by-roots; and lastly, he learned that *I* was the pure original sound, and that this was produced by a strong pressure of Adam's apple against the palate.

He prayed to God to enlighten him in this darkness, but the heavens seemed of brass, and his prayer bounded back. He sat down before the book with his spectacles on his nose, that he might see more clearly, although by daylight he could do very well without glasses. Alas! to his armed eyes, the frightful enigma of aspirated sounds, and hissing sounds, and pressing sounds, and nasal sounds, and throat sounds were but the more conspicuous! He put the book away, he fed his geese, and he gave a boy who came to tell him that his father would not pay the school-money two good boxes on the ear, that he might by practice gain some solution of the theory. All in vain! He ate a sausage to fortify the outer man. All to no purpose! He emptied a

whole mustard-pot, because he had heard that this condiment sharpened the intellect. Fruitless effort!

At night, when he went to sleep, he laid the book under his pillow; but alas! on the following morning, he found that neither roots nor by-roots had penetrated his head. Willingly would he have swallowed the book, as St. John swallowed that brought by the angel, at the risk of the severest bodily pain, could he by that method have made himself master of its contents; but after what he had already experienced, what hope had he of the result of so bold an attempt?

He sat himself down on his grass-plot by the cow, which was lowing empirically, careless about the rational production of sounds; he stuck his arms in his side, he pressed the Adam's apple smartly against the palate, and uttered such sounds as could be produced in this fashion. They were strange sounds, indeed so strange that the cow looked up from the grass, and eyed her master with compassion. A number of peasants were attracted by the sound; they stood wondering and curious around the school-master. "Neighbors," cried he resting a moment from his exertions, "just observe whether this is the pure primitive *I*." He then repeated the process. "God help us," cried the peasants, retiring home, "the school-master is cracked, he squeaks like a pig."— *Münchausen.*

INGALLS, JOHN JAMES, an American lawyer; born at Middleton, Mass., December 29, 1833; died at Las Vegas, N. Mex., August 16, 1900. He was graduated from Williams College in 1855, and was admitted to the bar in 1857. In 1858 he removed to Kansas and established a law practice there. He was secretary of the Territorial Council in 1860, and of the State Senate in 1861. In 1873 he was elected a member of the United States Senate,

and was re-elected in 1879 and 1885. He was well known as a lecturer, poet and newspaper writer. His *Works* were published in 1901 at Kansas City, Mo. The most notable achievement of Mr. Ingalls in literature is the poem *Opportunity.*

OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I
Fame, love and fortune, on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk, I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote — and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden once at every gate —
If sleeping, wake, if feasting, rise, before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate
And they who follow me, reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death: but those who doubt or hesitate
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;
I answer not and I return no more.

THE CLEVELAND ADMINISTRATION.

The last day of Grover Cleveland! Had the American people no other cause for universal joy, this alone would suffice. He went into power with much opposition. He goes out with none. The nation shares the relief with which he professes to anticipate liberation from the cares and burdens of state. If he has a hearty, cordial, sincere friend, advocate and champion in either House of Congress, such a one lurks privily in ambush and makes no announcement.

Intrusted with plenary power by the people in 1893, the failure of his Administration in every department stands confessed. His policy at home has been destructive, and abroad humiliating and ignominious. The degraded coalition by which he was elected made no promises that he has not violated, and gave no pledges that he has not be-

trayed. His tariff reform has afforded neither revenue for the treasury, protection for capital, nor wages for labor. His financial measures have restored neither confidence nor prosperity. Upon the pretext of replenishing the gold reserve, the national debt has been increased and bonds sold to favored syndicates to meet deficiencies in the ordinary expenses of the Government. His diplomacy has been apologetic and vacillating to the verge of dishonor, saved only from infamy by its grotesque and diverting imbecility.

The Hawaiian episode would be incredible in the prospectus of a comic opera. There has been no day in the past four years that has not witnessed some new triumph in Clevelandism — some bank closed; some railroad in the hands of a receiver; some merchant broken; some furnace extinguished; some maimed and disabled veteran stigmatized and branded with dishonor, driven to the asylum or the grave. Boasting of his robust and incorruptible integrity, he retires with a vast fortune accumulated during the most disastrous period of his country's history, in which millions have been reduced from affluence to want, and from poverty to beggary.

History will record its incredulity that such an impostor could so long escape detection. He is the central figure of one epoch to which no lover of his country will ever revert without the blush of indignant shame at the destruction of its resources and the degradation of its dignity and honor; a period that has no parallel except in the time of Walpole, described by Macaulay as "the era of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices; the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds; the golden age of the coward, the bigot and the slave." He bequeaths to his successor falling revenues, disordered finances, prostrated industries, and social discontent, which has already obliterated political frontiers and will compel the readjustment of parties to meet the conditions of the revolution upon which we have entered.

With a belligerent and mutinous Senate, becoming constantly more jealous of its prerogatives, the new Chief Magistrate will be compelled to tread the paths of his feet with circumspection. He must take heed how he

stand lest he fall. The people are fatigued with adversity. They are tired of hard times. They anticipate some miraculous and supernatural return of prosperity. Popular fancy depicts McKinley standing like Moses at Horeb, to whom Hamilton was likened by Webster in his magnificent apostrophe: "He smote the rock of the national resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth; he touched the dead corpse of the Public Credit and it sprang upon its feet."

But the menacing manifesto of the silver Republicans dispels the hope of a safe Administration majority in that body and makes the fate of the tariff bill, which has been already prepared, extremely precarious.

Meanwhile, with the warehouses rapidly filling with the importations of all commodities whose price would be increased by the new bill, the prospect of increased revenues from customs duties is not very encouraging. It is perhaps too much to expect that the President will abandon the system with which his name and fame are so indissolubly associated and to the promotion of which he stands pledged, but to the disinterested observer it looks as though an additional tax on beer, whiskey, tobacco and some of the other necessaries of life would be the safest and easiest expedient for meeting the emergency.

Incidentally the attitude of the Senate emphasizes the demand that the Constitution should be so amended as to provide for the election of Senators by vote of the people. The fathers of the Republic distrusted the capacity of the people for self-government. They endeavored to deprive them of direct power in the selection of the President and Senate. But the great scandals and reproaches of our politics have not come from the immediate suffrages of constituencies, but rather from the culpable intrigues of unscrupulous leaders and the venality of corrupt legislators.

Experience proves that the wildest excesses of popular liberty are preferable to the dangers of its denial, however placid and splendid and gilded the substitute may be.—*Correspondence in the New York American.*

INGELEND, THOMAS, an English dramatist, who flourished about 1560; but of whose birth and death nothing is known. He says of himself that he studied at Cambridge; and he is generally supposed to have belonged to Christ College. Sidney Lee, who wrote an account of Ingelend, says: "He may be the Thomas Ingelend who married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Walter Apparye, and had a son William, who as heir of his mother claimed copyhold lands at Clyffe, Northamptonshire. He was the author of *A Pretie and New Enterlude called the Disobedient Child.* It is a very rudimentary essay in dramatic art. It is without date, but may be assigned to 1560. It concludes with a prayer for Queen Elizabeth. It is thought to have suggested a once popular ballad on the obedience of children, which bears date 1564. The interlude was reprinted for the Percy Society in 1848, and is to be found in Dodsley's *Old Plays.*

MY FANTASY WILL NEVER TURN.

Spite of his spite, which that in vain,
Doth seek to force my fantasy,
I am professed for loss or gain,
To be thine own assuredly:
Wherefore let my father spite and spurn,
My fantasy will never turn!

Although my father, of busy wit,
Doth babble still, I care not though;
I have no fear, nor yet will flit,
As doth the water to and fro;
Wherefore let my father spite and spurn,
My fantasy will never turn!

JEAN INGELOW.

For I am set and will not swerve,
Whom spiteful speech removeth nought;
And since that I thy grace deserve,
I count it is not dearly bought;
Wherefore let my father spite and spurn,
My fantasy will never turn!

This day I intended for to be merry,
Although my hard father be far hence.
I know no cause for to be heavy,
For all this cost and great expense.
Wherefore let my father spite and spurn,
My fantasy will never turn!

—*From The Disobedient Child.*

INGELOW, JEAN, an English poet and novelist; born at Boston, Lincolnshire, in 1830; died at Kensington, July 20, 1897. Her father was a banker and a man of superior intellectual culture. As a child Miss Ingelow was exceedingly shy and reserved. Her first publication was *Tales of Orris* (1860). She first came into public notice as a poet when her volume of poems containing *Divided, High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire,* and the *Songs of the Siren,* was published in 1863. The verses caused something of a sensation in the literary world of England, and the author secured immediate recognition as a poet of high rank. During the latter part of her life Miss Ingelow lived in London, and three times a week she gave what she called a "copyright dinner" to twelve needy persons just discharged from the hospitals. She published *A Story of Doom, and Other Poems* (1867); *Monitions of the Unseen* and *Poems*

of Love and Childhood (1870), and *Poems of the Old Days and the New* (1885). She wrote several works for the young, among which were *Studies for Stories* (1864); *Poor Matt* (1866); *Stories Told to a Child,* two series (1866–72); *A Sister's Bye-Hours* (1868); *Mopsa the Fairy* (1869); *Little Wonder-Horn* (1872); *Home Thoughts and Home Scenes; The Suspicious Jackdaw; The Grandmother's Shoe; The Golden Opportunity; The Moorish Gold; The Minnows with Silver Tails; Two Ways of Telling a Story; The Wild Duck Shooter.* Her second series of poems was published in 1876, and her third series in 1885. She was also the author of several novels: *Off the Skelligs* (1873); *Fated to be Free* (1874); *Sarah de Berenger* (1881); *Don John* (1881); *John Jerome* (1886), and *A Motto Changed* (1894).

Miss Ingelow's writings were popular in America, as well as in England. She had among other requisites for poetical composition what the critics called the gift of clear, strong, and simple language, and her pictures showed at once accurate observation of nature combined with a strong sympathy with the common interests of life.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old; I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

REGRET.

O that word Regret!
There have been nights and morns when we have sighed,
"Let us alone, Regret! We are content
To throw thee all our past, so thou wilt sleep
For aye." But it is patient, and it wakes;
It hath not learned to cry itself to sleep,
But 'plaineth on the bed that it is hard.

We did amiss when we did wish it gone
And over: sorrows humanize our race;
Tears are in the showers that fertilize this world,
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them.

They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they *might* forget.
For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
Where there are sombre colors. It is true
That we have wept. But O! this thread of gold,
We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
That memory is possession.

I.

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,
Even in cowslip-time when hedges sprout;
It makes me sigh to think on it — but yet
My days will not be better days when I forget.

II.

When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser we no more see
In countries that accord with mortal vow;
When I remember this, I mourn — but yet
My happier days are not the days when I forget.

THE LONG WHITE SEAM.

As I came round the harbor buoy,
The lights began to gleam,
No wave the land-locked water stirred,
The crags were white as cream;
And I marked my love by candle-light
Sewing her long white seam,
It's aye sewing ashore, my dear;
Watch and steer at sea,

It's reef and furl, and haul the line,
Set sail and think of thee.

. . . . . .

Fair full the lights, the harbor-lights,
That brought me in to thee,
And peace drop down on that low roof
For the sight that I did see,
And the voice, my dear, that rang so clear
All for the love of me.
For O, for O, with brows bent low
By the candle's flickering gleam,
Her wedding-gown it was she wrought,
Sewing the long white seam.

INGEMANN, BERNHARD SEVERIN, a Danish poet and novelist; born at Torkildstrup, in the island of Falster, May 28, 1789; died at Copenhagen, February 24, 1862. He was educated at the University of Copenhagen; and it was while a student there that he published, in 1818, his first collection of poems. In 1822 he became an instructor of Danish language and literature in the Royal Academy of Sorö, near Copenhagen. His literary career is divided into three distinct periods. The first of these, extending from 1811 to 1814, is generally considered to embrace his best lyrical productions: *Proene* (1811), the collection already mentioned, and the allegorical epic of *De Sorte Riddere* (1814). The second, or dramatic period, ending in 1822, was marked by the appearance of numerous tragedies, which have maintained their place on the national stage, and among which the best are his *Masaniello* (1815); *Blanca*

(1815), his most popular play; *Rösten i Oerken* (1815); *Hyrdenaf Tolosa* (1816); *Reinald Underbarnet* (1816), generally considered by critics to be his best drama; and *Tasso's Befriede* (1819). After this period his writings are characterized either by a leaning to historical disquisition, or a strongly religious bias. His historical romances were inspired by the novels of Sir Walter Scott, and have made him, next to Andersen, the most popular children's writer that Denmark has produced. The best of these romances are *Valdemar Seir* (1826) and *Erik Menved's Barndom* (1828), which were followed by *Erik og de Fredlöse* (1833) and *Prins Otto af Danmark og Hans Samtid* (1835). *Dronning Margrete* (1836) and *Holger Danske* (1837) are very successful poems. His spirituality finds expression in *Hoejmessepralmer* (1825); *Blade of Jerusalem's Skomager's Lommebog* (1833); *Morgen- og Aftensange* (1837); in *Salomon's Ring* (1839), and in his allegorical poem *Guldœblet* (1856). His writings, both prose and poetry, while not strong, and while often betraying much inaccuracy of statement, are characterized by grace and delicacy of style and by intense patriotism.

DAME MARTHA'S FOUNTAIN.

Dame Martha dwelt at Karisegaard,
Where many kind deeds she wrought:
If the winter were sharp, and the landlord hard,
Her gate the indigent sought.

With her hand the hungry she loved to feed;
To the sick she lent her aid:
The prisoner oft from his chains she freed;
And for the souls of the sinners prayed.

But Denmark's land was in peril dire:
The Swedes around burst in and slew;
The castle of Martha they wrapped in fire;
To the church the good lady flew.

She dwelt in the tower both night and day,
There unto her none repaired;
Near the church-roof sat the dull owl gray,
And upon the good lady glared.

And in the Lord's house she dwelt safe and content,
Till the foes their departure had ta'en;
Then back to her castle in ruins she went,
And bade it be builded again.

There found the houseless a cover once more,
And the mouths of the hungry bread.
But all in Karisse-town wept sore,
As soon as Dame Martha was dead.

And when the Dame lay in her coffin, and smiled
So calm with her pallid face,
Oh, there was never so little a child
But was brought on her to gaze.

The bell on the day of the burial tolled,
And youth and age shed a tear;
And there was no man so weak and old
But had helped to lift the bier.

And when they the bier set down for a space,
And rested upon the church-road,
A fountain sprang forth in that very same place,
And there to this hour has it flowed.

God bless forever the pious soul!
Her blessings no lips can tell:
Oft straight have the sick become sound and whole,
Who have drunk at Dame Martha's Well.

The tower yet stands with the gloomy nook,
Where Dame Martha sat of old;

Oft comes a stranger thereon to look,
And hears with joy the story told.
— *Translation in Foreign Quarterly Review.*

INGERSOLL, ERNEST, an American naturalist; born at Monroe, Mich., March 13, 1852. He studied at Oberlin College and in the Lawrence Scientific School, and Museum of Comparative Zoology of Harvard University, where he was a pupil of Agassiz. In 1874 and 1877 he was connected as naturalist wth the Hayden survey. He was also an expert on the United States Fish Commission, and later became known as a popular lecturer and writer on scientific subjects. In 1901 he was lecturer on zoology at the University of Chicago. Among his works are: *Nests and Eggs of North American Birds* (1880–1); *Oyster Industries of the United States* (1881); *Knocking 'Round the Rockies* (1883); *Country Cousins* (1884); *The Crest of the Continent* (1884); *Down-East Latch-strings* (1887); *Wild Neighbors* (1897); *The Book of the Ocean* (1898); *Nature's Calendar* (1900); *Wild Life of Orchard and Field* (1902). He has also written *The Ice Queen* (1899); *The Island in the Air* (1905); and several other juvenile tales.

INDIAN BOWS AND QUIVERS.

The bow was as wide-spread as a weapon of the chase and war, in primitive days, as the distribution of men. It was the most universal, because the most effective, tool by which man could obtain his food, defend himself

against enemies and gain power. Its invention must have marked a step forward in primitive society only to be compared with that when gunpowder was introduced.

Where was the momentous step taken? No one knows; but we may surmise that it must have been in some region where a strong elastic wood grew — perhaps the yew itself, since that is a native of those central highlands of Asia, whence the rest of the globe is supposed to have been colonized.

Its development would, of course, vary with divergent circumstances. In some parts of the world, as the South Sea Islands, it has never become a prominent implement; and in Africa, at any rate within recent times, the javelin, long knife and club, have mainly superseded the bow, which seems to retain its foremost place only among the degraded desert-dwelling Bushmen and Hottentots of the southern plains, where game is small.

It is probable, indeed, that a thorough study of the subject would show that the bow never held the important place in the artillery of such primitive and savage people as inhabited a forested land that it had among dwellers in an open country. What we know of the history of the bow, both in the Old World and in the New, confirms this reasonable proposition.

Nowhere in the world have the bow and arrow reached a higher degree of development than in the western hemisphere, where skill in making them, and accuracy in their use, would have made many of our Indians as distinguished in archery-annals as were Robin Hood and his merry knights of the cloth-yard shaft, had there been a chronicler for the deeds of the aboriginal American bowmen. To bring down a heron on the wing, with a single arrow, was regarded as a feat of the first rank by even the best of the old English archers, but many a western redskin did that with far smaller birds, as a matter of course; and it is related of the Darien boys that by shooting upward they could cause the falling arrow to pin even a sparrow feeding on the ground. The Apaches, it has been said, would stick an arrow into the ground and then discharge another toward the sky with such nicety of calculation that it would split the first when

it fell. The customary method of killing turtles on the Amazon is by an arrow sent in a lofty curve so as to descend squarely upon and pierce the shell, from which, otherwise, the missile would glance harmlessly. We do not know much about the bows and arrows of the South and Central Americans, but from the plains of northern Mexico northward, we find successively an increasing degree of excellence and complication in this weapon beyond anything known elsewhere in the world. Excellent specimens of this weapon are to be found in the National Museum at Washington.

The eastern-coast Indians used the bow, but seem never to have got beyond the simplest single-stick form, and a moderate degree of skill in its use. They abandoned it as a serious weapon the moment they could obtain firearms from the Europeans; and it was the prompt adoption of this new weapon that gave the Iroquois tribes their great supremacy in the beginning of the last century. The Iroquois bows were much larger than those of the western Indians. The prairie-tribes went farther; and the Chippeways of the Great Lakes region were strong bowmen, and have kept the weapon, even to the present day. These Indians had such excellent woods as hickory, ash, hornbeam, sycamore, dogwood and many other hard species, and all their bows were "selfs," that is, made of a single straight piece of wood, but they were likely to be carelessly shaped and little if at all ornamented, though their fur quivers were often elaborately adorned.

"In every Indian wigwam," remarks Prof. Otis T. Mason, "were kept bow-staves on hand in different stages of readiness for work. Indeed, it has often been averred that an Indian was always on the lookout for a good piece of wood or other raw material. This, thought he, will make me a good snow-shoe-frame or bow or arrow, and I will cut it down. These treasures were put into careful training at once, bent, straightened, steamed, scraped, shaped, whenever a leisure moment arrived. . . . The wood for bows, the scions for arrows, the stones for the heads, and even the plumage for feathering, were articles of commerce."

All of the bows east of the Rocky Mountains (except among the Sioux) were made simply of a single piece, since suitable wood was obtainable by search or barter. The same was true of the Indians of northern California and Oregon, where yew was abundant, and their chief peculiarity lay in their thin broad shape, and the fact that, in accordance with the artistic taste of that region, the bow was polished, sometimes carved, but more often curiously painted, and always thoroughly cared for. The same elaborateness was extended to the quivers.

There were large areas of our west, however, where bow-wood was rare or altogether absent. The methods by which the deficiency was supplied are paralleled nowhere else in the world, and form one of the best illustrations of savage ingenuity. Bows were compounded of three or more pieces of wood, often very poor in quality, or were made of horn, whalebone and other materials.

Fine examples of this composite type are found among the Sioux, or were, for they are rare enough now. They have been pronounced the most graceful among existing savages anywhere, recalling the outlines of the conventional Cupid's bow, whose symmetrical double curves were modeled by classic artists after the bows they saw brought back to Greece and Rome as trophies captured from the hostile nomads of Asia and the Scythian steppes. These wild tribesmen prepared for their weapons the horns of cattle and gazelles, retaining, to some extent, their natural curvature; and, as do the Sioux, join them together in the middle by a third piece. It is natural that this center-piece should be termed the *grip;* but, knowing their origin, no less natural is it that the ends of a bow should be termed its *horns.* The joints are always concealed by sinew or rawhide bandages, so that the bow appears to be only a single stick.

In the Great Basin, or dry, depressed area between the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevada, only small soft woods grow, unfit for good bow-making. Hence the bows of all that region, from northern Mexico to the head-waters of the Mackenzie, are short, thick and narrow; and in order to give them the requisite strength they are ordinarily reinforced by flat bands of shredded sinew, glued

along the back or seized about the stock at short intervals. This adds not only strength but elasticity; and when, as in many cases, the bows were made of more than one piece, such strengthening was essential. In some places nothing better than small shrubs of willow and birch were available; yet the bowyers knew how, with care and surprising patience, though with few tools, to make serviceable weapons out of these unpromising materials.

"HARD TO HIT."

The spring weather we sometimes have in March reminds me, especially in the evening, of some days passed so high up in the Rocky Mountains that the summer was left down in the valleys. One such spring-like evening we camped close to the timber-limit, and I made my first trip into the region above, in which no trees grow. Having left the spruce-woods quickly behind, there came some stiff climbing up ledges of broken rocks, standing, cliff-like, to bar the way to the summit. These surmounted, the way was clear, for from the northeast — the side I was on — this mountain presents a smooth, grassy slope to the very top; but the western side of the range is a series of rocky precipices, seamed and chattered. This is true of many mountains in Colorado.

Just above the cliffs grew a number of dwarfed spruces, some of them with trunks six inches in diameter, yet lying flat along the ground, so that the gnarled and wind-pressed boughs were scarcely knee-high. They stood so closely together, and were so stiff, that I could not pass between them; but, on the other hand, they were strong enough to bear my weight, so that I could walk over their tops when it was inconvenient to go around.

Some small brown sparrows, of two or three species, lived there, and they were very talkative. Sharp, metallic chirps were heard, also, as the blue snow-bird flitted about, showing the white feathers on either side of its tail, in scudding from one sheltering bush to another. Doubtless, careful search would have discovered its home,

snugly built of circularly laid grasses, and tucked deeply into some cozy hollow beside the root of a spruce.

My pace now became slow, for in the thin air of a place twelve thousand feet above the sea-level, climbing is exhausting work. But before long I came to the top, and stood on the verge of a crag that showed the crumbling action of water and frost. Gaping cracks seamed its face, and an enormous mass of fallen rock covered the broad slope at its foot.

The very moment I arrived there, I heard a most lively squeaking going on, apparently just under the edge of the cliff, or in some of the cracks. It was an odd noise, something between a bark and a scream, and I could think of nothing but young hawks as the authors of it. So I set at work to find the nest, but my search was vain, while the sharp squeaking seemed to multiply and to come from a dozen different quarters. By this time I had crawled down the rough face of the cliff, and had reached the heaps of fallen rock. There I caught a glimpse of a little head with two black eyes, like a prairie-dog's, peering out of a crevice, and I was just in time to see him open his small jaws and say "*skink!*"— about as a rusty hinge would pronounce it. I whipped my revolver out of my belt and fired, but the little fellow dodged the bullet and was gone. Echoes rattled out among the rocks, wandered up and down the cañon, and hammered away at half a dozen stone walls before ceasing entirely; but when they had died away, not another sound was to be heard. Every little rascal had hid.

So I sat down and waited. In about five minutes a tiny, timid squeak broke the stillness, then a second a trifle louder, then one away under my feet in some subterranean passage. Hardly daring to breathe, I waited and watched. Finally the chorus became as loud as before, and I caught sight of one of the singers only about ten yards away, head and shoulders out of his hole, doubtless commenting to his neighbor in no complimentary way upon the strange intruder. Slowly lifting my pistol, I pulled the trigger. I was sure he had not seen me, yet a chip of rock flying from where he had stood was my only satisfaction; he had dodged again.

I had seen enough, however, to know that the noisy colony was a community of Little Chief hares (*Lagomys princeps,* as they are named in the text-books), or "conies," as the silver-miners call them. They are related to the woodchucks as well as to the hare, and they live wholly at or above timber-line, burrowing among the fallen and decomposing rocks which crown the summits of all the mountains. Not every peak, by any means, harbors conies; on the contrary, they are rather uncommon, and are so difficult to shoot, that their skins are rare in museums, and their ways are little known to naturalists.

During the middle of the day they are asleep and quiet; but in the evening, and all night when the moon shines, they leave their rocky retreats and forage in the neighboring meadows, meeting the yellow-footed marmot and other neighbors. About the only enemies they have, I fancy, are the rattlesnake and weasel, excepting when a wild-cat may pounce upon one, or an owl swoop down and snatch up some rambler. In the cold season, of course, their burrows are deep in snow; but then the little fellows are taking their long winter sleep, and neither know nor care what the weather may be.

An Indian will eat a cony,— if he can catch it. He likes to use its fur, also, for braiding his locks into those long plaits which delight his soul; but the lively little rodents are pretty safe from all human foes, even one with a Colt's revolver!— *St. Nicholas Magazine.*

INGERSOLL, Robert Green, an American lawyer, orator and author; born at Dresden, N. Y., August 11, 1833; died at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., July 21, 1899. He taught school for a time in Tennessee, studied law, and began its practice in Shawneetown, Ill., in 1854. In 1857 he removed to Peoria, and became active in politics; and in 1860 was defeated

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL.

as Democratic candidate for Congress. He was Colonel of the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry throughout the Civil War, during which he became a staunch Republican. He was appointed Attorney-General for Illinois in 1866; attracted wide attention by a remarkable speech naming Blaine for Republican presidential nominee in 1876; and refused the post of Minister to Germany in 1877. His first publication, *The Gods, and Other Lectures,* appeared in 1876; and in 1882 he began, with others, a series of articles entitled *The Christian Religion,* and popularly known as "the *North American Review* controversy." His works include also, besides many fugitive pieces, *The Ghosts, and Other Lectures* (1879); *Some Mistakes of Moses* (1879); *Lectures Complete* (1883); *Orthodoxy* (1884); *Prose Poems and Selections* (1884); *Great Speeches* (1887); *Wit, Wisdom, and Eloquence* (1887); *Liberty in Literature* (1890); *The Ingersoll Controversy* (1892), from the New York *Evening Telegram; Is Suicide a Sin?* (1894), with *Replies and Rejoinder.* A large number of miscellaneous pamphlets were issued, and he also wrote introductions to the writings of others; notably to Denslow's *Modern Thinkers* and Beall's *The Brain and the Bible.* Among his famous speeches are numbered the funeral address over his brother's grave, and the Decoration Day oration in New York in 1882. His collected *Works* were published in 1900.

A TRIBUTE TO EBEN C. INGERSOLL.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend,

died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down the eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love, and every moment jewelled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad, and deep, and dark, as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstition far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day.

He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, the poor, the wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshipper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "For Justice all place a temple, and all season summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only peace. He added to the sum of human joy; and were everyone to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubt and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

The record of a generous life runs like a vine around the memory of our dead, and every sweet, unselfish act is now a perfumed flower.

And now, to you, who have been chosen from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust.

Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

A VISION OF THE WAR.

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for National life. We hear the sounds of preparation — the music of boisterous drums — the silver notes of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. Kisses and

tears, tears and kisses — divine mingling of agony and love. And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring, with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms — standing in the sunlight sobbing — at the turn of the road a hand waves — she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone — and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war — marching down the streets of the great cities — through the towns and across the prairies — down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all, we are by their side on all the gory fields — in all the hospitals of pain — on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood — in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced with balls and torn with shells, in the trenches by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge where men become iron, with nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with his last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash — we see them bound hand and foot — we hear the cruel strokes of whips — we see hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains — four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father, and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And

all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men, women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides and school-houses and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty — they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, in the windowless palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars — they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead: Cheers for the living; tears for the dead.— *Oration at Indianapolis, Ind., September 21, 1876.*

EULOGY OF WALT WHITMAN.

Walt Whitman's fame is secure. He laid the foundation of it deep in the human heart. He was, above all that I have known, the poet of humanity, of sympathy. Great he was — so great that he rose above the greatest that he met, without arrogance, and so great that he stooped to the lowest without condescension. He never claimed to be lower or greater than any other of the sons of man. He came into our generation a free, untrammelled spirit, with sympathy for all. His arm was beneath the form of the sick. He sympathized with the imprisoned and despised, and even on the brow of crime he was great enough to place the kiss of human sympathy. One of the greatest lines in our literature is this. Speaking of an outcast — and the line is great enough to do honor to the greatest genius that has ever lived — he said, "Not until the sun excludes you will I exclude you."

He was the poet of life. It was a joy to him simply to breathe. He loved the clouds. He enjoyed the breath of morning, the twilight, the wind, the winding streams. He loved to look at the sea when the wind and the waves burst into the white caps of joy. He loved the fields the hills. He was acquainted with trees with birds with all the beautiful objects on the earth. And he saw not only those objects but understood their meaning. And he used them that he might exhibit his heart to his fellowmen.

He was also the poet of love. He was not ashamed of that divine passion that has built every home in the world — that divine passion that has painted every picture and given us every real great work of art — that divine passion that has made the world worth living in, and gives some value to human life. He was the poet of the natural, and taught men not to be ashamed of that which is natural.

He was not only the poet of love, not only the poet of democracy, not only the poet of the Great Republic — he was the poet of the human race everywhere. He has uttered more supreme words than any writer of our century, and possibly of almost any other. He was, above all things, a man. And above genius, above all the snow-capped peaks of intelligence, above all of art, rises the true man — greater than all. He was a true man. And he walked among his fellowmen as such.

He was also, as has been said, the poet of death. He accepted all — life and death. And he justified all. He had the courage to meet all, and was great enough and splendid enough to harmonize all, and to accept all there is of life as a divine melody. To-day we give back to Mother Nature, to her clasp and kiss, one of the bravest, sweetest souls that ever lived in human clay. I loved him living, and I love him still.

IRENÆUS, Bishop of Lyons, one of the Fathers of the Greek Church; born probably at Smyrna about 135; died at Lyons about 202, a victim to the persecution of Septimus Severus. He was a pupil of Polycarp, a disciple of John; was ordained a priest, labored in Gaul among the Greek colonists on the Rhone, and was made Bishop of Lyons about 178, succeeding Pothinus, who was the first to occupy that See. He is said to have wisely administered the affairs of the churches under his jurisdiction and been held in high veneration by the people. He was a believer in the millennium, and entertained ideas on that subject which some considered extravagant. Irenæus was best known by his endeavors to counteract the teachings of the Gnostics, and his attempts to mediate between the Bishops of Rome and the churches of Asia Minor in their dispute over the proper time for celebrating Easter.

His principal work, *Adversus Hæreses,* is esteemed the most valuable relic of early patristic literature. Of this work in the original Greek only a small fragment of the first Book is extant. But there is a very ancient, though somewhat rude, translation of the entire five books.

THE APOCALYPTIC "BEAST" AND HIS NUMBER.

It is more certain, and less hazardous, to await the fulfilment of prophecy than to be making surmises, and casting about for any names that present themselves, inasmuch as many names can be found possessing the number mentioned (666); and the same question will, after all, remain unsolved. For if there are many names found possessing this number, it will be asked which among them shall the coming man bear. It is

not through a want of names containing the number of that name that I say this, but on account of the fear of God and zeal for the truth.

The name *Euanthas* contains the required number, but I make no allegation regarding it. Then also *Lateinos* has the number 666; and it is a very probable solution — this being the name of the last kingdom of the four seen by Daniel. For the Latins are they who at present bear rule; I will not, however, make any boast over his coincidence. *Teitan* (the first syllable being written with the two Greek vowels *e* and *i*) among all the names which are found among us, is rather worthy of credit. For it has in itself the predicted number, and is composed of six letters, each syllable containing three letters; and the word itself is ancient and removed from the ordinary use; for among our kings we find none bearing this name *Titan,* nor have any of the idols which are worshipped in public among the Greeks and barbarians this appellation. Among many persons, too, this name is accounted divine, so that even the Sun is termed *Titan* by those who do now hold sway. This word, too, contains an outward appearance of vengeance, and of one inflicting merited punishment; because he (Antichrist) pretends that he vindicates the oppressed. And besides this, it is an ancient name, one worthy of credit, of royal dignity, and, still further, a name belonging to a tyrant.

Inasmuch, then, as this name *Titan* has so much to recommend it, there is a strong degree of probability that, from among the many names suggested, we infer that perchance he who is to come shall be called "*Titan.*" We will not, however, incur the risk of pronouncing positively as to the name of Antichrist; for if it were necessary that his name should be distinctly revealed in this present time, it would have been announced by him who beheld the apocalyptic vision. For that was seen no very long time since, but almost in our day, toward the end of Domitian's reign.

But he indicates the *number* of the name now, that when this man comes we may avoid him, being aware who he is. The *name,* however, is suppressed, because

it is not worthy of being proclaimed by the Holy Spirit. For if it had been declared by Him, Antichrist might perhaps continue for a long period. But now as, "he was, and is not, and shall ascend out of the abyss, and goes into perdition," as one who has no existence; so neither has his name been declared, for the name of that which does not exist is not proclaimed.— *Translation of* ROBERTS *and* DONALDSON.

IRVING, EDWARD, a Scottish theologian; born at Annan, Dumfriesshire, August 4, 1792; died at Glasgow, December 7, 1834. He was graduated from the University in 1809; became a teacher of mathematics at Haddington, and in 1812 rector of the Academy at Kirkcaldy. Some of the citizens of the town became dissatisfied with him, and set up an opposition academy, of which Thomas Carlyle, who had just taken his degree at Edinburgh, was made master. A warm friendship, however, sprang up between the young men, both of whom pursued for several years the studies required of candidates for the ministry of the Scottish Church. In 1818 Irving and Carlyle returned to Edinburgh for a while. In 1819 Irving became an assistant of Dr. Chalmers at Glasgow. In 1822 he was invited to become the pastor of the Caledonian Chapel in Hatton Square, London.

Irving almost at once became the rage in London. In 1825 he began to announce the convictions to which he had been brought in relation to the speedy second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, and other topics more or less connected therewith. In 1830 he was brought before the London Presbytery upon a charge of heresy;

but he denied the authority of that Presbytery, and appealed to the Presbytery of Annan, by which he had been ordained. About this time he became convinced of the truth of the doctrine of "the gift of tongues." A sudden revulsion of public feeling toward him took place, and Irving's course was condemned by a large portion of his own congregation. The Scottish Presbytery deposed him from their ministry; and he organized a new "Apostolical Church." But his health began to give way, and he set out, in accordance with what he believed to be a divine call, for Scotland, where he died in a few weeks at the age of forty-two. Two series of the works of Irving have been published: the *Collected Writings* (5 vols., 1854–55), and the *Prophetical Works* (2 vols., 1857–70). His life has been written by Mrs. Oliphant (1852).

THE INTERPRETATION OF TONGUES.

The interpretation of tongues did not consist in their knowledge of the strange words, or the structure of foreign languages. It was nothing akin to translation; the Spirit did not become a school-master at all; but brought to the man's soul, with the certainty of truth, that this which He was giving him to utter was the interpretation of the thing which the other had just spoken. This conviction might be brought to the spirit of the speaker himself, and then he was his own interpreter; but it was more frequent to bestow that gift upon another. This provision of an order who should interpret, as well as an order who should speak with tongues, shows that the gift of tongues had a higher origin than from the variety of languages amongst men. If it had been merely for preaching the truth to people of other languages, an order of interpretators would never have been required at all. If it had only been given for conveying the truth to foreign nations, then why

have so many in each church — like the church of Corinth? . . .

Let us consider this twofold ordinance as one, and see what it yieldeth. If there should be in one church an order of men, of whom the Spirit so manifestly took possession as to make them utter the mysteries of godliness in an unknown tongue, and another order of men to whom the Spirit divided the power of interpreting the same, the first impression that would be made by it is, that verily God was in us of a truth; as truly as He was in the Shechinah of the holy place; and the next, that He was speaking forth oracles for our obedience. The unknown tongue, as it began its strange sounds, would be equal to a voice from the glory, "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts," or "This is my son, hear ye him"; and every one would say, "Oh, that I knew the voice; and when the man with the gift of interpretation gave it out in the vernacular tongue, we should be filled with an awe that it was no other than God who had spoken it. Methinks it is altogether equal to the speaking with the trumpet from the thick darkness of the mount, or with a voice of thunder as from the open vault of heaven.

The using of man's organs is, indeed, a mark of a new dispensation, foretold as to come to pass after Christ ascended upon high, when He would receive gifts and bestow them on men, that the Lord God might dwell, might have an habitation in them. Formerly the sounds were syllables we know not how, because God had not yet prepared for Himself a tent of flesh; which he accomplished to do first in Jesus of Nazareth, and is now perfecting in His Church, who are His temple, in whom He abideth as in the holy place, and He speaketh forth His oracles in strange tongues. . . .

This gift of tongues is the crowning act of all. None of the old prophets had it; Christ had it not; it belongs to the dispensation of the Holy Ghost proceeding from the risen Christ; it is the proclamation that man is enthroned in heaven; that man is the dwelling-place of God; that all creation, if they would know God, must give ear to man's tongue, and know the compass of reason. It is not we that speak; but Christ that speaketh.

It is not in us as men that God speaks; but in us as members of Christ, as the Church and Body of Christ, that God speaks. The honor is not to us, but to Christ; not to the Godhead of Christ, which is ever the same, but to the manhood of Christ, which hath been raised from the state of death to the state of being God's temple, God's most holy place, God's Shechinah, God's oracle, for ever and ever.

Shortly after the death of Irving, Carlyle wrote a noble tribute to the man. Still nobler is what he said of him, many years after in one of his talks, as given by William H. Milburn:

CARLYLE UPON IRVING.

At length the hand of the Lord was laid upon him, and the voice of his God spake to him, saying: "Arise, and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest!" And he arose, and girded up his loins, and putting the trumpet of the Almighty to his lips, he blew such a blast as that men started in strange surprise, and said that the like had not been heard since the days of the Covenant itself. And from Scotland he came to this great Babel, and stood up in the pulpit of the Hatton Garden Chapel: the herculean form of him erect; his eye blazing as with a message from his God; and his voice waxing louder and louder as doth a trumpet. And the great, the learned, and the high, the titled, the gifted, and the beautiful came round about him; and sat mute and spell-bound, listening to his wonderful words. And they thought — (for you know that fools will ever think according to folly, which is their nature) — they thought that because they were looking at him, he was looking at them. He was not looking at them at all. He was trying to do what no mortal man can do and live.

I have heard that the eagle's eye sometimes sustains eclipse; that the curtain of darkness falls over the pupil of his eye by the steadfast gazing at the brightness of the sun. It was thus with my poor friend Irving.

The fools said — (let the fools have their own way — they know no better) — the fools said that Irving was *daft* — that his head was turned with popular applause. He was not *daft* — he was DAZED. The curtain of darkness had fallen over the pupil of the eagle's eye by too steadfast gazing at the sun. In blindness and loneliness he sobbed the great heart of him to sleep, and in the silence of the sepulchre they laid him away until the Judgment Day.

IRVING, THEODORE, an American historian; born at New York, May 9, 1809; died there, December 20, 1880. He was a son of Washington Irving's brother Ebenezer, and having joined his uncle in Europe, he there spent some years in study, devoting himself particularly to modern languages, and then, at London, to the law. He was for twelve years Professor of History and Belles-lettres in Hobart College; and in 1848 he became Professor of History and Belles-lettres in the College of the City of New York. In 1854 he took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church; and was successively minister of Christ Church, Bay Ridge; St. Andrew's, Staten Island, and Ascension Parish, Staten Island. In 1874 he became rector of a school for young ladies in New York City. He was a frequent contributor to the periodical press. His published works include *The Conquest of Florida by De Soto* (1835); *The Fountain of Living Waters* (1854); *Tiny Footfalls* (1869), and *More Than Conquerors.*

THE BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

The death of the Governor left his followers overwhelmed with grief; they felt as if made orphans by his loss, for they looked up to him as a father: and they sorrowed the more because they could not give him a proper sepulture, nor perform the solemn obsequies due to the remains of a captain and commander so much beloved and honored. They feared to bury him publicly, and with becoming ceremonials, lest the Indians should discover the place of his interment, and should outrage and insult his remains, as they had done those of other Spaniards; tearing them from their graves, dismembering them, and hanging them piece-meal from the trees. If they had shown such indignities to the bodies of the common soldiers, how much greater would they inflict upon that of their Governor and commander. Besides, De Soto had impressed them with a very exalted opinion of his prudence and his valor; and the Spaniards, therefore, dreaded, lest finding out the death of their leader, they might be induced to revolt, and fall upon their handful of troops.

For these reasons they buried him in the dead of night, with sentinels posted to keep the natives at a distance, that the sad ceremony might be safe from the observation of their spies. The place chosen for his sepulture was one of many pits, broad and deep, in a plain, near the village, from which the Indians had taken earth for their buildings. Here he was interred, in silence and in secret, with many tears of the priests and cavaliers, who were present at his mournful obsequies. The better to deceive the Indians, and prevent their suspecting the place of his interment, they gave out, on the following day, that the Governor was recovering from his malady, and, mounting their horses, they assumed an appearance of rejoicing. That all traces of the grave might be lost, they caused much water to be sprinkled over it, and upon the surrounding plain, as if to prevent the dust being raised by their horses.

They then scoured the plain, and galloped about the

pits, and over the very grave of their commander; but it was difficult, under this cover of pretended gayety, to conceal the real sadness of their hearts.

With all these precautions, they soon found out that the Indians suspected, not only the death of the Governor, but the place where he lay buried; for in passing by the pits, they would stop, look round attentively on all sides, talk with one another, and make signs with their chins and their eyes toward the spot where the body was interred.

The Spaniards perceiving this, and feeling assured that the Indians would search the whole plain until they found the body, determined to disinter it, and place it where it would be secure from molestation. No place appeared better suited to the purpose than the Mississippi; but first they wished to ascertain whether there was sufficient depth to hide the body effectually.

Accordingly, Juan de Anasco, and other officers, taking with them a mariner, embarked one evening in a canoe, under pretence of fishing, and amusing themselves; and sounding the river where it was a quarter of a league wide, they found, in the mid-channel a depth of nineteen fathoms. Here, therefore, they determined to deposit the body.

As there was no stone in the neighborhood wherewith to sink it, they cut down an evergreen oak, and made an excavation in one side, of the size of a man. On the following night, with all the silence possible, they disinterred the body, and placed it in the trunk of the oak, nailing planks over the aperture. The rustic coffin was then conveyed to the centre of the river, where in presence of several priests and cavaliers, it was committed to the stream, and they beheld it sink to the bottom, shedding many tears over this second funeral rite, and commending anew the soul of the good cavalier to Heaven.— *The Conquest of Florida.*

IRVING, WASHINGTON, an American historian and novelist; born at New York, April 3, 1783; died at Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y., November 28, 1859. His father, a native of Scotland, was a prosperous merchant in New York. Washington, the youngest of his eleven children, was placed in a law-office, and was in time admitted to the bar, but he never entered into practice. In 1804, his health being delicate, he set out on a tour in Europe, from which he returned in 1806. In conjunction with his brother William and James R. Paulding, he set up *Salmagundi,* a periodical modelled somewhat upon Addison's *Spectator.* His *History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker,* was published in 1809. His brothers, Ebenezer and Peter, had opened a mercantile house in New York, with a branch in England, managed by Peter. In 1810 Washington Irving was admitted as a partner in this house, having an interest of one-fifth. In 1815 he went to England, but found that the business there was not prosperous. The house became bankrupt in 1818; and Irving was thrown upon his pen for a livelihood. In 1819 appeared the first number of his *Sketch-Book,* which was continued for about two years. His subsequent writings will be named consecutively, in the order of their publication.

In 1826 he became United States Secretary of Legation at Madrid. At the suggestion of Alexander H. Everett, the Minister to Spain, he commenced the translation of Navarete's *Voyages of Columbus,* but he abandoned the mere work of translation, and wrote instead his own *Life and Voyages of Columbus.* In 1829 he was appointed United States Secretary of

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Legation at London, where he remained until 1832, when he returned to America after an absence of seventeen years.

Soon afterward he purchased a cottage on the banks of the Hudson, which he partly rebuilt, and named "Sunnyside." He was never married, the lady to whom he was betrothed having died more than a quarter of a century before. But Sunnyside became the home of an elder brother and his daughters. In 1842, at the instance of Daniel Webster, he was appointed by President Tyler as Minister to Spain. He resigned this post in 1846, and returned to America, where the remaining thirteen years of his life were passed. He now set himself seriously to work upon the *Life of Washington,* which he had had in contemplation for several years. Volumes I. and II. appeared in 1855; Vol. III. in 1856; Vol. IV. in 1857; Vol. V. in 1859.

The following is a list of the works of Irving: *Salmagundi,* only in part by Irving (1807); *Knickerbocker's History of New York* (1809); *The Sketch-Book* (1819–20); *Bracebridge Hall* (1822); *Tales of a Traveler* (1824); *Life and Voyages of Columbus* (1828); *The Conquest of Granada* (1829); *Voyages of the Companions of Columbus* (1831); *The Alhambra* (1832); *A Tour on the Prairies* (1835); *Astoria* (1836); *Adventures of Captain Bonneville* (1837); *Oliver Goldsmith* (1849); *Mahomet and His Successors* (1850); *Wolfert's Roost, and Other Sketches,* mostly written some years earlier (1855); *Life of Washington* (1855–59). The standard *Life of Irving* is that by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, which includes his *Letters* (4 vols., 1862–63). Besides this is

Charles Dudley Warner's *Life of Irving,* in "American Men of Letters" (1881).

PETER STUYVESANT AND JAN RISINGH AT THE BATTLE OF FORT CHRISTINA.

No sooner did these two rival heroes come face to face than they each made a prodigious start, such as is made by your most experienced stage champions. Then did they regard each other for a moment with bitter aspect, like two furious ram-cats on the very point of clapper-clawing. Then did they throw themselves in one attitude, then in another, striking their swords on the ground, first on the right side, then on the left; at last they went at it with incredible ferocity. Words cannot tell the prodigies of strength and valor displayed in this dreadful encounter. At length the valiant Peter, watching his opportunity, aimed a fearful blow with the full intent of cleaving his adversary to the very chin; but Risingh nimbly raising his sword, warded it off so narrowly that, glancing on one side, it shaved away a huge canteen that he always carried swung on one side; thence pursuing its trenchant course it severed off a deep coat-pocket stored with bread-and-cheese — all which dainties rolling among the armies occasioned a fearful scrambling between the Swedes and Dutchmen, and made the general battle to wax ten times more furious than ever.

Enraged to see his military store thus woefully laid waste, the stout Risingh, collecting all his forces, aimed a mighty blow full at the hero's crest. In vain did his fierce little cocked hat oppose its course. The biting steel clove through the stubborn ram-beaver, and would infallibly have cracked his crown, but that the skull was of such adamantine hardness that the brittle weapon shivered into pieces, shedding a thousand sparks, like beams of glory, round his grizzly visage. Stunned by the blow the valiant Peter reeled, turned up his eyes, and beheld fifty thousand suns, besides moons and stars, dancing about the firmament. At length missing his footing, by reason of his wooden leg, down he came on

his seat of honor, with a crash that shook the surrounding hills, and would infallibly have wrecked his anatomical system, had he not been received into a cushion softer than velvet, which Providence, or Minerva, or St. Nicholas, or some kindly cow, had benevolently prepared for his reception.

The furious Risingh, in despite of that noble maxim cherished by all true knights, that "fair play is a jewel," hastened to take advantage of the hero's fall; but just as he was stooping to give the fatal blow, the ever vigilant Peter bestowed him a sturdy thwack over the sconce with his wooden leg, that set some dozen chimes of bells ringing triple bob-majors in his cerebellum. The bewildered Swede staggered with the blow, and in the meantime the wary Peter espying a pocket-pistol lying hard by (which had been dropped from the wallet of his faithful squire and trumpeter, Van Corlaer), discharged it full at the head of the reeling Risingh. Let not my reader mistake: it was not a murderous weapon loaded with powder and ball, but a sturdy little stone pottle, charged to the muzzle with a double dram of true Dutch courage, which the knowing Van Corlaer always carried about with him by way of replenishing his valor. The hideous missive sang through the air, and, true to its course as was the mighty fragment of a rock discharged at Hector by bully Ajax, encountered the huge head of the gigantic Swede with matchless violence. This heaven-directed blow decided the eventful battle. The ponderous pericranium of General Jan Risingh sank upon his breast; his knees tottered under him; a death-like torpor seized upon his giant frame, and he tumbled to the earth with such tremendous violence that old Pluto started with affright lest he should have broken through the roof of his infernal palace.

This fall was the signal of defeat and victory. The Swedes gave way; the Dutch pressed forward. The former took to their heels, the latter hotly pursued; some entered with them pell-mell through the sally-port; others stormed the bastion, and others scrambled over the curtain. Thus in a little while the impregnable fortress of Fort Christina, which, like another Troy, had

stood a seige of fully ten hours, was finally carried by assault, without the loss of a single man on either side.

Had the inexorable Fates only allowed me some half a score of dead men, I had been content; for I would have made them such heroes as abounded in the olden time, but whose race is unfortunately now extinct — any one of whom, if we may believe those authentic writers, the poets, could drive great armies like sheep before him, and conquer and desolate whole cities by his single arm. But seeing that I had not a single life at my disposal, all that was left me was to make the most of my battle by means of kicks and cuffs and bruises, and such-like ignoble wounds.— *History of New York.*

THE AWAKING OF RIP VAN WINKLE.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright, sunny morning; the birds were hopping and twittering amongst the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breathing the pure mountain-breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep: the strange man with the keg of liquor; the mountain-ravine; the wild retreat among the rocks; the woe-begone party at nine-pins; the flagon. "Oh, that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked around for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now sus-

pected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared — but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol — and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he arose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain-beds do not agree with me," thought Rip: "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I should have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain-stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its side, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs, to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such an opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog. He was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities.

What was to be done? The morning was passing away and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the

mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety turned his steps homeward. As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which surprised him, for he thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise: and whenever they cast eyes upon him invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was not his native village which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon, last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly."

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting at every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay; the roof fallen in, the windows scattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name; but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial tears. He called loudly for his wife and children. The lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.— *Sketch-Book.*

HOW THE CASTILIAN SOVEREIGNS TOOK POSSESSION OF GRANADA.

When the Castilian sovereigns had received the keys of Granada from the hands of Boabdil el Chico, the royal army resumed its triumphant march. As it approached the gates of the city, all in the pomp of courtly and chivalrous array, a procession of a different kind came forth to meet it. This was composed of more than five hundred Christian captives, many of whom had languished for years in Moorish dungeons. Pale and emaciated, they came clanking their chains in triumph, and shedding tears of joy. They were received with tenderness by the sovereigns. Th King hailed them as good Spaniards, as men loyal and brave, as martyrs to the holy cause; the Queen distributed liberal relief among them with her own hands, and they passed on before the squadrons of the army singing hymns of jubilee.

The sovereigns did not enter the city on this day of its surrender, but waited until it should be fully occupied by their troops, and public tranquillity insured. The Marques de Villena and the Count de Tendilla, with three thousand cavalry and as many infantry, marched in and took possession, accompanied by the proselyte prince Cidi Yahye, now known by the Christian appellation of Don Pedro de Granada, who was appointed chief alguazil of the city, and had charge of the Moorish inhabitants, and by his son, the late Prince Alnayar, now Don Alonzo de Granada, who was appointed admiral of the fleets. In a little while every battlement glistened with Christian helms and lances, the standard of the faith and of the realm floated from every tower, and the thundering salvos of the ordnance told that

the subjugation of the city was complete. The grandees and cavaliers now knelt and kissed the hands of the King and Queen and Prince John, and congratulated them on the acquisition of so great a kingdom; after which the royal procession returned in state to Santa Fé.

It was on the sixth of January, the Day of Kings and the festival of the Epiphany, that the sovereigns made their triumphal entry. The King and Queen (says the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida) looked, on this occasion, as more than mortal; the venerable ecclesiastics, to whose advice and zeal this glorious conquest ought in a great measure to be attributed, moved along with hearts swelling with holy exultation, but with chastened and downcast looks of edifying humility; while the hardy warriors, in tossing plumes and shining steel, seemed elevated with a stern joy at finding themselves in possession of this object of so many toils and perils. As the streets resounded with the tramp of steeds and swelling peals of music, the Moors buried themselves in the deepest recesses of their dwellings. There they bewailed in secret the fallen glory of their race, but suppressed their groans, lest they should be heard by their enemies and increase their triumph.

The royal procession advanced to the principal mosque, which had been consecrated as a cathedral. Here the sovereigns offered up prayers and thanksgivings, and the choir of the royal chapel chanted a triumphant anthem, in which they were joined by all the courtiers and cavaliers. Nothing (says Fray Antonio Agapida) could exceed the thankfulness to God of the pious King Ferdinand for having enabled him to eradicate from Spain the empire and name of that accursed heathen race, and for the elevation of the cross in that city wherein the impious doctrines of Mohammed had so long been cherished. In the fervor of his spirit, he supplicated from heaven a continuance of its grace, and that this glorious triumph might be perpetuated. The prayer of the pious monarch was responded to by the people, and even his enemies were for once convinced of his sincerity.

When the religious ceremonies were concluded, the court ascended to the stately palace of the Alhambra,

and entered by the great Gate of Justice. The halls lately occupied by turbaned infidels now rustled with stately dames and Christian courtiers, who wandered with eager curiosity over this far-famed palace, admiring its verdant courts and gushing fountains, its halls decorated with elegant arabesques and storied with inscriptions, and the splendor of its gilded and brilliantly painted ceilings.

It had been a last request of the unfortunate Boabdil — and one which showed how deeply he felt the transition of his fate — that no person might be permitted to enter or depart by the gate of the Alhambra through which he had sallied forth to surrender his capital. His request was granted; the portal was closed up, and remains so to the present day — a mute memorial of that event. The Spanish sovereigns fixed their throne in the presence-chamber of the palace, so long the seat of the Moorish royalty. Hither the principal inhabitants of Granada repaired to pay them homage and kiss their hands in token of vassalage; and their example was followed by deputies from all the towns and fortresses of the Alpuxarras, which had not hitherto submitted.

Thus terminated the war of Granada, after ten years of incessant fighting; equalling (says Fray Antonio Agapida) the far-famed siege of Troy in duration, and ending, like that, in the capture of the city. Thus ended also the dominion of the Moors in Spain, having endured seven hundred and seventy-eight years from the memorable defeat of Roderick, the last of the Goths, on the banks of the Guadalete. The authentic Agapida is uncommonly particular in fixing the epoch of this event. This great triumph of the holy Catholic faith, according to his computation, took place in the beginning of January in the year of our Lord 1492, being 3,655 years from the population of Spain by the patriarch, Tubal; 3,797 from the general deluge; 5,453 from the creation of the world, according to Hebrew calculation; and in the month Rabic, in the eight hundred and ninety-seventh year of the Hegira, or flight of Mohammed; whom may God confound! saith the pious Agapida.— *The Conquest of Granada.*

THE CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS.

Columbus was devoutly pious. Religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and shone forth in his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery he celebrated it by solemn thanks to God. The voice of prayer and melody of praise rose from his ships, when they first beheld the New World, and his first action on landing was to prostrate himself upon the earth and return thanksgivings. Every evening the *Salve Regina* and other vesper hymns were chanted by his crew, and masses were performed in the beautiful groves bordering the wild shores of this heathen land. All his great enterprises were undertaken in the name of the Holy Trinity, and he partook of the communion previous to embarkation. He was a firm believer in the efficacy of vows and penances and pilgrimages, and resorted to them in times of difficulty and danger. The religion thus deeply seated in his soul diffused a sober dignity and benign composure over his whole demeanor. His language was pure and guarded, and free from all imprecations, oaths, and other irreverent expressions.

It cannot be denied, however, that his piety was mingled with superstition, and darkened by the bigotry of the age. He evidently concurred in the opinion that all nations which did not acknowledge the Christian faith were destitute of natural rights; that the sternest measures might be used for their conversion, and the severest punishments be inflicted for their obstinacy in unbelief. In this spirit of bigotry he considered himself justified in making captives of the Indians, and transporting them to Spain to have them taught the doctrines of Christianity, and in selling them for slaves if they pretended to resist his invasions. In so doing he sinned against the natural goodness of his character, and against the feelings which he had originally entertained and expressed toward this gentle and hospitable people. But he was goaded on by the mercenary impatience of the crown, and by the sneers of his enemies

IRVING'S HOME, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

at the unprofitable results of his enterprises. It is but justice to his character to observe that the enslavement of the Indians thus taken in battle was at first openly countenanced by the crown; and that when the question of right came to be discussed at the entreaty of the queen, several of the most distinguished jurists and theologians advocated the practice; so that the question was finally settled in favor of the Indians solely by the humanity of Isabella. As the venerable Bishop Las Casas observes, where the most learned men have doubted it is not surprising that an unlearned mariner should err.

These remarks in palliation of the conduct of Columbus are required by candor. It is proper to show him in connection with the age in which he lived, lest the errors of the times should be considered as his individual faults. It is not the intention of the author, however, to justify Columbus on a point where it is inexcusable to err. Let it remain a blot on his illustrious name, and let others derive a lesson from it.

We have already hinted at a peculiar trait in his rich and varied character: that ardent and enthusiastic imagination which threw a magnificence over his whole course of thought. Herrera intimates that he had a talent for poetry, and some slight traces of it are on record in the book of prophecies which he presented to the Catholic sovereigns. But his poetical temperament is discernible throughout all his writings and in all his actions. It spread a golden and a glorious world around him, and tinged everything with its own gorgeous colors. It betrayed him into visionary speculations, which subjected him to the sneers and cavillings of men of cooler and safer but more grovelling minds. Such were the conjectures formed on the coast of Paria about the form of the earth and the situation of the terrestrial paradise; about the mines of Ophir in Hispaniola and the Aurea Chersonesus in Veragua; and such was the heroic scheme of a crusade for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. It mingled with his religion, and filled his mind with solemn and visionary meditations on mystic passages of the Scriptures, and the shadowy portents of

the prophecies. It exalted his office in his eyes, and made him conceive himself an agent sent forth upon a sublime and awful mission, subject to impulses and supernatural intimations from the Deity: such as the voice which he imagined spoke to him in comfort amidst the troubles in Hispaniola and in the silence of the night on the disastrous coast of Veragua.

He was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which his ardent, imaginative and mercurial nature was controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of exhausting itself in idle flights, lent aid to his judgment, and enabled him to form conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived; nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out. To his intellectual vision it was given to read the signs of the times, and to trace, in the conjectures and reveries of past ages, the indications of an unknown world; as soothsayers were said to read predictions in the stars, and to foretell events from the visions of the night. "His soul," observes a Spanish writer, "was superior to the age in which he lived." For him was reserved the great enterprise of traversing that sea which had given rise to so many fables, and of deciphering the mystery of his time.

With all the visionary fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real value of his discovery. Until his last breath he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the East. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent equal to the whole of the Old World in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man!

And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered, and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!

Columbus was a man of quick sensibility, liable to great excitement, to sudden and strong impressions, and powerful impulses. He was naturally irritable and impetuous, and keenly sensible to injury and injustice; yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by the benevolence and generosity of his heart. The magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career. Though continually outraged in his dignity and braved in the exercise of his command; though foiled in his plans and endangered in his person by the seditions of turbulent and worthless men, and that, too, at times when suffering under anxiety of mind and anguish of body sufficient to exasperate the most patient, yet he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit by the strong powers of his mind, and brought himself to forbear, and reason, and even to supplicate. Nor should we fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge, how ready to forgive and forget on the least sign of repentence and atonement. He has been extolled for his skill in controlling others: but far greater praise is due to him for his firmness in governing himself.— *Life and Voyages of Columbus.*

WASHINGTON'S EARLY MARRIED LIFE AT MOUNT VERNON.

Mr. Custis, the first husband of Mrs. Washington, had left large landed property and forty-five thousand pounds sterling in money. One-third fell to his widow in her own right; two-thirds were inherited equally by her two children — a boy of six and a girl of four years of age. By a decree of the General Court, Washington was intrusted with the care of the property inherited by the

children; a sacred and delicate trust which he discharged in the most faithful and judicious manner: becoming more like a parent than a mere guardian.

From a letter to a correspondent in England, it would appear that he had long entertained a desire to visit that country. His marriage had put an end to all traveling expectations. In the letter from Mount Vernon, where he had taken up his residence not long after his marriage, he writes:

"I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat, with an agreeable partner for life, and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced in the wide and bustling world." This was no Utopian dream transiently indulged amid the charms of novelty. It was a deliberate purpose with him, the result of innate and enduring inclinations. Throughout the whole course of his career agricultural life appears to have been his *beau ideal* of existence, which haunted his thoughts even amid the stern duties of the field, and to which he recurred with unflagging interest whenever enabled to indulge his natural bias.

Mount Vernon was his harbor of repose, where he repeatedly furled his sails and fancied himself anchored for life. No impulse of ambition tempted him thence; nothing but the call of his country, and his devotion to the public good. The place was endeared to him by the remembrance of his brother Lawrence, and of the happy days he had passed with that brother in the days of boyhood; but it was a delightful place in itself, and well calculated to inspire the rural feeling. The mansion was beautifully situated on a swelling height, crowned with wood, and commanding a magnificent view up and down the Potomac. The grounds immediately about it were laid out somewhat in the English taste. The estate was apportioned into separate farms, devoted to different kinds of culture, each having its allotted laborers. Much, however, was still covered with wild wood, seamed with deep dells and runs of water, and indented with inlets — haunts of deer and lurking-places of foxes. The whole woody region along the Potomac from Mount Vernon to Belvoir, and far beyond, with its range of forests and

hills and picturesque promontories, afforded sports of various kinds, and was a noble hunting-ground. "No estate in Virginia," observes he in one of his letters, "is more pleasantly situated. In a high and healthy country; in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold; on one of the finest rivers in the world — a river well stocked with fish at all seasons of the year, and in the spring with shad, herring, bass, carp, sturgeon, etc., in great abundance. The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tide-water. Several valuable fisheries appertain to it; the whole shore, in fact, is one entire fishery."

These were as yet the aristocratical days of Virginia. The estates were large, and continued in the same families by entails. Many of the wealthy planters were connected with old families in England. The young men, especially the elder sons, were often sent to finish their education there. The governors of Virginia were from the higher ranks of society, and maintained a corresponding state. The "Established," or Episcopal Church, predominated throughout the "Ancient Dominion," as it was termed. Each county was divided into parishes, as in England — each with its parochial church, its parsonage, and glebe. Washington was vestryman of two parishes — Fairfax and Truro; the parochial church of the former was at Alexandria, ten miles from Mount Vernon: of the latter at Pohick, about seven miles. The church at Pohick was rebuilt on a plan of his own, and in a great measure at his expense. At one or other of these churches he attended every Sunday when the weather and the roads permitted. His demeanor was reverential and devout. Mrs. Washington knelt during the prayers; he always stood, as was the custom at that time. Both were communicants.

A style of living prevailed among the opulent Virginian families in those days that has long since faded away. The houses were spacious, commodious, liberal in all their appointments, and fitted to cope with the free-handed, open-hearted liberality of their owners. Nothing was more common than to see handsome services of plate, elegant equipages, and superb carriage-horses

all imported from England. The Virginians have always been noted for their love of horses — a manly passion which, in those days of opulence, they indulged without regard to expense. The rich planters vied with each other in their studs, importing the best English stocks. Mention is made of one of the Randolphs of Tuckahoe, who built a stable for his favorite dapple-gray horse, Shakespeare, with a recess for the bed of the negro groom, who always slept beside him at night.

Washington by his marriage had added above one hundred thousand dollars to his already considerable fortune, and was enabled to live in ample and dignified style. His intimacy with the Fairfaxes, and his intercourse with British officers of rank, had perhaps had their influence on his mode of living. He had his chariot-and-four, with black postilions in livery, for the use of Mrs. Washington and her lady visitors. As for himself, he always appeared on horseback. His stable was well filled and admirably regulated. His stud was thoroughbred and in excellent order. His household books contain registers of the names, ages, and marks of his various horses; such as Ajax, Blueskin, Valiant, Magnolia (an Arab), etc. Also his dogs, chiefly fox-hounds — Vulcan, Singer, Ringwood, Sweet-lips, Forrester, Music, Rockwood, Truelove, etc.

He was an early riser — often before daybreak in the winter, when the nights were long. On such occasions he lit his own fire, and wrote or read by candle-light. He breakfasted at seven in summer, at eight in winter. Two small cups of tea and three or four cakes of Indian meal (called hoe-cakes), formed his frugal repast. Immediately after breakfast he mounted his horse and visited those parts of his estate where any work was going on, seeing to everything with his own eyes, and often aiding with his own hand. Dinner was served at two o'clock. He ate heartily, but was no epicure, nor critical about his food. His beverage was small beer or cider, and two glasses of old Madeira. He took tea, of which he was very fond, early in the evening, and retired for the night about nine o'clock.

If confined to the house by bad weather, he took that

occasion to arrange his papers, post up his accounts, or write letters, passing part of his time in reading, and occasionally reading aloud to the family. He treated his negroes with kindness; attended to their comforts; was particularly careful of them in sickness, but never tolerated idleness; and exacted a faithful performance of all their allotted tasks.

Occasionally he and Mrs. Washington would pay a visit to Annapolis, at that time the seat of government of Maryland, and partake of the gayeties which prevailed during the session of the Legislature. The society of these seats of provincial governments was always polite and fashionable, and more exclusive than in these republican days — being, in a manner, the outposts of the English aristocracy, where all places of dignity or profit were secured for younger sons and poor but proud relatives. During the session of the Legislature, dinners and balls abounded, and there were occasional attempts at theatricals. The latter was an amusement for which Washington always had a relish, though he never had an opportunity of gratifying it effectually. Neither was he disinclined to mingle in the dance; and we remember to have heard venerable ladies — who had been belles in their days — pride themselves on having had him for a partner, though, they added, he was apt to be a ceremonious and grave one.

In this round of rural occupations and rural amusements, and social intercourse Washington passed several tranquil years — the halcyon period of his life. His already established reputation drew many visitors to Mount Vernon. Some of his early companions in arms were his occasional guests, and his friendships and connections linked him with some of the most prominent and worthy people of the country, who were sure to be received with cordial but simple and unpretending hospitality. His marriage was unblessed with children; but those of Mrs. Washington experienced from him parental care and affection, and the formation of their minds and manners was one of the dearest objects of his attention. His domestic concerns and social enjoyments, however, were not permitted to interfere with his public duties.

He was active by nature, and eminently a man of business by habit, and whatever trust he undertook, he was sure to fulfil it with scrupulous exactness.

About this time we find him engaged, with other men of enterprise, in a project to drain the great Dismal Swamp, and render it capable of cultivation. This vast morass was about thirty miles long and ten miles wide, and its interior but little known. With his usual zeal and hardihood he explored it on horseback and on foot. In many parts it was covered with dark and gloomy woods of cedar, cypress, and hemlock, or deciduous trees, the branches of which were hung with long, drooping moss. Other parts were almost inaccessible from the density of brakes and thickets, entangled with vines, briers, and creeping plants, and intersected by creeks and standing pools. Occasionally the soil, composed of dead vegetable fibre, was over his horse's fetlocks; and sometimes he had to dismount and make his way on foot over a quaking bog that shook beneath his tread. In the centre of the morass he came to a great piece of water, six miles long and three broad, called Drummond's Pond, but more poetically celebrated as the Lake of the Dismal Swamp. It was more elevated than any other parts of the Swamp, and capable of feeding canals by which the whole might be traversed. Having made the circuit of it, and noted all its characteristics, he encamped for the night upon the firm land which bordered it, and finished his explorations on the following day. To his wisdom may be traced the subsequent improvements and prosperity of that once desolate region.—*Life of Washington.*

WASHINGTON IN WRATH.

On the 14th of September, 1776, Washington's baggage was removed to King's Bridge, whither head-quarters were to be transferred the same evening; it being clear that the enemy were preparing to encompass him. "It is now a trial of skill whether they will or not," writes Colonel Reed, "and every night we lie down with the most anxious fears for the fate of to-morrow."

About sunset of the same day six more ships, two of them men-of-war, passed up the Sound and joined those above. Within half an hour came expresses spurring to headquarters, one from Mifflin at King's Bridge, the other from Colonel Sargent at Horen's Hook. Three or four thousand of the enemy were crossing at Hell Gate to the islands at the mouth of Harlem River, where numbers were already encamped. An immediate landing at Harlem or Morrisania was apprehended. Washington was instantly in the saddle, spurring to Harlem Heights. The next night, however, passed away quietly.

In the morning the enemy commenced operations. Three ships-of-war stood up the Hudson, "causing a most tremendous firing, assisted by the cannons of Governor's Island, which firing was returned from the city as well as the scarcity of heavy cannon would allow." The ships anchored opposite to Bloomingdale, a few miles above the city, and put a stop to the removal by water of stores and provisions to Dobbs Ferry. About eleven o'clock the ships in the East River commenced a heavy cannonade upon the breastworks between Turtle Bay and the city. At the same time two divisions of troops encamped on Long Island, one British under Sir Henry Clinton, the other Hessian under Colonel Donop, emerged in boats from the deep, woody recesses of Newtown Inlet, and under cover of the fire from the ships began to land at two points between Turtle and Kip's Bays. The breastworks were manned by militia who had recently served at Brooklyn. Disheartened by their late defeat they fled at the first advance of the enemy. Two brigades of Putnam's Connecticut troops (Parsons's and Fellows's) which had been sent that morning to support them, caught the panic, and, regardless of the commands and entreaties of their officers, joined in the general scamper.

At this moment Washington, who had mounted his horse at the first sound of the cannonade, came galloping to the scene of confusion. Riding in among the fugitives, he endeavored to rally, and restore them to order. All in vain. At the first appearance of sixty or seventy redcoats, they broke again without firing a shot,

and fled in headlong terror. Losing all self-command at the sight of such dastardly conduct, he dashed his hat upon the ground in a transport of rage. "Are these the men," exclaimed he, "with whom I am to defend America!" In a paroxysm of passion and despair he snapped his pistols at some of them, threatened others with his sword, and was so heedless of his own danger, that he might have fallen into the hands of the enemy, who were not eighty yards distant, had not an aide-de-camp seized the bridle of his horse, and absolutely hurried him away. It was one of the rare moments of his life when the vehement element of his nature was stirred up from its deep recesses. He soon recovered his self-possession, and took measures against the general peril. The enemy might land another force about Hell Gate, seize upon Harlem Heights, the strong central portion of the island, cut off all retreat of the lower divisions, and effectually sever his army. In all haste, therefore, he sent off an express to the forces encamped above, directing them to secure that position immediately; while another express, to Putnam, ordered an immediate retreat from the city to those heights.—*Life of Washington.*

ISAAKS, JORGE, a Spanish-American poet and novelist; born at Cali, State of Cauca, Colombia, in 1837; died at Bogotá in 1895. His father, an English Hebrew, and his mother, a lady of Spanish blood, both died when he was a child; and he went to Bogotá, and was early identified with the literary interests of that literary little capital. In 1864 he issued a collection of poems; which was so enthusiastically praised that he resolved to devote himself to literature for life. His principal work, *María,* a charming prose-poem of Spanish-American

life, which has been characterized as "a reliquary of pure sentiment," appeared in 1867. This work has been often republished in Colombia, Mexico, and Spain, and has been translated into English. It has been likened to Chateaubriand's *Atala,* to St. Pierre's *Paul et Virginie,* and, for its consummate handling of the element of fatality, to many of the Greek tragedies. Isaaks held a number of important political and educational positions, and was a valuable contributor to reviews and magazines in South America.

MARÍA'S DEATH.

All the woe of her dying messages were dropped, little by little, into my soul. Emma had found her sitting weeping on the stone seat in the garden on the morning after she had written me her last epistle.

"Why have you come alone, María?" she asked. "Why could I not come with you as yesterday?"

"I knew you would have come," she said; "but I longed to be alone. But help me to walk; I am weak."

Then, leaning upon my sister's arm, she came to the rose-bush by my window. She smiled as she looked upon it, and plucking two fresh roses, said: "These, perhaps, are to be the last; but oh! how many buds are left. Farewell, my rose!"—drawing a loaded branch to her cheek—"and you," turning to my weeping sister, "tell him I cared for it as long as I was able."

"Let us not go yet," she said: and came slowly to my window. Then reaching over, she plucked the lilies from the plant she loved. "Tell him," she said, "that it never ceased to bloom. And now let us go."

Stopping beside the brook, and with her head on my sister's bosom, "I would not die," she moaned, "till I might see him here once more."

Quieter and sadder she grew throughout the day; and in the dusk of evening my sister found her leaning from my window. "This night-wind, María," she said, "may do you harm."

"Nothing," she answered, shuddering and drawing Emma to her; "nothing can harm me any more."

"But let us go," said Emma, "to the oratory."

"No, let us stay; I have much to tell you."

"Tell me elsewhere, María. You are frustrating the physician's care; you are not obedient as you were."

"Ah! they know not," she sobbed upon my sister's bosom, "that I am about to die."

"To die! to die! and Efraín almost here?"

"But I shall not see him; I dare not hope to see him. It is terrible, and it is sure; for I feel the symptoms as I have felt them before. Listen now; I leave him all I have that he has ever loved. This locket and ring, his last gift, put away in the little box with his letters. My hair fold up in my blue apron. Never mind" — putting her cold cheek to that of her weeping companion —"I cannot be his wife. Oh, that I might bid him farewell! Fold him to your arms. Tell him how I strove that I might not leave him. Tell him how more than death did I dread his loneliness. Tell him"— she ceased, and sank into my sister's arms. — *From María; translation of* MISS DOROTHEA SHEPPERSON.

ISAURE, CLÉMENCE, a French poet, known as "The Sappho of Toulouse": born in that city in 1464; died there probably in the last year of the century. Ludovico Isaure, her father, died when she was five years old; and she was educated in the seclusion of her home. Raoul, a young troubadour, natural son of Count Raymond of Toulouse, lived near the garden of the lovely Clémence; and, smitten with her beauty and genius, he sang his passion in songs wherein her name was united with his own. The maiden replied with significant bouquets;

and the language of flowers and the language of song were as "deep calling unto deep," when the war against Maximilian called the lover and his father to the battle of Guigenaste, where both were killed. The disconsolate Clémence retired to a convent, and gave herself up to a life of devotion. Before assuming the veil, however, casting about for a fitting memorial of the object of her earthly love, she resolved to devote her fortune to the re-establishment of the long-forgotten floral festival of her native city. Some two hundred years before this, seven persons of rank had invited the troubadours to assemble at Toulouse on May 1, to recite verses for a prize; and thereafter, for a time, the burgesses had carried on the annual festival at the expense of the city. Clémence called together again the chivalrous poets of the *langue d'oc,* gave them her own beautiful *Ode to Spring,* and assigned as prizes for distribution among them the five different flowers, wrought in gold and silver, with which she had replied to the passion of her troubadour. The "Jeux Floraux," thus perpetuated, were brought to a perfection of regularity and splendor by the election, under Louis XIV., of forty members into an academy; which — suspended under the Reign of Terror and reinstated by Napoleon — is now known as the College of the Floral Games. Clémence Isaure was known to her contemporaries as the queen of poetry. She was buried by her townsmen in their church of Notre Dame, where a bronze tablet still remains, surmounted by a beautiful statue, which, having been condemned to be melted down and used for vulgar purposes when she was pronounced an "aristocrat" by the fanatics of 1793, was saved by a trick of the honest artisan to whom the work was assigned.

The poems of Clémence Isaure partake of the plaintiveness of her own mind, which was tinged with a natural melancholy, probably heightened by the loss of her lover. Of the *Dictats de Doña Clamenza Isaure,* published at Toulouse in 1515, it is supposed that only two copies are in existence. It consists of cantos or odes, of which the most finished is entitled *Plainte d'Amour;* and it was by an almost literal translation into modern French of a part of this "love-plaint" that the attention of English and American students of literature was called to the writings of the gentle Toulousan "flower of song."

PLAINTE D'AMOUR.

The tender dove, amidst the woods all day,
Murmurs in peace her long-continued strain;
The linnet warbles his melodious lay,
To hail bright Spring and all her flowers again.

Alas! and I, thus plaintive and alone,
Who have no lore but love and misery, —
My only task — to joy, to hope unknown —
Is to lament my sorrows and to die!

ODE TO SPRING.

Fair season! childhood of the year!
Verse and mirth to thee are dear;
Wreaths thou hast, of old renoun,
The faithful Troubadour to crown.

Let us sing the Virgin's praise,
Let her name inspire our lays;
She, whose heart with woe was riven,
Mourning for the Prince of Heaven!

Bards may deem — alas! how wrong! —
That they yet may live in song:
Well I know the hour will come,

When, within the dreary tomb,
Poets will forget my fame,
Clémence shall be but a name!

Thus may early roses blow,
When the sun of Spring is bright;—
Even the buds that fairest glow
Wither in the blast of night.
—*Translation of* Miss Louisa Stuart Costello.

ISIDORE of Pelusium, Saint, an Egyptian epistolary writer, who lived as a hermit near the town of Pelusium; born at Alexandria between 360 and 390; died about 450. He was one of the closest friends and most celebrated disciples of Chrysostom, whom he defended against the patriarchs of Alexandria, Theophilus, and Cyril. All his extant works are in the form of epistles, of which Suidas says that he wrote no fewer than three thousand, and of which there remain two thousand and twelve. They are written in excellent Greek, in an agreeable florid style. They are exegetical, and occupy a high place as combining the qualities of the Alexandrian and Antiochian schools. The best edition is that of Paris, 1638, in Greek and Latin.

Dr. Heumann, of Göttingen, who wrote a dissertation on the works of this father, has given it as his opinion that most of Isidore's epistles were written to fictitious persons, and thus used as channels for conveying his disquisitions and remarks; and, in Lardner's judgment, Heumann supports his opinion with forcible reasons. Isidore's diction is pure and ele-

gant, and may be reckoned among those examples which attest the wonderful durability of the Greek language and its struggles for life amidst the dying literature of the lower empire."

EPISTOLARY COMPOSITION.

The style of an epistle ought not to be altogether unstudied and unadorned; nor should it be over-polished and exquisite in its diction. The one character is homely and ungraceful; the other is meretricious and affected. It admits a chaste degree of ornament, which is all that is wanted for appearance or effect.— *Letter to Orphelius the Grammarian.*

ORATORY.

The virtues of oratory are these — truth, conciseness, perspicuity, and suitableness to the occasion. The contraries to these are its vices — falsehood, prolixity, obscurity, and unseasonableness. For what will it avail us to be true, if we are not concise, and concise if not clear, and clear if not seasonable? When all these virtues meet in a composition it is then that it is effective, and impressive, and living. It leads the hearers by the force of truth, exercises their thoughts by its brevity, captivates by its perspicuity, and is consummated by its suitableness to the occasion.— *Letter to Nilus.*

ISOCRATES, a Greek orator; born at Athens, 436 B.C.; died 338 B.C. His father was a wealthy instrument-maker of Athens, and he received the best education which Athens could afford; but his weak voice and constitutional timidity prevented him from speaking in public; and he became

a teacher of rhetoric, at first on the island of Chios, and afterward at Athens. After the disastrous defeat at Chæronea, Isocrates, who lacked only two years of being a hundred, committed suicide. Of the orations (written but not delivered by him), twenty-one have come down to us. One of the most notable of these is the *Panegyric of Athens,* which he elaborated with the utmost care. It opens with a eulogium upon Athens and the Athenians of early ages; then recapitulates the glorious achievements of more recent times; and concludes, with what was its main purpose, by urging the Grecian states to lay aside their jealousies and quarrels, and unite in making war upon Persia. In his *Areopagiticus* he urges the Athenians to adopt as their only safeguard the ancient democratic institutions of Solon. In an oration addressed to Philip of Macedon he urges that monarch to put himself at the head of all the Grecian states, and lead them in the invasion of Persia, so that he was, in fact, urging Philip to become the ruler of Greece — the object for which he was secretly plotting.

PANEGYRIC OF ATHENS.

The inhabitants of Greece anciently led a wandering, unsettled life, uncultivated by laws, and unrestrained by any regular form of government. While one part fell a sacrifice to unbridled anarchy and sedition, another was oppressed by the wanton insolence of tyrants. But Athens delivered them from these calamities, either by receiving them under her immediate protection, or by exhibiting herself as a model of a more equitable system of policy: for of all the states of Greece she was the first who established a government of laws, and rendered the voice of equity superior to the arm of violence. This is evident from the first criminal prosecutions, where the punishment was sought for in a legal

manner and not by the decision of the sword. The parties, though strangers, came to Athens, and received the benefit of our laws.

Our ancestors bestowed their attention not merely on the useful arts, but likewise on those which are agreeable. Many of these they invented, others they carried to perfection, and all of them they communicated and diffused. Both their public institutions and the whole system of their private economics were founded on the most liberal and extensive principles. They were adapted to the enjoyments of the rich and the necessities of the poor. The prosperous and the unfortunate found themselves equally accommodated; to the one we offered an elegant retreat; to the other a comfortable asylum.

The commodities of the different states of Greece were different. No one sufficed for itself; but, while it could spare of its own productions, it stood in need of those of its neighbors. This occasioned everywhere a double inconveniency; for they could neither sell what was superfluous, nor purchase what they had occasion for. Athens erects the Piræus: the evil immediately disappears. A trading town is established in the middle of Greece, where the merchandise of all the different countries is brought to market, and purchased at a cheaper rate than on the spot which produced them.

. . . . . .

But I begin to think differently from what I did in the beginning of this discourse. I then imagined that it was possible to speak suitably to the grandeur of the subject; but I am sensible how far I have fallen short of it. Several things have escaped my memory. But do you yourselves consider the advantages of carrying the war into the continent, and of returning into Europe with all the wealth and happiness of Asia. Think it not sufficient for you to hear and to approve of what I have here advanced. Those who possess active talents must vie with one another in effecting a reconciliation between Athens and Lacedæmon. Those who court literary fame must abandon the study of deposits, and others

equally uninteresting; they must pursue the career which I have followed, and endeavor to outstrip me in the race. Let them consider that such as make great professions ought not to stoop to mean objects; that they ought not to employ themselves on inferior matters, which even to prove, would be attended with small advantage; but that, making a proper distinction between the subjects of eloquence, they should select and cultivate those only which, if they succeed in, will establish their own fame, and extend the glory of their country. — *Translation of* GILLIES.

J

JACKSON, Helen Maria Fiske Hunt ("H. H."), an American novelist and poet; born at Amherst, Mass., October 18, 1831; died at San Francisco, August 12, 1885. She was the daughter of Professor Fiske, of Amherst, Mass., and was educated at the Female Seminary of Ipswich in that State. Her first husband, Captain Edward B. Hunt, died in 1863. Mrs. Hunt's earliest writings appeared in various periodicals, over the signature of "H. H." In 1870 she published a volume entitled *Verses,* and an enlarged edition of the same in 1874. Her first prose volume, *Bits of Travel* (1872), was followed by *Bits of Talk About Home Matters* (1873), *Bits of Talk for Young People* (1876), and *Bits of Travel at Home* (1878). In the spring of 1872 she went to Colorado, and three years afterward married W. S. Jackson, of Colorado Springs. Here she became interested in the Indians, and in 1881 she published *A Century of Dishonor,* relating to the dealings of the United States Government with the redmen. This led to her appointment in 1883 as a special commissioner to examine into the condition and needs of the Mission Indians of California. After visiting the different tribes she wrote *Ramona* (1884), a novel

relating to the California Missions. She had previously written two novels in the "No Name" series: *Mercy Philbrick's Choice* (1876) and *Hetty's Strange History* (1877). Besides these works she published *The Story of Boon,* a poem (1879); *The Training of Children* (1882), and several books for young people. *Nelly's Silver Mine* (1878); *Mammy Tittleback and Her Family* (1881), and *The Hunter Cats of Connorloa* (1884). Since her death have appeared *Glimpses of Three Coasts; Sonnets and Lyrics; Zeph,* a novel (1886), and *Between Whiles* (1887).

THE WAY TO SING.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they.
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way.

No messenger to run before,
Devising plan;
No mention of the place or hour,
To any man;
No waiting till some sound betrays
A listening ear;
No different voice, no new delays,
If steps draw near.

"What bird is that? The song is good."
And eager eyes
Go peering through the dusky wood
In glad surprise.

Then late at night, when by his fire
The traveller sits,
Watching the flames grow brighter, higher,
The sweet song flits
By snatches, through his weary brain,
To help him rest;

When next he goes that road again,
And empty nest
On leafless bough will make him sigh:
"Ah me! last Spring,
Just here I heard, in passing by,
That rare bird sing."

But while he sighs, remembering
How sweet the song,
The little bird, on tireless wing,
Is borne along
In other air; and other men,
With weary feet,
On other roads, the simple strain
Are finding sweet.
The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they.
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way.

"NOT AS I WILL."

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still.
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late,
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long:
Yet this one thing I learn to know

Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered stil'
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will;" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will;" the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved me first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfil,
"Not as we will."

CROSSED THREADS.

The silken threads by viewless spinners spun,
Which float so idly on the summer air,
And help to make each summer morning fair,
Shining like silver in the summer sun,
Are caught by wayward breezes, one by one,
And blown to east and west and fastened there,
Weaving on all the roads their sudden snare.
No sign which road doth safest, freest, run,
The wingèd insects know, that soar so gay
To meet their death upon each summer day.
How dare we any human deed arraign;
Attempt to reckon any moment's cost;
Or any pathway trust as safe and plain
Because we see not where the threads have crossed?

OUTWARD BOUND.

The hour has come. Strong hands the anchor raise;
Friends stand and weep along the fading shore,
In sudden fear lest we return no more:
In sudden fancy that he safer stays
Who stays behind; that some new danger lays
New snare in each fresh path untrod before.

Ah, foolish hearts! in fate's mysterious lore
Is written no such choice of plan and days;
Each hour has its own peril and escape;
In most familiar things' familiar shape
New danger comes without or sight or sound;
No sea more foreign rolls than breaks each morn
Across our thresholds when the day is born:
We sail, at sunrise, daily, "outward bound."

JANUARY.

O Winter! frozen pulse and heart of fire,
What loss is theirs who from thy kingdom turn
Dismayed, and think thy snow a sculptured urn
Of death! Far sooner in midsummer tire
The streams than under ice. June could not hire
Her roses to forego the strength they learn
In sleeping on thy breast. No fires can burn
The bridges thou dost lay where men desire
In vain to build. O Heart! when Love's sun goes
To northward, and the sounds of singing cease,
Keep warm by inner fires, and rest in peace.
Sleep on content, as sleeps the patient rose,
Walk boldly on the white untrodden snows;
The winter is the winter's own release.

LIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOPS.

In Alpine valleys, they who watch for dawn,
Look never to the east, but fix their eyes
On loftier mountain-peaks of snow, which rise
To west or south. Before the happy morn
Has sent one ray of kindling red, to warn
The sleeping clouds along the eastern skies
That it is near — flushing, in glad surprise,
These royal hills, for royal watchmen born,
Discover that God's great new day begins,
And, shedding from their sacred brows a light
Prophetic, wake the valley from its night.
Such mystic light as this a great soul wins,
Who overlooks earth's wall of grief and sins,

And steadfast, always, gazing on the white
Great throne of God, can call aloud with deep,
Pure voice of truth, to waken them who sleep.

TIDES.

O patient shore, that canst not go to meet
Thy love, the restless sea, how comfortest
Thou all thy loneliness? Art thou at rest
When, loosing his strong arms from around thy feet,
He turns away? Know'st thou, however sweet
That other shore may be, that to thy breast
He must return? And when in sterner test
He folds thee to a heart which does not beat,
Wraps thee in ice and gives no smile, no kiss,
To break long wintry days, still dost thou miss
Naught from thy trust? Still wait, unfaltering,
The higher, warmer waves which leap in spring?
O sweet, wise shore, to be so satisfied!
O heart, learn from the shore! Love has a tide!

HE FORGOT.

"Darling," he said, "I never meant
To hurt you," and his eyes are wet.
"I would not hurt you for the world.
Am I to blame if I forget?"

"Forgive my selfish tears," she cried,
"Forgive. I knew that it was not
Because you meant to hurt me, sweet.
I knew it was that you forgot."

But all the same deep in her heart
Rankled this thought and rankles yet—
"When love is at its best, one loves
So much that he cannot forget."

TRIUMPH.

Not he who rides through conquered city's gate,
At the head of blazoned hosts and to the sound

Of victor's trumpets, in full pomp and state
Of war, the utmost pitch has dreamed or found
To which the thrill of triumph can be wound;

Nor he who by a nation's vast acclaim
Is sudden sought and singled out alone,
And while the people madly shout his name,
Without a conscious purpose of his own,
Is swung and lifted to the nation's throne.

But he who has all single handed stood
With foes invisible on every side,
And, unsuspected of the multitude,
The force of fate itself has dared, defied
And conquered silently.
And that soul knows
In what white heat the blood of triumph flows.

PATIENCE.

O goddess, born of changeless purpose, wed
To changeless love, upon thy brow the sign
Of two eternities writes thee divine:
Eternity behind, in which no voice has plead
For rest; eternity before, whose tread
Will falter not, nor haste through the long line
Of ages, making all their burdens thine,
And laying in thy bosom all their dead.
O goddess, reach thy sceptre unto me,
The golden sceptre of thy silent smile;
One thing alone I ask, that I may be
Even the least in thy sweet kingdom while
Time is. I can abide, called by thy name,
All lifes, all deaths, without a fear or shame!

ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF.

Dost know grief well? Hast known her long?
So long that not with gift or smile
Or gliding footstep in the throng
She can deceive thee by her guile?

So long that, with unflinching eyes,
  Thou smilest to thyself apart
To watch each flimsy, fresh disguise
  She plans to stab anew thy heart?

So long thou barrest up no door
  To stay the coming of her feet?
So long thou answerest no more,
  Lest in her ear thy cry be sweet?

Dost know the voice in which she says:
  "No more henceforth our paths divide
In loneliest nights, in crowded days,
  I am forever by thy side?"

Then dost thou know, perchance, the spell
  The gods laid on her at her birth —
The viewless gods who mingle well
  Strange love and hate of us on earth.

Weapon and time, the hour, the place,
  All these are hers to take, to choose,
To give us neither rest nor grace,
  Not one heart throb to miss or lose.

All these are hers, yet stands she, slave,
  Helpless before our one behest.
The gods, that we be shamed not, gave
  And locked the secret in our breast.

She to the gazing world must bear
  Our crown of triumphs if we bid;
Loyal and mute our colors wear,
  Sign of her own forever hid.

Smile to our smile, song to our song,
  With songs and smiles our roses fling
Till men turn round in every throng
  To note such joyous pleasuring.

And ask next morn, with eyes that lend
A fervor to the words they say,
"What is her name, that radiant friend,
Who walked beside you yesterday?"

THE SHORE OF NORWAY.

The shore of Norway is a kaleidoscope of land, rock, and water broken up. To call it shore at all seems half a misnomer. I have never heard of a census of the islands on the Norway coast, but it would be a matter of great interest to know if it needs the decimals of millions to reckon them. This would not be hard to be believed by one who has sailed two days and two nights in their labyrinths. They are a more distinctive feature in the beauty of Norway's seaward face that even her majestic mountain-ranges. They have as much and as changing beauty of color as those, and, added to the subtle and exhaustless beauty of changing color, they have the still subtler charm of that mysterious combination of rest and restlessness, stillness and motion, solidity and evanescence, which is the dower of all islands, and most of all of the islands of outer seas.

Even more than from the stern solemnity of their mountain-walled fjords must the Norwegians have drawn their ancient inspirations, I imagine, from the wooing, baffling, luring, forbidding, locking and unlocking, and ever-revealing vistas, channels, gates, and barriers of their islands.

Some lie level and low, with oases of vividest green in their hollows; these lift and loom in the noon or the twilight, with a mirage which the desert cannot outdo. Some rise up in precipices of sudden wall, countless Gibraltars, which no mortal can scale, and only wild creatures with tireless wing can approach. They are lashed by foaming waves, and the echoes peal like laughter among them; the tide brings them all it has; the morning sun lights them up, top after top, like beacons of its way out to sea, and leaves them again at night, lingeringly, one by one; changing them often into the semblance of jewels by the last red rays of its sinking

light. They seem, as you sail swiftly among them, to be sailing too, a flotilla of glittering kingdoms; your escort, your convoy; shifting to right, to left, in gorgeous parade of skilful display, as for a pageant. There are myriads of them still unknown, untrodden, and sure to remain so forever, no matter how long the world may last; as sure as if the old spells were true, and the gods had made them invisible by a charm, or lonely under an eternal curse. At the mouths of the great fjords they seem sometimes to have fallen back and into line, as if to do honor to whomever might come sailing in.— *Glimpses of Three Coasts.*

JACOBI, Friedrich Heinrich, a German philosopher; born at Düsseldorf, January 25, 1743; died at Munich, March 10, 1819. At eighteen he was sent to Geneva to complete his mercantile education, and here he also studied mathematics, medicine, and philosophy. Returning to Düsseldorf he was placed at the head of his father's mercantile establishment; but in 1770 he was appointed Councillor of Finance for the duchies of Berg and Jülich, a position which afforded him leisure to pursue his philosophical studies. He became intimate, personally or by correspondence, with Wieland, Goethe, Herder, Lessing, Richter, Kant, Fichte, and others of the rising men in German literature. Upon the French invasion in 1794 he took up his residence in Northern Germany until 1804, when he was made a member of the newly formed Academy of Sciences at Munich, of which he became President in 1807. Among his writings are two philosophical romances, *Woldemar* (1779) and

Edward Allwill's Briefsammlung (1781). He wrote an *Essay on the Philosophy of Spinoza,* another upon *Idealism and Realism,* in opposition to the teachings of David Hume, an *Attempt to Reconcile the Criticism upon the Reason and the Understanding,* and a treatise upon *Divine Things and their Revelation.* His *Complete Works* were published in 1812–24, in six volumes, to which were subsequently added two volumes of *Letters.*

Jacobi contributed to the religious revival by rallying around him the faithful on the lower Rhine at Düsseldorf. He was a kindred spirit to Hamann. He considered Spinozaism to be the most consistent philosophy; but Spinoza's pantheism seemed to him mere atheism, and through the means of direct perception, feeling, presentiment, and faith, he restored the God whom reason had deprived him of. Later he transferred his sphere of activity to Munich, and drew his disciples mostly from among Roman Catholics. The following extracts are from the translation of F. H. Hedge:

CHRISTIANITY AND PAGANISM.

Every man has some kind of religion: that is, a supreme Truth by which he measures all his judgments — a supreme Will by which he measures all his endeavors. These everyone has who is at one with himself, who is everywhere decidedly the same. But the worth of such a religion and the honor due to it, and to him who has become one with it, cannot be determined by its *amount.* Its *quality* alone decides, and gives to one conviction, to one love or friendship, a higher value than to another. At bottom every religion is anti-Christian which makes the form the thing, the letter, the substance. Such a materialistic religion, in order to be consistent, ought to maintain a material infallibility.

There are but two religions — Christianity and Paganism — the worship of God and Idolatry. A third, between the two, is not possible. Where Idolatry ends, there Christianity begins; and where Idolatry begins, there Christianity ends. Thus the apparent contradiction is done away with between the two propositions — "Whoso is not against me is for me," and "Whoso is not for me is against me."

As all men are by nature liars, so all men are by nature idolators — drawn to the visible and averse to the invisible. Hamann called the body the first-born, because God first made a clod of earth, and then breathed into it a breath of life. The formation of the earth-clod and the spirit are both *of* God, but only the spirit is *from* God; and only on account of the spirit is man said to be made after the likeness of God. . . . Since man cannot do without the letter — images and parables — no more than he can dispense with time, which is incidental to the finite, though both shall cease — I honor the letter, so long as there is a breath of life in it, for that breath's sake.

ON THE PROGRESS OF HUMANITY.

"Is there a progress of humanity in the Good and in Light?" If by Good and Light we understand what the sublimest philosophers of antiquity — Pythagoras and Plato — understood by these terms, then it is my decided opinion that there is no such progress of humanity. I even maintain that these men would not have deserved the epithet of "divine," and that they must have had a very imperfect knowledge of their business, if they supposed that by means of civil institutions, modes of education, by means of scholastic exercise and practice, they could establish a new kind of learning by rote of the internal; that they could gently and gradually, by means of deep-planned mechanism, make Wisdom and Virtue, and their daughter, Liberty, the habit of a nation — nay, of the world — so that men should henceforth not only be able to prefer, but should actually and universally prefer that happiness which is the property

of the person, a quality of the mind, to that which depends on external things, and is a mere state of sensual enjoyment. Folly, Vice, Servitude — and with the last every evil — may be introduced; not Virtue and Liberty. Health is not contagious, like the plague and the yellow-fever. Neither can it be elaborated by art, still less created; for it is original, and comes from the mother's womb firmer or weaker, more perfect or less perfect.

JACOBS, WILLIAM WYMARK, an English humorist and novelist; born at London, September 8, 1863. He was educated at private schools and in 1883 entered the Savings Bank Department of the Civil Service. His publications include *Many Cargoes* (1896); *The Skipper's Wooing* (1897); *More Cargoes* (1897); *Odd Craft* (1900); *Dialstone Lane* (1904), and other humorous stories of sailor life. He has come to be recognized as one of the leading English humorists of modern days.

THE CABIN PASSENGER.

The captain of the *Fearless* came on to the wharf in a manner more suggestive of deer-stalking than that of a prosaic shipmaster returning to his craft. He dodged round an empty van, lurked behind an empty barrel, flitted from that to a post, and finally from the interior of a steam crane peeped melodramatically on to the deck of his craft.

To the ordinary observer there was no cause for alarm. The decks were a bit slippery but not dangerous except to a novice; the hatches were on, and in the lighted galley the cook might be discovered moving about in a manner indicative of quiet security and an untroubled conscience.

With a last glance behind him the skipper descended from the crane and stepped lightly aboard.

"Hist," said the cook, coming out quietly. "I've been watching for you to come."

"Damned fine idea of watching you've got," said the skipper irritably. "What is it?"

The cook jerked his thumb towards the cabin. "He's down there," he said in a hoarse whisper. "The mate said when you came aboard you was just to go and stand near the companion and whistle 'God Save the Queen' and he'll come up to you to see what's to be done."

"*Whistle!*" said the skipper, trying to moisten his parched lips with his tongue. "I couldn't whistle just now to save my life."

"The mate don't know what to do, and that was to be the signal," said the cook. "He's down there with him givin' 'im drink and amoosin' 'im."

"Well, you go and whistle it," said the skipper.

The cook wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. "Ow does it go?" he inquired anxiously, "I never could remember toones."

"Oh, go and tell Bill to do it!" said the skipper impatiently.

Summoned noiselessly by the cook, Bill came up from the forecastle, and on learning what was required of him pursed up his lips and started our noble anthem with a whistle of such richness and volume that the horrified skipper was almost deafened with it. It acted on the mate like a charm, and he came from below and closed Bill's mouth, none too gently, with a hand which shook with excitement. Then, as quietly as possible, he closed the companion and secured the fastenings.

"He's all right," he said to the skipper breathlessly. "He's a prisoner. He's 'ad four goes o' whisky, an' he seems inclined to sleep."

"Who let him go down the cabin," demanded the skipper angrily. "It's a fine thing I can't leave the ship for an hour or so but what I come back and find people sitting all round my cabin."

"He let hisself darn," said the cook, who saw a slight opening advantageous to himself in connection with a dish

smashed the day before, "an' I was that surprised, not to say alarmed, that I dropped the large dish and smashed it."

"What did he say?" inquired the skipper.

"The blue one, I mean," said the cook, who wanted that matter settled for good, "the one with the place at the end for the gravy to run into."

"What did he say?" vociferated the skipper.

"'E ses, 'ullo,' he ses, 'you've done it now, old man,'" replied the truthful cook.

The skipper turned a furious face to the mate.

"When the cook come up and told me," said the mate, in answer, "I see at once what was up, so I went down and just talked to him clever like."

"I should like to know what you said," muttered the skipper.

"Well, if you think you can do better than I did you'd better go down and see him," retorted the mate hotly. "After all, it's you what 'e come to see. He's your visitor."

"No offence, Bob," said the skipper. "I didn't mean nothing."

"I don't know nothin' o' horse racin'," continued the mate, with an insufferable air, "and I never 'ad no money troubles in my life, bein' always brought up proper at 'ome and warned of what would 'appen, but I know a sheriff's officer when I see 'im."

"What am I to do?" groaned the skipper, too depressed even to resent his subordinate's manner, "it's a judgment summons. It's ruin if he gets me."

"Well, so far as I can see, the only thing for you to do is to miss the ship this trip," said the mate, without looking at him. "I can take her out all right."

"I won't," said the skipper, interrupting fiercely.

"Very well, you'll be nabbed," said the mate.

"You've been wanting to handle this craft a long time," said the skipper fiercely. "You could ha' got rid of him if you'd wanted to. He's no business down my cabin."

"I tried everything I could think of," asseverated the mate.

"Well, he's come down on my ship without being

asked," said the skipper fiercely, "and damme he can stay there. Cast off."

"But," said the mate, "s'pose ——"

"Cast off," repeated the skipper. "He's come on my ship, and I'll give him a trip free."

"And where are you and the mate to sleep?" inquired the cook, who was a man of pessimistic turn of mind and given to forebodings.

"In your bunks," said the skipper brutally. "Cast off there."

The men obeyed, grinning, and the schooner was soon threading her way in the darkness down the river, the skipper listening somewhat nervously for the first intimation of his captive's awakening.

He listened in vain that night, for the prisoner made no sign, but at six o'clock in the morning, when the *Fearless,* coming within sight of the Nore, began to dance like a cork upon the waters, the mate reported hollow groans from the cabin.

"Let him groan," said the skipper briefly, "as holler as he likes."

"Well, I'll just go down and see how he is," said the mate.

"You stay where you are," said the skipper sharply.

"Well, but you ain't going to starve the man?"

"Nothing to do with me," said the skipper ferociously; "if a man likes to come down and stay in my cabin that's his business. I'm not supposed to know he's there, and if I like to lock my cabin up and sleep in a fo's'c'le what's got more fleas in than ten other fo'c's'les put together, and what smells worse than ten fo'c's'les rolled into one, that's my business."

"Yes, but I don't want to berth for'ard too," grumbled the other. "He can't touch me. I can go and sleep in my berth."

"You'll do what I wish, my lad," said the skipper.

"I'm the mate," said the other darkly.

"And I'm the master," said the other; "if the master of a ship can stay down the fo'c's'le, I'm sure a tuppeny-ha'penny mate can."

"The men don't like it," objected the mate.

"Damn the men," said the skipper politely, "and as to starving the chap, there's a water-bottle full o' water in my state-room, to say nothing of a jug, and a bag o' biscuits under the table."

The mate walked off whistling, and the skipper, by no means so easy in his mind as he pretended to be, began to consider ways and means out of the difficulty which he foresaw must occur when they reached port.

"What sort o' looking chap is he?" he inquired of the cook.

"Big, strong-looking chap," was the reply.

"Look as though he'd make a fuss if I sent you and Bill down below to gag him when we get to the other end?" suggested the skipper.

The cook said that judging by appearances "fuss" would be no word for it.

"I can't understand him keeping so quiet," said the skipper, "that's what gets over me."

"He's biding 'is time, I expect," said the cook comfortingly. "He's a 'ard looking customer, 'sides which he's likely sea-sick."

The day passed slowly, and as night approached a sense of mystery and discomfort overhung the vessel. The man at the wheel got nervous, and flattered Bill into keeping him company by asking him to spin him a yarn. He had good reason for believing that he knew his comrade's stock of stories by heart, but in the sequel it transpired that there was one, of a prisoner turning into a cat and getting out of the porthole and running up helmsmen's backs, which he hadn't heard before. And he told Bill in the most effective language he could command that he never wanted to hear it again.

The night passed and day broke, and still the mysterious passenger made no sign. The crew got in the habit of listening at the companion and peeping through the skylight; but the door of the state-room was closed, and the cabin itself as silent as the grave. The skipper went about with a troubled face, and that afternoon, unable to endure the suspense any longer, civilly asked the mate to go below and investigate.

"I'd rather not," said the mate, shrugging his shoulders.

"I'd sooner he served me and have done with it," said the skipper. "I get thinking all sorts of awful things."

"Well, why don't you go down yourself," said the mate. "He'd serve you fast enough, I've no doubt."

"Well, it may be just his artfulness," said the skipper; "an' I don't want to humor him if he's all right. I'm askin' it as a favour, Bob."

"I'll go if the cook'll come," said the mate after a pause.

The cook hesitated.

"Go on, cook," said the skipper sharply; "don't keep the mate waiting, and, whatever you do, don't let him come up on deck."

The mate led the way to the companion, and, opening it quietly, led the way below, followed by the cook. There was a minute's awful suspense, and then a wild cry rang out below, and the couple came dashing madly up on deck again.

"What is it?" inquired the pallid skipper.

The mate, leaning for support against the wheel, opened his mouth, but no words came; the cook, his hands straight by his side and his eyes glassy, made a picture from which the crew drew back in awe.

"What's — the — matter?" said the skipper again.

Then the mate, regaining his composure by an effort, spoke.

"You needn't trouble to fasten the companion again," he said slowly.

The skipper's face changed from white to grey. "Why not?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"He's dead," was the solemn reply.

"Nonsense," said the other, with quivering lips. "He's shamming or else fainting. Did you try to bring him round?"

"I did not," said the mate. "I don't deceive you. I didn't stay down there to do no restoring, and I don't think you would either."

"Go down and see whether you can wake him, cook," said the skipper.

"Not me," said the cook with a mighty shudder.

Two of the hands went and peeped furtively down

through the skylight. The empty cabin looked strangely quiet and drear, and the door of the state-room stood ajar. There was nothing to satisfy their curiosity, but they came back looking as though they had seen a ghost.

"What's to be done?" said the skipper, helplessly.

"Nothing can be done," said the mate. "He's beyond our aid."

"I wasn't thinking about *him*," said the skipper.

"Well, the best thing *you* can do when we get to Plymouth is to bolt," said the mate. "We'll hide it up as long as we can to give you a start. It's a hanging matter."

The hapless master of the *Fearless* wiped his clammy brow. "I can't think he's dead," he said slowly. "Who'll come down with me to see?"

"You'd better leave it alone," said the mate kindly, "it ain't pleasant, and besides that we can all swear up to the present that you haven't touched him or been near him."

"Who'll come down with me?" repeated the skipper. "I believe it's a trick, and that he'll start up and serve me, but I feel I must go."

He caught Bill's eye, and that worthy seaman, after a short tussle with his nerves, shuffled after him. The skipper brushing aside the mate, who sought to detain him, descended first, and entering the cabin stood hesitating, with Bill close behind him.

"Just open the door, Bill," he said slowly.

"Arter you, sir," said the well-bred Bill.

The skipper stepped slowly towards it and flung it suddenly open. Then he drew back with a sharp cry and looked nervously about him. *The bed was empty.*

"Where's he gone?" whispered the trembling Bill.

The other made no reply, but in a dazed fashion began to grope about the cabin. It was a small place and soon searched, and the two men sat down and eyed each other in blank amazement.

"Where is he?" said Bill at length.

The skipper shook his head helplessly, and was about to ascribe the mystery to supernatural agencies, when the truth in all its naked simplicity flashed upon him, and he

spoke. "It's the mate," he said slowly, "the mate and the cook. I see it all now; there's never been anybody here. It was a little job on the mate's part to get the ship. If you want to hear a couple o' rascals sized up, Bill, come on deck.

And Bill, grinning in anticipation, went.—*Many Cargoes* (Copyright 1897, by W. W. Jacobs.)

JAMES I., King of England; born at Edinburgh Castle, June 19, 1566; died at Theobald's, London, March 27, 1625. He was the son of Mary Queen of Scots, and her husband, Henry Darnley. About a year after his birth his mother was deposed, and he was proclaimed King of Scotland, under the title of James VI. He was brought up as a Protestant, in charge of the nobles of that party who had come into power. The line of Henry VIII. of England became extinct at the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603, and the Scottish King, who was descended from a daughter of Henry VII., being the next in succession, acceded to the throne of England, under the title of James I. He was a man of considerable learning, and not without a certain kind of talent. At the age of eighteen he wrote a book, partly in verse and partly in prose, entitled *Essays of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poetry.* In 1591 appeared in print *His Maiesties Poeticall Exercises at Vacant Houres.* From time to time he put forth treatises in prose. These were collected and printed in a folio volume in 1616. The principal of these treatises are *Basilicon Doron* (The Royal Gift), designed for the instruction of his son, Prince Henry;

Demonology; Counterblast to Tobacco; The Law of Free Monarchies, and *Defence of the Rights of Kings.* The most important of his labors was the supervision of the present translation of the Bible, which is a lasting monument to his munificence and industry.

SORCERY AND WITCHCRAFT.

The fearful abounding at this time in this country of these detestable slaves of the devil, the witches or enchanters, hath moved me, beloved reader, to despatch in post this following treatise of mine, not in anywise, as I protest, to serve for a show of my learning and imagery, but only moved of conscience, to press thereby, so far as I can, to resolve the doubting hearts of many; both that such assaults of Sathan are most certainly practised, and that the instruments thereof merits most severely to be punished: against the damnable opinions of two principally in our age, whereof the one called Scot, an Englishman, is not ashamed in public print to deny that there can be such a thing as witchcraft; and so maintains the old error of the Sadducees in denying of spirits. The other called Wierus, a German physician, sets out a public apology for all these craftfolks, whereby, procuring for their impunity, he plainly bewrays himself to have been one of that profession.

And for to make this treatise the more pleasant and facile, I have put it in form of a dialogue, which I have divided into three books: the first speaking of magic in general, and necromancy in special; the second, of scorcery and witchcraft; and the third contains a discourse of all these kinds of spirits and spectres that appears and troubles persons.

TO HIS SON PRINCE HENRY.

God gives not kings the style of gods in vain,
For on the throne His sceptre do they sway;
And as their subjects ought them to obey
So kings should fear and serve their God again.

If then you would enjoy a happy reign,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly King,
And from His law make all your law to spring.
If His lieutenant here you would remain,
Reward the just; be steadfast, true, and plain;
Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right,
Walk always so as ever in His sight
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane;
And so shall you in princely virtue shine,
Resembling right your mighty King divine.

JAMES I., King of Scotland; born at Dunfermline about 1394; died at Perth, February 20, 1437. His father was Robert III., the second of the Stuart line; and he became heir to the Crown upon the murder of his elder brother. At the age of about ten it was resolved to send him to France; but the vessel in which he had been embarked was captured by an English cruiser, and the young King of Scotland was detained in a kind of honorable captivity for nineteen years by the English monarchs Henry IV. and Henry V. He was finally set at liberty after the death of Henry V. in 1422; but the English regency (the new king, Henry VI., being an infant) exacted £40,000 as the cost of his maintenance during his long durance. During his detention in England James caught a glimpse of Lady Joanna Beaufort, grand-daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the father of King Henry IV. Upon his release from detention he married Lady Joanna. A conspiracy was formed against him, at the head of which was his own uncle, Walter Stuart, Earl

of Athol, and the King was assassinated thirteen years after his actual accession to the Scottish throne, although he had been nominally king since the death of his father in 1406. While detained in England King James wrote a poem, *The King's Quhair* ("Quire" of paper, *i.e.*, "Little Book"), which was first printed in 1783. It contains about 1,400 lines, and narrates his first sight of and wooing of the Lady Joanna. Two other poems, *Chistis Kirk on the Grene* and *Peblis to the Play,* are also ascribed to King James, although their authenticity is not beyond question. In the following extracts from *The King's Quhair* the spelling is somewhat modernized.

THE GARDEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Bewailing in my chamber thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy;
For-tired of my thought, and woe begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy
To see the world and folk that went forbye,
As, for the time, though I of mirthis food
Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the Towris wall,
A garden fair; and in the corners set
Ane arbour greene, with wandis long and small,
Railed about, and so with trees set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyf was none walking there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the boughis and the leavis green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And mids of every arbour might be seen
The sharpe greene sweete juniper
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis sat
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song. . . .

JAMES, FLORENCE ("FLORENCE WARDEN"), an English novelist; born at Hanworth, Middlesex, May 16, 1857. She was a teacher, governess and actress, and in 1880 began writing a series of popular novels. Her first novel *At the World's Mercy* was well received, but her second book, *The House on the Marsh,* established her reputation in England and the United States. Her subsequent novels include *A Prince of Darkness; A Witch of the Hills; St. Cuthbert's Tower; Ralph Ryder of Brent; Scheherazade; A Woman's Face; Those Westerton Girls; A Spoilt Girl; A Passage Through Bohemia; A Perfect Fool; Kitty's Engagement; The Fog Princess; A Dog with a Bad Name; Our Widow; My Child and I; Pretty Miss Smith; Forge and Furnace; A Sensational Case; The Mystery of Dudley Horne; The Inn by the Shore; A Lady in Black* (1897); *Girls Will Be Girls* (1897); *Dolly the Romp* (1897); *A Very Rough Diamond* (1898); *Morals and Millions* (1899); *Once Too Often* (1900); *A House with a History* (1901); and *The Misrule of Three* (1903).

THE HOME OF THE RAYNERS.

It was not yet seven o'clock and a bright summer evening. A light breeze had sprung up and was swaying the tops of the trees that grew thickly round the house. On the side of the dining-room a mossy lawn stretched from the roots of the trees right up to the French windows. I opened one of these and went out. I had never been in such a beautiful garden before. The grass was soft and springy and well kept; there were no stiff beds of geraniums and verbenas, but under the trees and against the house, and wherever there was a spare corner, grew clumps of Scotch and monthly roses. Canterbury bells, prince's feather, and such simple flowers. The house was built on the very border of the marsh, at the bottom of a hill which sloped down, covered with trees, towards the dining-room side of the house. I made my way round to the front and the moss-grown portico — from here one caught glimpses of the marsh through the thick trees. I followed a grass-path cut through them, facing the front of the house, until I came to the pond which had excited my admiration from the dog-cart. Here the vegetation grew unchecked. The water was half covered with smooth green duckweed and water-lilies, and the reeds and rushes, which grew tall and thick round the margin, had encroached much upon the little sheet of water. The path I had followed was continued through the trees, within a few feet of the pond, to the outer edge of the little wood which enclosed the house and garden; there a few rough steps over the fence connected it with the foot-path along the borders of the marsh, which joined the road at the descent of the hill. This was the short cut by which Mr. Rayner had reached the house before us that afternoon.

I had turned back towards the garden, and was close to the pond, when I heard a low crooning sound which seemed to come out of the ground at my feet. Looking about, I saw sitting among the reeds, at the very edge of the water — so close to it that her little shoes kept slipping in the moist yielding earth — a tiny elfish-looking

child, about two years old, in a dirty white frock and pinafore, with a small pale wrinkled face and thin straight red hair, who rocked herself to and fro and went on with her monotonous chant without seeming at all disturbed by the appearance of a stranger. She only stared at me, without altering her position, when I told her that she must not sit so near the water, or she would fall in and be drowned; but, when I stooped to lift her up, she proved her humanity by screaming loudly and reproaching me in baby language too indistinct for me to understand. I supposed her to be the child of the gardener or of some neighboring cottager, and, not quite knowing what to do with her, I carried her, still screaming, to the house, were I met the servant whom I had already seen.

"I found this child sitting with her feet nearly in the pond!" I said tragically.

"Oh, yes, miss, there's no keeping her away from the pond! She's there pretty nearly all day by herself. Come now, Mona, it's time for you to go to bed. Dirty little girl, look at your pinafore!"

She took the child from me, thankful to have been spared the trouble of hunting and catching the little wild thing, and carried her off, leaving me wondering whether my pupil would be as eerie a creature as her sister. As there was nothing to invite me to stay indoors, I went out again, this time to explore the side of the house which faced the marsh. Here the grass grew untrimmed and rank up to the very walls; and, as I made my way through it, my feet sank from time to time into little unseen pools and swamps, which wetted them up to the ankles after a few steps. However, I went on as carefully as I could, past a tangle of shrubs, yew-trees, and straggling briers, until, pushing aside the low-hanging branches of a barberry-tree, I found myself within a few feet of a window so heavily shaded by gnarled and knotted ivy that for a few moments I did not notice a woman's face staring at me intently through the glass. As soon as I caught sight of the sunken face and large lustreless gray eyes, I knew, by her likeness to the child at the pond that this was Mrs. Rayner. I retreated in as leis-

urely a manner as I could, trying to look as if I had not seen her; for there was something in the eager, hopeless stare of her eyes as mine met them which made me feel like a spy.— *The House on the Marsh.*

JAMES, George Payne Rainsford, an English novelist and historian; born at London, August 9, 1801; died at Venice, May 9, 1860. At the age of fifteen he was sent to France, where he was mainly educated, and where he lived for several years. At seventeen he published anonymously a small volume of Eastern stories, entitled *A String of Pearls.* The first work bearing his name was a *Life of Edward, the Black Prince,* published in 1822. His first novel, *Richelieu,* was published in 1829, although written several years earlier. From that time he was for many years the most prolific of British novelists. He wrote about sixty novels, among the best of which are *Agincourt; Arabella Stuart; Castle of Ehrenstein; Darnley; De L'Orme; Henry of Guise; Henry Masterton,* and its sequel, *John Marston Hall; Mary of Burgundy; Morley Ernstein; Philip Augustus; Rose d' Albret* and *Richelieu.* In 1852 he was appointed British Consul at Norfolk, Va., where he resided until 1858, when he received the appointment of British Consul at Venice. During his residence in America he wrote several novels, among them *Ticonderoga,* and *The Old Dominion,* founded upon American themes. His principal historical works are *Life of Edward, the Black Prince; Chivalry and the Cru-*

sades; Life of Charlemagne, and *Life of Henry IV. of France.*

James was one of the early imitators of Sir Walter Scott. He was a voluminous writer, and his works were quite popular during his life, especially among school-boys, by whom they are still much admired in some parts of England.

ARABELLA STUART AND HER LOVER.

They are alone together; there is no ear to listen but that of Nature; no eye to mark the emotions of their bosoms but His who made them to feel and to enjoy. Have a care, have a care: you are two young and inexperienced beings. Have a care of the gulf that is before you, and stand no longer on the giddy brink. Oh, perilous hour! Why could it not be averted? Why could the words spoken never be blotted out of the records of things done? But it is all in vain to wish or regret. Fate was before them, and hand in hand they went upon the way that led them to destruction.

There had been a long pause, after some words of common courtesy; a pause such as takes place when people feel and know that they are on the eve of things which may affect their whole future life. Arabella was anxious to say something upon matters totally indifferent to them both; but, busy with deeper thoughts, could find no such indifferent topic. Seymour, on the contrary, longed to talk of thoughts and feelings which had rested in his heart unchanged since last he saw her, but hesitated to begin, lest the very first word should alarm her. At length, however, Arabella spoke; for she felt that such long silence might seem to have more meaning than many words.

"It is nearly two years, I think," she said, "since you went to Flanders."

"Fully," he replied; "and a long, dull time it has been."

"Nay," answered the lady, "I think that were I a young man, nothing I should like so much as seeing

foreign lands and strange people. There must be a great delight in watching all their habits, and in the adventures one meets among them."

"When the heart is at ease," replied Seymour; "but mine was not so."

"Indeed!" said Arabella, fixing her eyes upon him; "I should have thought no heart more light."

"Truly, then, you have never seen it," rejoined the young gentleman; "for it is often heavy enough."

"I grieve to hear it," replied the lady, with a look of interest; and then in a gayer tone she added, with that attraction to dangerous subjects which is to woman as the light to the moth. "Come, what weighs it down? Make me your father confessor. Woman's wit will often find a way to attain that which man's wisdom fails to reach."

"Well, then, I will," said William Seymour. "I could not have a fairer confessor, nor one who has more right to assign the penance for my sins. Lady, my heart is heavy from an hereditary disease, which has caused much mischief and much grief among my race already. You may probably have heard of it."

"Nay, never," answered Arabella, with real astonishment. "I have always thought that the very name of Seymour implied health, and strength, and long life. What is this sad malady?"

"That of loving above our station," replied William Seymour. And instantly her face became deadly pale, her frame trembled, and her eyes sought the ground. He proceeded, however.

"This sad ambition," he said, "cost my grandfather nine years' imprisonment, and wellnigh his head; but he, as you know, little cared or sorrowed for what he had suffered, though deeply grieved for the sweet lady on whom their mutual love had brought so severe a punishment."

"And she," replied Arabella looking up, with the color mounting in her cheek, "she grieved for him, not for herself. The Greys were an unfortunate race, however. How strange is the will of God that of two so beautiful and excellent, Jane should perish on the scaffold, and

Catherine waste her best days in prison! Yet, methinks, they must have both been happy in their misfortunes — both suffering for those they loved."

"It was a sad trial and test of affection," said William Seymour.

"Yet one that any woman would take who truly loves," replied Arabella.

"Ay, that is the point," he answered, looking down. "Such love may, to her who feels it, compensate for all suffering; and to him who possess it repay the sacrifice of all — even of life itself. But what must be the fate, lady, of one who loves as deeply as man can love, yet see the object far above his reach, without one cheering hope to lead him on, one cause to think the passion in his own heart has awakened any return in the being for whom he would cast away his life as a gambler does his coin?"

"It must be sad indeed," said Arabella, in a low and hesitating tone. "Sad indeed," she repeated. "But yet, perhaps—" and there she paused, leaving the sentence incomplete, while her color varied as the morning sky as the sun rises in the East.

"Yet such is my fate," rejoined her companion; "such has been the weight upon my heart, which has crushed its energies, quelled its hopes, made the gay scenes of other lands all dull and empty; and even in the field deprived my arm of one-half its vigor. Oh! had the light of happy love been but before me, what deeds would I have accomplished! Arabella," he continued, taking her hand, and gazing in her face, "Arabella!"

She did not withdraw it; but she turned away her head, and with the fair fingers of the other hand chased away a bright drop from her dark eyelashes. It was enough: his arm stole around her slight waist. She did not move. His lips pressed her soft cheek. A gasping sob was her only reply.

"Arabella, Arabella, speak to me!" he said. "Leave me not in this doubt and misery!"

One moment more she remained still and silent; then, starting from his arms, she brushed her hair back from her forehead, with a sad and bewildered look, "Oh, Sey-

mour, spare me! This takes me by surprise. This is unkind. Think, think, of all the risk — the danger — the sorrow——"

"I have thought, beloved," he replied, "through many a long and wearied night, through many a heavy and irksome day. I have paused, and pondered, and doubted, and trembled; and accused myself of base selfishness; and asked myself if I could bring danger, and perhaps unhappiness, on her whom I love far, far, before myself. Arabella, I have sought you not — I never would have sought you. But we have met; and in your presence I am a poor, weak, irresolute creature, powerless against the mastery of the passion in my heart. Rebuke, revile, contemn, tread upon me if you will. I am at your feet to do with me as pleases you."

She shook her head with a sorrowful smile, murmuring, "It is for you I fear." But then, suddenly raising her eyes for a moment, she added, "No, Seymour, no. I will not plunge you in misery or danger. Your bright career shall not be cut off or stayed by me. No, no! it is better not to speak or think of such things. My life may pass cold and cheerless, in the hard bonds of a fate above my wishes; but you must cast off such feelings. You must forget me; and in the end——'

"Forget you, Arabella?" he interrupted —"forget you? You little know the man who loves you. Whether you be mine or another's, I will remember you till life's latest hour."

And he kept his word.

"I will never be another's," replied Arabella. "Fear not that, Seymour. Happily all the interests and all the jealousies of whatever monarch may sit upon the throne of this realm are certain to combine in withholding my hand from anyone. I have no sufficient dower to make me worthy of the suit of princes. The only attraction in their eyes might be some very distant and unreasonable claim to a crown I covet not; and I shall find it no difficult task to persuade the king to refuse this poor person to anyone to whom it might convey a dangerous though merely contingent right. I will live on," she continued, resuming her lighter tone, though

there was ever a certain degree of melancholy running through her gayest moods — "I will live on in single freedom, with a heart perhaps not insusceptible of affection had fate blessed me with a humble station; but one which will never load itself with bringing sorrow and destruction upon the head of another. Nay, Seymour, nay; say no more! I esteem you much; perhaps if out of all the world — but let that pass! Why should I make you share regrets I myself may feel? It is in vain — it is impossible. So utter no further words upon this matter, if you would have my company, for I must hear no more. Come, let us walk out, and talk of other things. We will go watch the rivulet that dances along, like the course of a happy life, sparkling as it goes, to find repose at length in the bosom of that vast, immeasurable ocean, where all streams end. Nay, not a word more, if you love me!"

"I do, I do!" cried Seymour, pressing his eager and burning lips upon her hand. "I do, I do, Arabella, better than anything else upon earth!"

"Well, then, Peace," she said; "Peace, for your sake and mine; for nothing on earth is so hopeless as the love we feel!"

"*We* feel!" The confession was made — the words were spoken; and though Seymour feared to urge her further they sank deep into his heart for the years to come.— *Arabella Stuart.*

JAMES, Henry, an American theologian; born at Albany, N. Y., June 3, 1811; died at Cambridge, Mass., December 18, 1882. He was educated at Union College, studied law in Albany and theology in Princeton. His dissent from Orthodox views led him to quit Princeton at the end of two years, and to go to England, where he continued

theological and philosophical study. In 1839, after his return to the United States, he edited Sandeman's *Letters on Theron and Aspasia,* and in 1840 published a pamphlet entitled *Remarks on the Apostolic Gospel,* in which he asserted the divinity of Christ while denying the doctrine of the Trinity. He at length adopted in the main the theology and social philosophy of Swedenborg, though objecting to all ecclesiasticism. He published *Moralism and Christianity, or Man's Experience and Destiny* (1850); *Lectures and Miscellanies* (1852); *The Church of Christ Not an Ecclesiasticism* (1854); *The Nature of Evil Considered in a Letter Addressed to the Rev. Edward Beecher, D.D.* (1855); *Christianity the Logic of Creation* (1857); *Substance and Shadow, or Morality and Religion in Their Relation to Life* (1863); *The Secret of Swedenborg, Being an Elucidation of His Doctrine of the Divine Natural Humanity* (1869); and *Society the Redeemed Form of Man.* His *Literary Remains* were edited by his son, William James, in 1885.

GOOD AND EVIL RELATIVE.

All natural existence may be classified into forms of use; all spiritual existence into forms of power. Every real existence, whatsoever we rightly denominate a *thing* as addressing any of our senses, is a form of use to superior existence. Every spiritual existence, whatsoever we rightfully denominate a *person* as addressing our interior perception, is a form of power over inferior existence. Thus the vegetable on its material side is a form of use to the animal kingdom, as giving it sustenance; while on its spiritual side it is a form of power over the mineral kingdom, as compelling it into the service of its own distinctive individuality. The animal, again, on its visible or corporeal side is a purely subjec-

tive implication of the human form, while on its spiritual or invisible side it furnishes the creative unity or objectivity of the vegetable world. So man, on his natural side, furnishes a helpful platform or basis to the manifestation of God's perfection, while to the power of his spiritual or individual aptitudes the animal and all the lower kingdoms of nature bear resistless testimony.

But in thus classifying all natural existence into forms of use, and all spiritual existence into forms of power, we must not forget to observe that the use promoted by the one class is never absolutely but only relatively good, nor the power exerted by the other class absolutely but only relatively benignant. That is to say, it is good and benignant not in itself, but in opposition to something else. Thus every natural form is a form of use, but some of these uses are relatively to others good, and some evil. And when we contemplate human nature we find some of its forms relatively accordant with the Divine perfection, others relatively to these prior ones again most discordant; the former exerting a decidedly benignant influence upon whatever is subject to them, the latter exerting a decidedly malignant influence.

This contrarious aspect both of nature and man has given rise, as the reader well knows, to a great amount of unsatisfactory speculation, because men have scarcely known how, apart from the light of Revelation, to shape their speculations into accordance with the demands of the Divine unity. The demand of unity in the Creator is so peremptory and inflexible that the mind utterly refuses in the long run to acquiesce in any scheme of creation which leaves creation divided, or puts the Creator in permanent hostility with any of His works. More than this: The mind not only rejects these puerile cosmologies which leave the Creator at war with His own creature, but it goes further, and insists, by an inevitable presentment of the great philosophic verity, that wherever we find a sphere of life antagonistic with itself, the antagonism is pure phenomenal; *i.e.,* is not final, does not exist for its own sake but only in the interest of some higher unity.

The same rule holds in regard to moral existence,

though the nonsensical pride we feel in ourselves habitually blinds us to the fact. I am not a bad man by virtue of any absolute or essential difference between us but altogether by virtue of the difference in our relation to that great unitary life of God in our nature which we call society, fraternity, fellowship, equality, and which from the beginning of human history has been struggling to work itself, by means of this strictly subjective antagonism, into final perfect and objective recognition; you as a morally good man being positively related to that life; I as a morally evil one being negatively related to it. The needs of this great life — which alone manifests God's spiritual presence in our nature — require the utmost conceivable intensity of human freedom; require, in other words, that man should be spontaneously good of himself, good without any antagonism of evil, infinitely good even as God is good. But clearly if we had had no preliminary acquaintance with imperfect or finite good, good as related to evil, we should be destitute of power to appreciate or even apprehend this higher and perfect good. If we had not first suffered, and suffered, too, most poignantly, from the experience of evil in ourselves as *morally, i.e.,* finitely, constituted, constituted in reciprocal independency each of every other, we should have been utterly unable even to discern that ineffable Divine and infinite good which is yet to be revealed in us as *socially, i.e.,* infinitely constituted, constituted in the closest reciprocal unity of all with each and each with all.— *Substance and Shadow.*

JAMES, HENRY, JR., an American novelist and essayist; born at New York, April 15, 1843. He is a son of the theologian, Rev. Henry James, and was carefully educated in his native city and in Geneva, Paris, and Boulogne-sur-Mer. He studied law for some years at Harvard; but, turning

HENRY JAMES, JR

his attention to literature, he began, in 1865, to write sketches for the magazines. *The Story of a Year,* a tale of the War, was followed in 1867 by a short serial entitled *Poor Richard,* and in 1869 by *Gabrielle de Bergerac.* He went to Europe in 1869, and thereafter made his home in England and in Italy. He published *Watch and Ward* in 1871; and in 1874 he went to America for a few months to write criticisms for the *Atlantic Monthly,* and to publish his volume of *Trans-Atlantic Sketches.* Returning to Europe, he issued serially in 1875 his first extended novel, *Roderick Hudson,* and published a volume of stories, including his *Passionate Pilgrim.* Then followed *The American* (1877); *Daisy Miller* (1878); *An International Episode* (1878); *The Europeans* (1878); *Pension Beaurepas* (1878); *The Diary of a Man of Fifty* (1880); *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881); *The Bostonians* (1886); *The Princess Casamassima* (1886); *The Tragic Muse* (1890); *The Lesson of the Master* (1892); *The Real Thing* (1893); *Terminations* (1895); *Embarrassments* (1896); *The Other House* (1896); *In a Cage* (1898); *The Soft Side* (1900); *The Sacred Fount* (1901); *The Wings of the Dove* (1902); *The Ambassadors* (1903); *The Golden Bowl* (1904), and *The Question of Our Speech* (1905). Among his critical works is a volume of valuable essays on *French Poets and Novelists.* In 1903 he published *W. W. Story and His Friends,* a notable biography. So complete is his mastery of the French language that a story which he wrote for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is said to be considered by the severest French critics as an example of most elegant French. The subject most

frequently treated of in his novels is the contrast between American and European life and manners.

"Henry James," says a writer in the London *Spectator*, "does not give us sketches of the striking features in what he sees of human life and passion so much as finished pictures of the little nooks and bays into which human caprice occasionally drifts when the main current of life's deeper interests has left us for a moment on one side and rushed past us. He does not half-paint what is striking; he prefers, rather, to paint, with wonderful care and precision, what is not striking, or only striking by its contrast with what is usually thought so. Henry James is not so much a novelist as an episodist, if such a term be allowable. But he is a wonderful episodist."

A TYPICAL AMERICAN.

An observer with anything of an eye for national types would have had no difficulty in determining the local origin of this undeveloped connoisseur; and, indeed, such an observer might have felt a certain humorous relish of the almost ideal completeness with which he filled out the national mould. The gentleman on the divan was a powerful specimen of an American. But he was not only a fine American; he was in the first place, physically, a fine man. He appeared to possess that kind of health and strength which, when found in perfection, are the most impressive — the physical capital which the owner does nothing to "keep up." If he was a muscular Christian, it was quite without knowing it. If it was necessary to walk to a remote spot, he walked, but he had never known himself to "exercise." He had no theory with regard to cold-bathing or the use of Indian clubs; he was neither an oarsman, a rifleman, nor a fencer — he had never had time for these amusements; and he was quite unaware that the saddle is recommended for certain forms of indigestion. He was by inclination a tem-

perate man; but he had supped the night before his visit to the Louvre at the Café Anglais — someone had told him it was an experience not to be omitted — and he had slept none the less the sleep of the just. His usual attitude and carriage were of a rather relaxed and lounging kind, but when under a special inspiration he straightened himself, he looked like a grenadier on parade. He never smoked. He had been assured — such things are said — that cigars were excellent for the health, and he was quite capable of believing it; but he knew as little about tobacco as about homœopathy. He had a very well-formed head, with a shapely, symmetrical balance of the frontal and the occipital development, and a good deal of straight, rather dry brown hair. His complexion was brown, and his nose had a bold, well-marked arch. His eye was of a clear, cold gray, and, save for a rather abundant mustache, he was clean-shaven. He had the flat jaw and sinewy neck which are frequent in the American type.

But the traces of national origin are a matter of expression even more than of feature, and it was in this respect that our friend's countenance was supremely eloquent. The discriminating observer we have been supposing might, however, perfectly have measured its expressiveness, and yet have been at a loss to describe it. It had that typical vagueness which is not vacuity, that blankness which is not simplicity, that look of being committed to nothing in particular, of standing in an attitude of general hospitality to the chances of life, of being very much at one's own disposal, so characteristic of many American faces. It was our friend's eye that chiefly told his story; an eye in which innocence and experience were singularly blended. It was full of contradictory suggestions, and, though it was by no means the glowing orb of a hero of romance, you could find in it almost anything you looked for. Frigid and yet friendly, frank yet cautious, shrewd yet credulous, positive yet sceptical, confident yet shy, extremely intelligent and extremely good-humored, there was something vaguely defiant in its concessions, and something profoundly reassuring in its reserve. The cut of this

gentleman's mustache, with the two premature wrinkles in the cheek above it, and the fashion of his garments, in which an exposed shirt-front and a cerulean cravat played perhaps an obtrusive part, completed the conditions of his identity.

We have approached him, perhaps, at a not especially favorable moment; he is by no means sitting for his portrait. But listless as he lounges there, rather baffled on the æsthetic question, he is a sufficiently promising acquaintance. Decision, salubrity, jocosity, prosperity, seem to hover within his call; he is evidently a practical man, but the idea, in his case, has undefined and mysterious boundaries which invite the imagination to bestir itself on his behalf.— *The American.*

JAMES, THOMAS, an English voyager; born at Bristol about 1593; died there about 1635. He was an experienced seaman, a scientific navigator, and a careful observer of phenomena; but about all that is certainly known of him is found in his own account of the Arctic voyages of the *Henrietta Maria,* May, 1631, to October, 1632. This narrative, entitled *The Strange and Dangerous Voyage of Captain Thomas James in His Intended Discovery of the North-West Passage into the South Sea,* is supposed to be the original of Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner.* Some remarkable agreements of thought and expression occur; and it is very probable that the poet had read and been impressed by the captain's story. Frozen up in the ice, the sailors passed a winter of frightful suffering; and many of them sank beneath the hardships of the time. When the day of deliverance came, and the last evening which they

should spend on that cruel coast had arrived, "the sun," he says, "was set, and the boat came ashore for us, whereupon after evening-prayer we assembled and went up to take a last view of our dead; where, leaning upon my arm on one of their tombs, I uttered these lines; which, though perhaps they may procure laughter in the wiser sort, they yet moved my young and tender-hearted companions at that time to some compassion:"

ON MY COMPANIONS LEFT BEHIND IN THE NORTHERN SEAS.

I were unkind unless that I did shed,
Before I part, some tears upon our dead:
And when my eyes be dry, I will not cease
In heart to pray their bones may rest in peace:
Their better parts (good souls) I know were given
With an intent they should return to heaven:
Their lives they spent to the last drop of blood,
Seeking God's glory and their country's good.
And as a valiant soldier rather dies
Than yields his courage to his enemies,
And stops their way with his hewed flesh when death
Hath quite deprived him of his strength and breath,
So have they spent themselves; and here they lie,
A famous mark of our discovery.
We that survive, perchance may end our days
In some employment meriting no praise,
And in a dunghill rot, when no man names
The memory of us but to our shames.
They have outlived this fear, and their brave ends
Will ever be an honor to their friends.
Why drop you so, mine eyes? Nay, rather pour
My sad departure in a solemn shower.
The winter's cold, that lately froze our blood,
Now were it so extreme, might do this good,
As make these tears bright pearls, which I would lay
Tombed safely with you till doom's fatal day;
That in this solitary place, where none

Will ever come to breathe a sigh or groan,
Some remnant might be extant of the true
And faithful love I ever tendered you.
Oh! rest in peace, dear friends, and, let it be
No pride to say, the sometime part of me.
What pain and anguish doth afflict the head,
The heart, the stomach, when the limbs are dead;
So grieved, I kiss your graves, and vow to die,
A foster-father to your memory.

—*From The Strange and Dangerous Voyage.*

JAMESON, ANNA BROWNELL MURPHY, a British critic and essayist; born at Dublin, May 17, 1794; died at Ealing, Middlesex, March 17, 1860. Her father was a painter, and from him she gained a minute acquaintanceship with the technicalities of art. She married Robert Jameson, a barrister, who had a government appointment in Canada, whither she accompanied him. A separation took place, and she returned to England, and commenced her career of authorship. Her principal works are the *Diary of an Ennuyée* (1826); *Loves of the Poets* (1829); *Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns* (1831); *Characteristics of Women*, containing disquisitions on the female characters of Shakespeare, and descriptions of her sojourn in Canada and Germany. Art and artists she has treated in a translation of Waagen's essay on the *Life and Genius of Rubens* (1840); *Handbook to the Public Galleries of Art In and Near London* (1842); *Companion to the Private Galleries of Art in London* (1844); *Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters* (1845); *Memoirs on*

Art, Literature, and Social Progress (1846); *Sacred and Legendary Art* (1848); *Monastic Orders* (1850).

Mrs. Jameson was an earnest laborer for the fuller development of the usefulness and mental culture of the women of England. Her productions display great discrimination, learning, and refinement.

CONVERSATION.

Conversation may be compared to a lyre with seven chords — philosophy, art, poetry, politics, love, scandal, and the weather. There are some professors, who, like Paganini, "can discourse most eloquent music" upon one string only; and some who can grasp the whole instrument, and with a master's hand sound it from the top to the bottom of its compass. Now, Schlegel is one of the latter: he can thunder in the bass or caper in the treble; he can be a whole concert in himself.

ENGLISH PRIDE.

It is this cold impervious pride which is the perdition of us English, and of England. I remember, that in one of my several excursions on the Rhine, we had on board the steamboat an English family of high rank. There was the lordly papa, plain and shy, who never spoke to any one except his own family, and then only in the lowest whisper. There was the lady mamma, so truly ladylike, with fine-cut patrician features, and in her countenance a kind of passive *hauteur,* softened by an appearance of suffering, and ill health. There were two daughters, proud, pale, fine-looking girls, dressed *à ravir,* with that indescribable air of high pretension, so elegantly impassive — so self-possessed — which some people call *l' air distingué,* but which, as extremes meet, I would rather call the refinement of vulgarity — the polish we see bestowed on debased material — the plating over the steel — the stucco over the brick-work!

EDUCATION.

The true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us; to develop, to their fullest extent, the capacities of every kind with which the God who made us has endowed us. Then we shall be fitted for all circumstances, or know how to fit circumstances to ourselves. Fit us for circumstances! Base and mechanical! Why not set up at once a "fabrique d' education," and educate us by steam? The human soul, be it man's or woman's, is not, I suppose, an empty bottle, into which you shall pour and cram just what you like, and as you like; nor a plot of waste soil, in which you shall sow what you like; but a divine, a living germ planted by an Almighty hand, which you may, indeed, render more or less productive, or train to this or that form — no more. And when you have taken the oak sapling, and dwarfed it, and pruned it, and twisted it, into an ornament for the jardinière in your drawing-room, much have you gained truly; and a pretty figure your specimen is like to make in the broad plain and under the free air of Heaven.

. . . . . .

The cultivation of the moral strength and the active energies of a woman's mind, together with the intellectual faculties and tastes, will not make a woman a less good, less happy wife and mother, and will enable her to find content and independence when denied love and happiness.

VENICE AS PAINTED BY CANALETTI, BY TURNER, BY TITIAN, AND AS IT IS.

All the time I was in Venice, I was in a rage with Canaletti. I could not come upon a palace, or a church, or a corner of a canal which I had not seen in one or another of his pictures. At every moment I was reminded of him. But how has he painted Venice? Just as we have the face of a beloved friend reproduced by

the daguerreotype, or by some bad conscientious painter — some fellow who gives us eyes, nose, and mouth by measure of compass, and leaves out all sentiment, all countenance. We cannot deny the identity, and we cannot endure it. Where in Canaletti are the glowing evening skies, the transparent, gleaming waters, the bright green of the vine-shadowed *Traghetto,* the freshness and the glory — the dreamy, aërial, fantastic splendor of this city of the sea? Look at one of his pictures: all is real, opaque, solid, stony, formal — even his skies and water: and is *that* Venice?

"But," says my friend, "if you would have Venice, seek it in Turner's pictures!" True, I may seek it, but shall I find it? Venice is like a dream: but this dream upon the canvas, do you call *this* Venice? The exquisite perfection of form, the wondrous beauty of detail, the clear, delicate lines of the flying perspective — so sharp and defined in the midst of a flood of brightness — where are they? Canaletti gives us the forms without the color or light; Turner the color and light without the forms.

But if you would take into your soul the very soul and inward life and spirit of Venice — breathe the same air — go to Titian. There is more of Venice in his "Cornaro Family" or his "Pesaro Madonna," than in all the Canalettis in the corridor at Windsor. Beautiful they are — I must needs say it. But when I think of enchanting Venice the most beautiful are to me like prose translations of poetry — petrifactions, materialities. "We start, for life is there." I know not how it is, but certainly things that would elsewhere displease delight us at Venice. It has been said, for instance, "Put down the Church of St. Mark anywhere but in the Piazza, it is barbarous;" here, where East and West have met, to blend together, it is glorious.

And again with the sepulchral effigies in our churches — I have always been of Mr. Westmacott's principles and party: always on the side of those who denounce the intrusion of monuments of human pride insolently paraded in God's temple: and surely cavaliers on prancing horses in a church would seem the very acme of such irreverence and impropriety in taste. But here the im-

pression is far different. Oh, those awful, grim, mounted warriors and dogs, high over our heads against the walls of the San Giovanni Paolo, and the Frari! — man and horse in panoply of state, colossal, life-like — suspended, as it were, so far above us, that we cannot conceive how they came there, or are kept there by human means alone. It seems as though they had been lifted up and fixed on their airy pedestals as by a spell. At whatever hour I visited those churches — and that was almost daily — whether morning or noon, or in the deepening twilight, still did those marvellous effigies — man and steed and trampled Turk, or mitred Doge, upright and stiff in his saddle — fix me as if fascinated; and still I looked up at them, wondering every day with a new wonder, and scarce repressing the startled exclamation, "Good heavens! how came they there?"— *Selected.*

JASMIN, JACQUES, a Provençal poet; born at Agen, March 6, 1798; died there, October 4, 1864. His father, a poor tailor, placed him in a seminary to study for the priesthood; but he was expelled for misconduct, and in 1816 he married, and opened a barber's shop. Here he wrote verses, and became famous as the barber-poet of Provence. His *Lou Chaliberi,* a mock heroic, appeared in 1825; and thereafter he wrote innumerable songs and patriotic verses, which appeared in various collections as *Las Papillotos.* His famous *L' Abuglo de Castel-Cuillé* (1836) was translated by Longfellow as *The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé.* A prize extraordinary of five thousand francs was awarded to him by the French Academy in 1852. The recent revival of dialect poetry in Southern France is due in great measure

to the example and success of Jasmin. As "the last of the troubadours," he has won for himself a permanent place in literature.

THE ICE-HEARTED SIREN.

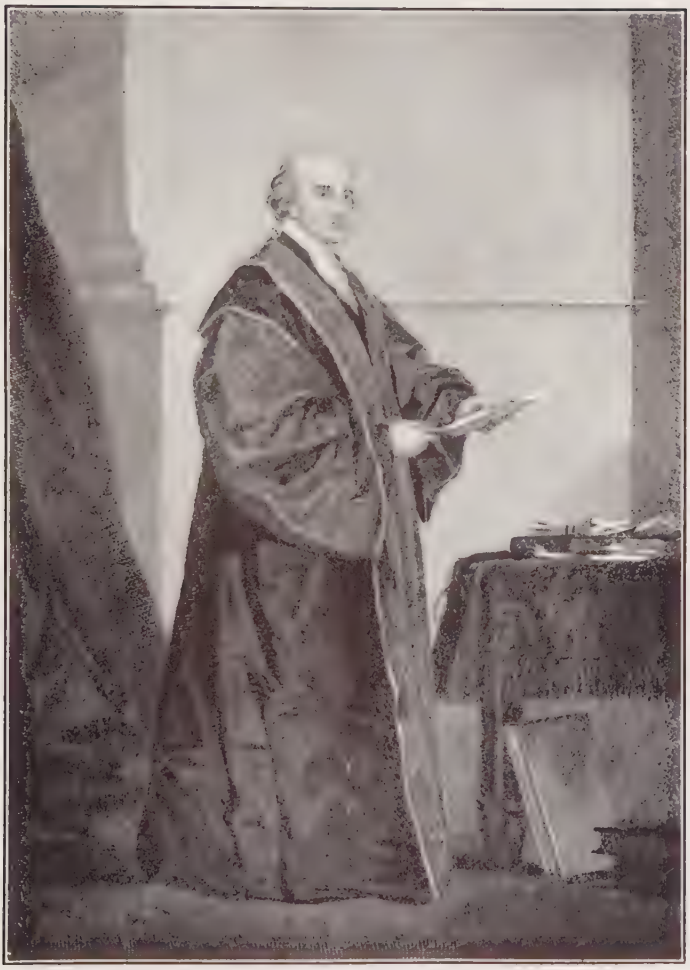
Thou whom the swains environ,
  O maid of wayward will!
O icy-hearted Siren!
The hour we all desire, when
  Thou too, thou too shalt feel.
The gay wings thou dost flutter,
The airy nothings utter,
While the crowd can only mutter
In ecstasy complete
    At thy feet:
Yet hark to one who proves thee
  Thy victories are vain
Until a heart that loves thee
  Thou hast learn'd to love again.

Sunshine, the heavens adorning,
  We welcome with delight;
But thy sweet face returning
With every Sunday morning
  Is yet a rarer sight.
We love thy haughty graces,
Thy swallow-like, swift paces;
Thy song the soul upraises;
Thy lips, thine eyes, thy hair,
    All are fair:
Yet hark to one who proves thee
  Thy victories are vain
Until a heart that loves thee
  Thou hast learn'd to love again.

Thy pet dove in his flitting
  Doth warn thee, Lady fair!
Thee in the wood forgetting,
Brighter for his dim setting

He shines, for love is there.
Love is the life of all:
O answer thou his call!
Lest the flower of thy days fall,
And the grace whereof we wot
Be forgot.
For till great Love shall move thee
Thy victories are vain:
'Tis little men should love thee:
Learn thou to love again!
—*Translation of* HARRIET WATERS PRESTON.

JAY, JOHN, an American statesman and jurist, first Chief-Justice of the United States Supreme Court; born at New York, December 12, 1745; died at Bedford, Westchester County, N. Y., May 17, 1829. He was graduated from Kings (now Columbia) College in 1764; studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1768. He took a prominent part in the measures which led to the war of the Revolution, and in October, 1774, drew up an *Address to the People of Great Britain,* which Jefferson, who did not then know who was the author, declared to be "a production certainly of the finest pen in America." Another important paper by Jay is the "Address of the New York Convention of 1775 to the People of that State." The political career of Jay is intimately interwoven with the history of the country for more than a quarter of a century and until 1800, when he retired from public life. Upon the formation of the Federal Government in 1789, Washington offered him the choice of any public position in his gift. He chose that of Chief-Justice of the United States,



JOHN JAY.

which he, however, soon resigned, and was succeeded by Oliver Ellsworth. Ellsworth resigned in 1799, and Jay was urged, but unsuccessfully, to accept a reappointment. In 1787, when there were grave doubts whether the Federal Constitution would be ratified by the State of New York, Hamilton, Madison, and Jay combined to write a series of newspaper articles to be entitled *The Federalist,* in advocacy of the ratification of the Constitution. It was proposed that Jay should take a leading part in the preparation of these papers. He had, however, furnished only four of these when he received an injury which incapacitated him from going on with his share of the work until the series was nearly completed, when he wrote one more. A large portion of the most important of these papers by Jay has been given in the present work. (See THE FEDERALIST, in Vol. IX.) The *Life and Writings of John Jay* were published in 1833, by his son, William Jay (1789–1858), himself a distinguished jurist and the author of several works.

ADDRESS TO THE NEW YORK CONVENTION, 1775.

Under the auspices and direction of Divine Providence, your forefathers removed to the wilds and wildernesses of America. By their industry they made it a fruitful, and by their virtue a happy, country. And we should still have enjoyed the blessings of peace and plenty, if we had not forgotten the source from which these blessings flowed, and permitted our country to be contaminated by the many shameful vices which have prevailed among us.

It is a well-known truth that no virtuous people were ever opposed; and it is also true that a scourge was never wanting to those of an opposite character. Even the Jews, those favorites of Heaven, met with the frowns whenever they forgot the smiles of their benevolent Cre-

ator. By tyrants of Egypt, of Babylon, of Syria, and of Rome they were severely chastised; and those tyrants themselves, when they had executed the vengeance of Almighty God — their own crimes bursting on their own heads — received the rewards justly due to the violation of the sacred rights of mankind.

You were born equally free with the Jews and have as good a right to be exempted from the arbitrary domination of Britain as they had from the invasions of Egypt, Babylon, Syria, or Rome. But they, for their wickedness, were permitted to be scourged by the latter; and we, for our wickedness, are scourged by tyrants as cruel and implacable as those. Our case, however, is peculiarly distinguished from theirs. Their enemies were strangers, unenlightened, and bound to them by no ties of gratitude and consanguinity. Our enemies, on the contrary, call themselves Christians. They are of a nation and people bound to us by the strongest ties; a people by whose side we have fought and bled; whose power we have contributed to raise; who owe much of their wealth to our industry, and whose grandeur has been augmented by our exertions.

You may be told that your forts have been taken, your country ravaged, and that your armies have retreated: and that, therefore, God is not with you. It is true that some forts have been taken, that our country hath been ravaged, and that our Maker is displeased with us. But it is also true that the King of Heaven is not, like the King of Britain, implacable. If we turn from our sins, He will turn from His anger. Then will our arms be crowned with success, and the pride and power of our enemies, like the arrogance and pride of Nebuchadnezzar, will vanish away. Let a general reformation of manners take place; let universal charity, public spirit, and private virtue be inculcated, encouraged, and practised. Unite in preparing for a vigorous defense of your country, as if all depended on your own exertions. And when you have done all things, then rely upon the good Providence of Almighty God for success, in full confidence that without His blessing all our efforts will inevitably fail. . . .

Rouse, brave citizens! Do your duty like men; and be persuaded that Divine Providence will not permit this Western World to be involved in the horrors of slavery. Consider that, from the earliest ages of the world, religion, liberty, and reason have been bending their course toward the setting sun. The holy Gospels are yet to be preached in these western regions; and we have the highest reason to believe that the Almighty will not suffer slavery and the Gospel to go hand in hand. It cannot, it will not, be.

But if there be any among us dead to all sense of honor and love of their country; if deaf to all the calls of liberty, virtue, and religion; if forgetful of the magnanimity of their ancestors, and the happiness of their children; if neither the examples nor the success of other nations, the dictates of reason and of nature, or the great duties they owe to their God, themselves, and their posterity have any effect upon them; if neither the injuries they have received, the prize they are contending for; the future blessings or curses of their children; the applause or the reproach of all mankind; the approbation or displeasure of the Great Judge, or the happiness or misery consequent upon their conduct, in this and a future state, can move them — then let them be assured that they deserve to be slaves, and are entitled to nothing but anguish and tribulation. Let them banish from their remembrance the reputation, the freedom, and the happiness they have inherited from their forefathers. Let them forget every duty, human and divine; remember not that they have children; and beware how they call to mind the justice of the Supreme Being. Let them go into captivity, like the idolatrous and disobedient Jews, and be a reproach and a by-word among the nations.

But we think better things of you. We believe and are persuaded that you will do your duty like men, and cheerfully refer your cause to the great and righteous Judge. If success crown your efforts, all the blessings of freemen will be your reward. If you fall in the contest, you will be happy with God in Heaven.

JAYADEVA, a Hindu poet, variously supposed to have lived in the twelfth and fifteenth centuries; his birthplace, Kenduli, has been placed in Kalinga, in Burdwan, and in the Ganges territory. His only extant poem, the *Gitagovinda,* in honor of Govinda, that is, Krishna, is a kind of pastoral in which the loves of young Krishna the cowherd and his Râdha are powerfully described. This poem has always been greatly admired among the Hindus and a favorite subject of fanciful and mystical interpretation. Sir William Jones introduced it to English readers by the publication of a translation in his *Asiatic Researches;* and Sir Edwin Arnold's translation, while not so strictly literal as those in prose, is in itself most exquisite poetry.

"Centuries have rolled away," writes the Hindu, Romesh Chunder Dutt, "since the death of Jayadeva; yet to the present day an annual fair is held at Kenduli by the Vaishnavas in memory of the departed poet. At this fair, fifty or sixty thousand men assemble round the tomb of Jayadeva for worship, and the Vaishnavas still sing of the amours of Krishna and Râdha immortalized in the *Gitagovinda.*" Another Oriental critic writes: "Whatever is delightful in the modes of music, exquisite in the sweet art of love, graceful in the strains of poetry — all that let the happy and wise learn from Jayadeva.

GOVINDA'S FOLLY.

See, Lady! how thy Krishna passes the idle hours
Decked forth in fold of woven gold, and crowned with
forest flowers;

And scented with the sandal, and gay with gems of price —
Rubies to mate his laughing lips, and diamonds like his eyes,—
In the company of damsels, who dance and sing and play,
Lies Krishna laughing, toying, dreaming his Spring away.
—*From the Gitagovinda;* ARNOLD'S *translation.*

RÂDHA'S SORROW

O, gale scented with sandal, who breathest love from the regions of the south, be propitious but for a moment: when thou hast brought my beloved before my eyes thou mayest freely waft away my soul! Love, with eyes like blue water-lilies, again assails me and triumphs, and while the perfidy of my beloved rends my heart, my female friend is my foe, the cool breeze scorches me like a flame, and the nectar-dropping moon is my poison. Bring disease and death, O! gale of Malaya! seize my spirit, O! god with five arrows! I ask not mercy from thee: no more will I dwell in the cottage of my father. Receive me into thy azure waves, O! sister Yamuna, that the ardor of my heart may be allayed!—*From the Gitagovinda;* JONES' *translation.*

JEFFERIES, RICHARD, an English essayist and novelist; born at Swindon, Wiltshire, November 6, 1848; died at Goring, Essex, August 14, 1887. In 1876 he attracted attention by a notable nature book, *The Gamekeeper at Home.* He then published *Wild Life in a Southern County* (1879); *Round About a Great Estate* (1880); *Green Fern Farm,* a novel (1880); *The Life of the Fields* (1881); *Wood Magic* (1881); *Bevis,* a novel (1882); *The Open Air*

(1882); *The Amateur Poacher* (1883); *The Story of My Heart* (1883); *Hodge and His Masters* (1884); *Red Deer* (1884); *After London* (1885); *Amaryllis at the Fair* (1887); *Field and Hedgerow* (1887).

E. V. Lucas in writing an introduction to a later edition of Bevis, says:

BEVIS.

I know no other boys' book by a man of genius which so eliminates direct adult influence as does this. Bevis's parents are the merest shadows (as parents ought to be in such works); Mark's practically do not exist. *Bevis* is a long and eloquent, and, I think, successful argument in favor of the wisdom of leaving boys to themselves, and allowing independence and self-reliance to oust for the time being school books and tutors. Throughout the latter half of the story one notes the gradual strengthening of character in the boys as they attempt more and more, unaided and of their own initiative. The Bevis of the end of the book is a very much finer boy than the Bevis of Chapter VII., although only a few weeks have elapsed. But in those weeks he had done much. As a book for boys *Bevis*, I think, stands alone in its blend of joy in the open air, sympathetic understanding of boy nature, and most admirable writing. . . . *Bevis* always rings true in its zest in life and in its natural history, and most always in its psychology. . . . *Bevis* has other value than that of mere entertainment. It tells us much not only of boy nature in general, but of boy nature in particular — that is to say, of Richard Jefferies.

A EULOGY OF JEFFERIES.

"Go," said the Voice which dismisses the soul on its way to inhabit an earthly frame. "Go; thy lot shall be to speak of trees, from the cedar even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; and of beasts also, and of fowls, and of fishes. All thy ways shall be ordered for thee, so that thou shalt learn to speak of these things as

no man ever spoke before. Thou shalt rise into great honor among men. Many shall love to hear thy voice above all the voices of those who speak. This is a great gift. Thou shalt also enjoy the tender love of wife and children. Yet the things which men desire most — riches, rank, independence, ease, health, and long life — these are denied to thee. Thou shalt be always poor; thou shalt live in humble places; the goad of necessity shall continually prick thee to work when thou wouldst meditate; to write when thou wouldst walk forth to observe. Thou shalt never be able to sit down to rest; thou shalt be afflicted with grievous plaguy diseases; and thou shalt die when little more than half the allotted life of man is past. Go, therefore. Be happy with what is given, and lament not over what is denied.—*Sir Walter Besant.*

THE STORY OF MY HEART.

The story of my heart commences seventeen years ago. In the glow of youth there were times every now and then when I felt the necessity of a strong inspiration of soul-thought. My heart was dusty, parched for want of the rain of deep feeling; my mind arid and dry, for there is a dust which settles on the heart as well as that which falls on a ledge.

There was a hill to which I used to resort at such periods. The labour of walking three miles to it, all the while gradually ascending, seemed to clear my blood of the heaviness accumulated at home. On a warm summer day the slow continued rise required continual effort, which carried away the sense of oppression. The familiar everyday scene was soon out of sight; I came to other trees, meadows, and fields; I began to breathe a new air and to have a fresher aspiration.

Moving up the sweet short turf, at every step my heart seemed to obtain a wider horizon of feeling; with every inhalation of rich pure air, a deeper desire. The very light of the sun was whiter and more brilliant here. By the time I had reached the summit I had entirely forgotten the petty circumstances and the annoyances of existence. I felt myself, myself. There was an intrenchment on the

summit, and going down into the fosse I walked round it slowly to recover breath. On the south-western side there was a spot where the outer bank had partially slipped, leaving a gap. There the view was over a broad plain, beautiful with wheat, and enclosed by a perfect amphitheatre of green hills. Through these hills there was one narrow groove, or pass, southwards, where the white clouds seemed to close in the horizon. Woods hid the scattered hamlets and farmhouses, so that I was quite alone.

Sometimes on lying down on the sward I first looked up at the sky, gazing for a long time till I could see deep into the azure and my eyes were full of the color; then I turned my face to the grass and thyme, placing my hands at each side of my face so as to shut out everything and hide myself. Having drunk deeply of the heaven above and felt the most glorious beauty of the day, and remembering the old, old sea, which (as it seemed to me) was but just yonder at the edge, I now became lost, and absorbed into the being or existence of the universe. I felt down deep into the earth under, and high above into the sky, and farther still to the sun and stars. Still farther beyond the stars into the hollow of space, and losing thus my separateness of being came to seem like a part of the whole. Then I whispered to the earth beneath, through the grass and thyme, down into the depth of its ear, and again up to the starry space hid behind the blue of day. Traveling in an instant across the distant sea, I saw as if with actual vision the palms and cocoanut trees, the bamboos of India, and the cedars of the extreme south. Like a lake with islands the ocean lay before me, as clear and vivid as the plain beneath in the midst of the amphitheatre of hills.

Sometimes I went to a deep, narrow valley in the hills, silent and solitary. The sky crossed from side to side, like a roof supported on two walls of green. Sparrows chirped in the wheat at the verge above, their calls falling like the twittering of swallows from the air. There was no other sound. The short grass was dried grey as it grew by the heat; the sun hung over the narrow vale as if it had been put there by hand. Burning, burning, the

sun glowed on the sward at the foot of the slope where these thoughts burned into me. How many, many years, how many cycles of years, how many bundles of cycles of years had the sun glowed down thus on that hollow? Since it was formed how long? Since it was worn and shaped, groove-like, in the flanks of the hills by mighty forces which had ebbed. Alone with the sun which glowed on the work when it was done, I saw back through space to the old time of tree-ferns, of the lizard flying through the air, the lizard-dragon wallowing in sea foam, the mountainous creatures, twice-elephantine, feeding on land; all the crooked sequence of life. The dragon-fly which passed me traced a continuous descent from the fly marked on stone in those days. The immense time lifted me like a wave rolling under a boat; my mind seemed to raise itself as the swell of the cycles came; it felt strong with the power of the ages.

It happened just afterwards that I went to Pevensey, and immediately the ancient wall swept my mind back seventeen hundred years to the eagle, the pilum, and the short sword. The grey stones, the thin red bricks laid by those whose eyes had seen Cæsar's Rome, lifted me out of the grasp of house-life, of modern civilization, of those minutiæ which occupy the moment. The grey stone made me feel as if I had existed from then till now, so strongly did I enter into and see my own life as if reflected. My own existence was focussed back on me; I saw its joy, its unhappiness, its birth, its death, its possibilities among the infinite, above all its yearning Question. Why? Seeing it thus clearly, and lifted out of the moment by the force of seventeen centuries, I recognized the full mystery and the depth of things in the roots of the dry grass on the wall, in the green sea flowing near. Is there anything I can do? The mystery and the possibilities are not in the roots of the grass, nor is the depth of things in the sea; they are in my existence, in my soul. The marvel of existence, almost the terror of it, was flung on me with crushing force by the sea, the sun shining, the distant hills. With all their ponderous weight they made me feel myself; all the time, all the centuries made me feel myself this moment a hundred-fold. I determined that I would

endeavour to write what I had so long thought of, and the same evening put down one sentence. There the sentence remained two years. I tried to carry it on; I hesitated because I could not express it: nor can I now, though in desperation I am throwing these rude stones of thought together, rude as those of the ancient wall.

There was grass-grown tumuli on the hills to which of old I used to walk, sit down at the foot of one of them, and think. Some warrior had been interred there in the ante-historic times. The sun of the summer morning shone on the dome of sward, and the air came softly up from the wheat below, the tips of the grasses swayed as it passed sighing faintly, it ceased, and the bees hummed by to the thyme and heathbells. I became absorbed in the glory of the day, the sunshine, the sweet air, the yellowing corn turning from its sappy green to summer's noon of gold, the lark's song like a waterfall in the sky. I felt at that moment that I was like the spirit of the man whose body was interred in the tumulus; I could understand and feel his existence the same as my own.

Sweetly the summer air came up to the tumulus, the grass sighed softly, the butterflies went by, sometimes alighting on the green dome. Two thousand years! Summer after summer the blue butterflies had visited the mound, the thyme had flowered, the wind sighed in the grass. The azure morning had spread its arms over the low tomb; and full glowing noon burned on it; the purple of sunset rosied the sward. Stars, ruddy in the vapor of the southern horizon, beamed at midnight through the mystic summer night, which is dusky and yet full of light. White mists swept up and hid it; dews rested on the turf; tender harebells drooped; the wings of the finches fanned the air — finches whose colors faded from the wings how many centuries ago! Brown autumn dwelt in the woods beneath; the rime of winter whitened the beech clump on the ridge; again the buds came on the wind-blown hawthorn bushes, and in the evening the broad constellation of Orion covered the east. Two thousand times! Two thousand times the woods grew green, and ring-doves built their nests. Day and night for two thousand years

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS RIP VAN WINKLE.

— light and shadow sweeping over the mound — two thousand years of labor by day and slumber by night. Mystery gleaming in the stars, pouring down in the sunshine, speaking in the night, the wonder of the sun and of far space, for twenty centuries round about this low and green-grown dome.

My soul has never been, and never can be, dipped in time. Time has never existed, and never will; it is a purely artificial arrangement. It is eternity now, it always was eternity, and always will be. By no possible means could I get into time if I tried. I am in eternity now and must there remain. Haste not, be at rest, this Now is eternity. Because the idea of time has left my mind — if ever it had any hold on it — to me the man interred in the tumulus is living now as I live. We are both in eternity.—*From The Story of My Heart.*

JEFFERSON, Joseph, an American actor; born at Philadelphia, February 20, 1829; died at Palm Beach, Fla., April 23, 1905. At three years of age he appeared as a child in the play of *Pizarro, or the Death of Rolla.* His "Asa Trenchard," in *Our American Cousin,* brought him repute; his best-known characters, however, are "Bob Acres" and "Rip Van Winkle." As an author he is known for his frank and charming *Autobiography,* which appeared in 1890. In 1895 he published for the first time the book of *Rip Van Winkle.*

"It is not easy for one who knew Jefferson," writes one of his old friends, "to write of his work without referring to the rare beauty and gentleness of his character as a man; and his book recalls his personal characteristics at every page. The varied

career of the actor and the ripe experiences of the man of the world are told with that frankness and purity of youth which he has preserved through life. The mirth of 'Rip Van Winkle' and the pathos of 'Caleb Plummer' will be found side by side in the pages of his *Autobiography*. Colley Cibber's *Apology* has long been regarded as the Bible of stage literature; but henceforth it will take its place as the 'old' Bible, while Joseph Jefferson's *Autobiography* will be the New Testament of stage life, with its spirit of charity, peace, and good-will."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

And now I must end my life, not "with a bare bodkin," but with a harmless goose-quill; and however painful the suicide may be to me, it is satisfaction to know that with the same blow I have put an end to the sufferings of my readers. Besides, an extended sojourn here, either in a literary or a personal state, may after all be of little moment. Seneca says, when writing to his friend Lucilius on this matter, "Life is like a play upon the stage; it signifies not how long it lasts, but how well it is acted. Die when or where you will, think only on making a good exit."

In Louisiana the live-oak is the king of the forest and the magnolia is its queen, and there is nothing more delightful to one who is fond of the country than to sit under them on a clear, calm spring morning like this. The old limbs twine themselves in fantastic forms, the rich yellow foliage mantles the trees with a sheen of gold, and from beneath the leaves the gray moss is draped, hanging in graceful festoons and swaying slowly in the gentle air. I am listening to the merry chirp of the tuneful cardinal as he sparkles like a ruby amid the green boughs, and to the more glorious melody of the mocking-bird. Now in the distance comes the solemn cawing of two crafty crows; they are far apart; one sits on the high branch of a dead cypress, while his cautious

mate is hidden away in some secluded spot; they jabber to each other as though they held a conference of deep importance; he on the high limb gives a croak as though he made a signal to his distant mate, and here she comes out of the dense wood and lights quite near him on the cypress branch; they sidle up to each other and lay their wise old heads together, now seeming to agree upon a plan of action: with one accord they flutter from the limb and slowly flap themselves away.

I am sitting upon the fragment of a broken wheel; the wood is fast decaying, and the iron cogs are rusting in their age. It is as old as I am but will last much longer. Most likely it belonged to some old mill, and has been here in idleness through the generations of the crows; it must have done good service in its day; and if it were a sentient wheel perhaps would feel the comfort in old age of having done its duty.

Over my head the gray arms of two live-oaks stretch their limbs, and looking down into the ravine I see the trees are arched, as though they canopied the aisle of a cathedral; and doubtless they stood here before the builder of the mill was born. Behind a fallen tree there stands another, and on the trunk, from where I sit, I plainly see the initials of my wife's name, cut there by me on some romantic birthday many years ago. We live here still and it is legally recorded in the archives of the parish that this place now belongs to us, and so it does, just as it did to the man that bought the mill.

And yet we are but tenants. Let us assure ourselves of this, and then it will not be so hard to make room for the new administration, for shortly the great Landlord will give us notice that our lease has expired.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Characters.

RIP VAN WINKLE . . . . .

DERRICK VON BEEKMAN. . . *The Villain of the Play, who endeavors to get* RIP *drunk, in order to have him sign away his property to* VON BEEKMAN.

NICK VEDDER . . . . . *The Village Innkeeper.*
GRETCHEN . . . . . RIP'S *Wife.*
MEENIE . . . . . *His Daughter.*
CHILDREN.

SCENE.— *The Village Inn.*

Present, VON BEEKMAN, *alone.*
Enter RIP, *shaking off the* CHILDREN, *who cling about him like flies to a lump of sugar.*

PART I.

Rip [*to the* CHILDREN]. Say! hullo, dere, du Yacob Stein! du kleine spitzboob. Let dat dog Schneider alone, will you? Dere, I tole you dat all de time, if you don'd let him alone he's goin' to bide you! Why, hullo, Derrick! how you was? Ach, my! Did you hear dem liddle fellers just now? Dey most plague me crazy. Ha, ha, ha! I like to laugh my outsides in every time I tink about it. Just now, as we was comin' along togedder, Schneider und me — I don'd know if you know Schneider, myself? Well, he's my dog. Well, dem liddle fellers, dey took Schneider, und — ha, ha, ha! — dey — ha, ha! — dey *tied a tin kettle mit his tail!* Ha, ha, ha! My gracious! of you had seen dat dog run! My, how scared he was! Vell, he was a-runnin' an' de kettle was a-bangin', an' — ha, ha, ha! you believe it, dat dog, he run right *betwixt me an' my legs!* Ha, ha, ha! He spill me und all dem liddle fellers down in de mud togedder. Ha, ha, ha!

Von Beekman. Ah, yes, that's all right, Rip, very funny, very funny; but what do you say to a glass of liquor, Rip?

Rip. Well, now, Derrick, what do I generally say to a glass? I generally say it's a good ting, don'd I? Und I generally say a good deal more to what is *in* it, dan to de glass.

Von B. Certainly, certainly! Say, hallo, there! Nick Vedder, bring out a bottle of your best!

Rip. Dat's right — fill 'em up. You wouldn't believe

it, Derrick, but dat is the first one I have had to-day. I guess maybe de reason is, I couldn't got it before. Ah, Derrick, my score is too big! Well, here is your good health und your family's — may they all live long und prosper. [*They drink.*] Ach! you may well smack your lips, und go ah, ah! over *dat* liquor. You don'd give me such liquor like dat every day, Nick Vedder. Well, come on, fill 'em up again. Git out mit dat water, Nick Vedder; I don'd want no water in my liquor. Good liquor und water, Derrick, is just like man und wife, *dey don'd agree well togedder* — dat's me und *my* wife, anyway. Well, come on again. Here is your good health und your family's, und may dey all live long und prosper!

Nick Vedder. That's right, Rip; drink away, and "drown your sorrows in the flowing bowl."

Rip. Drown my sorrows? Ya, dat's all very well, but *she don'd drown.* My wife is my sorrow und you can't drown her; she tried it once, but she couldn't do it. What, didn't you hear about dat, de day what Gretchen she like to got drownded? Ach, my; dat's the funniest ting in de world. I'll tell you all about it. It was de same day what we got married. I bet you I don'd forgot *dat* day so long what I live. You know dat Hudson River what dey git dem boats over — well, dat's de same place. Well, you know dat boat what Gretchen she was a-goin' to come over in, dat got *upsetted* — ya, just went righd by der boddom. *But she wasn't in de boat.* Oh, no; if she had been in de boat, well, den, maybe she might have got drownded. You can't tell anyting at all about a ting like dat!

Von B. Ah, no; but I'm sure, Rip, if Gretchen were to fall into the water now, you would risk your life to save her.

Rip. Would I? Well, I am not so sure about dat myself. When we was first got married? Oh, ya; I know I would have don it den, but I don'd know how it would be now. But it would be a good deal more my duty now as it was den. Don'd you know, Derrick, when a man gits married a long time — mit his wife, he gits a good deal attached mit her, und it would be a good deal more my duty now as it was den. But I don'd know, Derrick.

I am afraid if Gretchen should fall in de water now und should say, "Rip, Rip! help me oud" — I should say, "Mrs. Van Winkle, I will just go home und tink about it." Oh, no, Derrick; if Gretchen fall in de water now she's got to swim, I told you dat — ha, ha, ha, ha! Hullo! dat's her a-comin' now; I guess it's bedder I go oud! [*Exit* RIP.

PART II.

Shortly after his conversation with VON BEEKMAN, RIP'S WIFE *catches him carousing and dancing upon the village green with the pretty girls. She drives him away in no very gentle fashion, and he runs away from her only to go and get drunker than before. Returning home after nightfall in a decidedly muddled condition, he puts his head through the open window at the rear, not observing his irate wife, who stands in ambush behind the clothes-bars with her ever-ready broomstick, to give him a warm reception; but seeing only his little daughter Meenie, of whom he is very fond, and who also loves him very tenderly,* RIP *says:*

Meenie! Meenie, my darlin'!

Meenie. Hush-sh-h. [*Shaking finger, to indicate the presence of her mother.*]

Rip. Eh! what's de matter? I don'd see noting, my darlin'.

Meenie. 'Sh-sh-sh!

Rip. Eh! what? Say, Meenie, is de old wild cat home? [GRETCHEN *catches him quickly by the hair.*] Oh, oh! say, is dat you, Gretchen? Say, dere, my darlin', my angel, don'd do dat. Let go my head, won'd you? Well, den, hold on to it so long what you like. [GRETCHEN *releases him.*] Dere, now, look at dat, see what you don — you gone pull out a whole handful of hair. What you want to do a ting like dat for? You must want a bald-headed husband, don'd you?

Gretchen. Who was that you called a wild cat? .. ..

Rip. Who was dat I call a wild cat? Well, now, let

me see, who was dat I call a wild cat? Dat must a' been de same time I came in de winder dere, wasn't it? Yes, I know, it was de same time. Well, now, let me see. [*Suddenly.*] It was de dog Schneider dat I call it.

Gretchen. The dog Schneider? That's a likely story.

Rip. Why, of course it is a likely story — ain't he my dog? Well, den, I call him a wild cat just so much what I like, so dere now. [GRETCHEN *begins to weep.*] Oh, well; dere, now, don'd you cry, don'd you cry, Gretchen; you hear what I said? Lisden now. If you don'd cry, I nefer drink anoder drop of liquor in my life.

Gretchen [*crying*]. Oh, Rip! you have said so so many, many times, and you never kept your word yet.

Rip. Well, I say it dis time, und I mean it.

Gretchen. Oh, Rip! if I could only trust you.

Rip. You musn't *suspect* me. Can't you see repentance in my eye?

Gretchen. Rip, if you will only keep your word I shall be the happiest woman in the world.

Rip. You can believe it. I nefer drink anoder drop so long what I lif, if you don'd cry.

Gretchen. Oh, Rip, how happy we shall be! And you'll get back all the village, Rip, just as you used to have it; and you'll fix up our little house so nicely; and you and I, and our darling little Meenie, here — how happy we shall be!

Rip. Dere, dere, now! you can be just so happy what you like. Go in de odder room, go long mit you; I come in dere pooty quick. [*Exit* GRETCHEN *and* MEENIE.] My! I swore off fon drinkin' so many, many times, and I never kep' my word yet. [*Taking out a bottle.*] I don'd believe dere is more as one good drink in dat bottle, anyway. It's a pity to waste it! You goin' to drink dat? Well, now, if you do, it is de last one, remember dat, old feller. Well, here is your goot held, und —

Enter GRETCHEN *suddenly, who snatches the bottle from him.*

Gretchen. Oh, you brute! you paltry thief!

Rip. Hold on dere, my dear, you will spill de liquor.

Gretchen. Yes, I *will* spill it, you drunken scoundrel!

[*Throwing away the bottle.*] That's the *last drop* you ever drink *under this roof.*

Rip [*slowly, after a moment's silence, as if stunned by her severity*]. Eh! what?

Gretchen. Out, I say! you drink no more here.

Rip. What? Gretchen, are you goin' to drive me away?

Gretchen. Yes! Acre by acre, foot by foot, you have sold everything that ever belonged to you for liquor. Thank Heaven this house is mine, and you can't sell it.

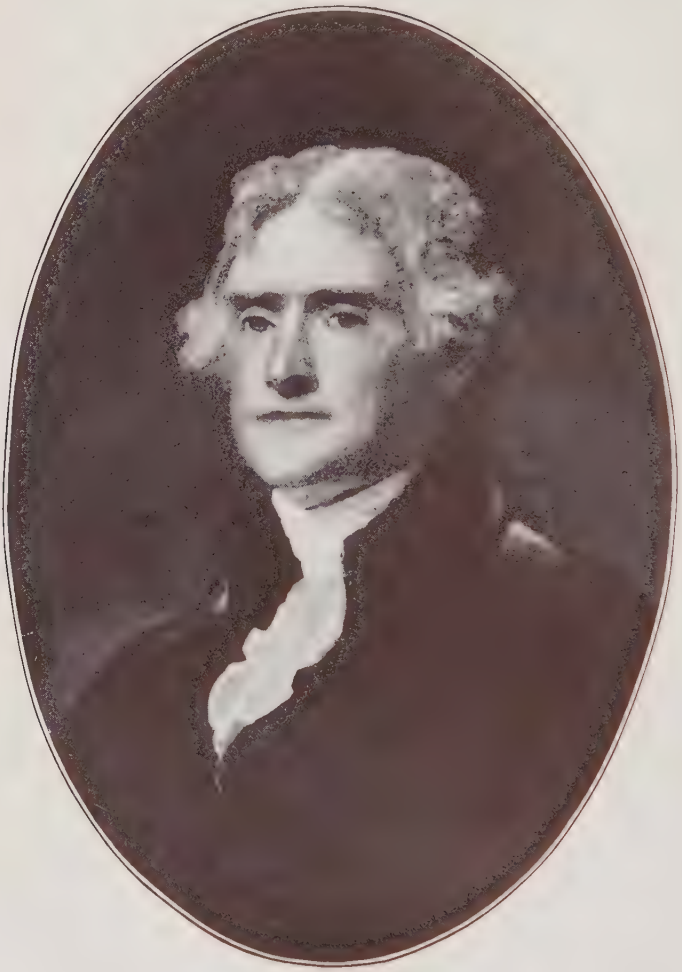
Rip [*rapidly sobering, as he begins to realize the gravity of the situation*]. Yours? yours? Ya, you are right — it is yours; I have got no home. [*In broken tones, almost sobbing.*] But where will I go?

Gretchen. Anywhere! out into the storm, to the mountains. There's the door — never let your face darken it again.

Rip. What, Gretchen! are you goin' to drive me away like a dog on a night like dis?

Gretchen. Yes; out with you! *You have no longer a share in me or mine.* [*Breaking down and sobbing with the intensity of her passion.*]

Rip [*very slowly and quietly, but with great intensity*]. Well, den, I will go; you have drive me away like a dog, Gretchen, und I will go. But remember, Gretchen, after what you have told me here to-night I can never come back. You have open de door for me to go; you will never open it for me to return. But, Gretchen, you tell me dat I have no longer a share here. [*Points at the child, who kneels crying at his feet.*] Good-by [*with much emotion*], my darlin'. God bless you! Don'd you nefer forgit your fader. Gretchen [*with a great sob*], I wipe de disgrace from your door. Good-by, good-by! [*Exit* Rip *into the storm.*] — *From Rip Van Winkle.*



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

JEFFERSON, Thomas, an American statesman, third President of the United States; born at Shadwell, Va., April 2, 1743; died at Monticello, Va., July 4, 1826. From his father, who was of Welsh descent, he inherited a considerable estate, which was largely increased by his marriage in 1772 to Martha Skelton, the widowed daughter of John Wayles. Jefferson was educated at the College of William and Mary; studied law under George Wythe, the acknowledged leader of the Virginia bar, to which Jefferson was admitted at the age of twenty-four and entered at once upon a large and lucrative practice. His career in public life commenced in 1769, when he was elected a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses. Of his career in public life we shall here mention only some of the prominent points. He took an earnest part in the measures which were a prelude to the Revolution. A vacancy occurred in the Virginia delegation to the Provincial Congress, which Jefferson was chosen to fill, taking his seat on June 20, 1775, the day on which Washington received his commission as commander-in-chief of the American army. On the next day tidings were received at Philadelphia of the battle of Bunker Hill, fought on the 17th. He was made chairman of the committee of five appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence, and that document, with the exception of a few changes suggested by John Adams, was written by him.

Jefferson soon after resigned his seat in Congress for the reason that his private affairs required his presence in Virginia. He was a member of the State

Legislature, and bore an active part in the measures to make the statute-book of the State harmonize with republican principles. The law of entail was abolished, and the principles of primogeniture were set aside. He endeavored to abolish the quasi-connection which existed in Virginia between Church and State. In this he was not successful at the time; but nine years after the "Act for Establishing Religious Freedom," which he had drawn up, was passed. In the epitaph which he composed for himself, this statute, the authorship of the Declaration of Independence, and the founding of the University of Virginia, are set down as the three acts of his by which he wished to be remembered. In his *Autobiography,* Mr. Jefferson thus speaks of the measures which he introduced and advocated:

PROPOSED REFORMS IN VIRGINIA.

I considered four of these bills as forming a system by which every fibre would be eradicated of ancient or future aristocracy. The repeal of the laws of entail would prevent the accumulation and perpetuation of wealth in select families. The abolition of primogeniture and equal partition of inheritances removed the feudal and unnatural distinctions which made one member of every family rich and all the rest poor. The restoration of the rights of conscience relieved the people from taxation for the support of a religion not theirs; for the Establishment was truly the religion of the rich.

In 1779 Jefferson was chosen Governor of Virginia, to succeed Patrick Henry, whose third term had expired, and who was ineligible for a fourth consecutive term. In 1783 he was elected to Congress. In 1784 he was sent to France as joint-plenipotentiary with Franklin and Deane, who were already there; and in

1785, Franklin having resigned, he was appointed sole plenipotentiary. In 1789 he returned to the United States for a short visit; but he had scarcely landed before he was notified that Washington had appointed him Secretary of State. He preferred to retain his post as Minister to France, but did not consider himself at liberty to decline the new position to which he was called. This, however, was distasteful to him, and he resigned early in 1794, declaring that "no circumstances whatever will evermore tempt me to engage in anything public."

In 1796, Washington having declined a re-election for a third term, Jefferson was desirous of the presidency. As the Constitution then stood, each presidential elector cast two ballots for different persons; the one receiving the highest number (provided that it was a majority of the whole) was to be President; the one receiving the next highest number to be Vice-President. John Adams received 71 electoral votes, and Jefferson 68. Adams, therefore, became President, and Jefferson Vice-President, for the term of four years beginning March 4, 1797. At the next presidential election, Jefferson and Burr—both belonging to what was then styled the "Republican," in contradistinction to the Federal party — received the two highest and an equal number of votes. The choice then devolved upon the House of Representatives, who elected Jefferson. At the next presidential election Jefferson was re-elected by a large majority.

At the close of his second term, in 1809, Jefferson retired from public life, after a nearly continuous service of forty-four years. His private affairs had become greatly involved, and grew more and more so from year to year. In 1814 he sold his valuable

library to Congress for $23,000, about a fourth of what it had cost him. A few years later a friend for whom he had indorsed to the amount of $24,000 became bankrupt, and the loss fell upon Jefferson. After his death his estate was sold, and brought barely sufficient to pay his debts, although not long before several friends in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore had raised about $17,000 for his relief. His only surviving daughter, Mrs. Randolph, and her children, were left literally penniless, but the Legislatures of Virginia and South Carolina each voted $10,000 for her, so that she was enabled to pass the remaining ten years of her life in comfort.

The *Writings of Thomas Jefferson* were published, by order of Congress, in 1853, in nine octavo volumes. They include a brief autobiography, treatises, and essays on various subjects, official reports, messages, and addresses, and a selection from his correspondence. The principal *Lives of Jefferson* are those by St. George Tucker (1837), Henry S. Randall (1858), James Parton (1874), and John T. Morse, in the "American Statesmen" series (1884). Of special interest is *The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson,* by his great-granddaughter, Sarah H. Randolph (1871). Some of the letters of Jefferson are written with no little care, and might very well be considered as essays. Among these is an estimate of the character of Washington, contained in a letter to Dr. Walter Jones, written in 1814.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and,

as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged in the course of the action — if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence; never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt; but when once decided going through with his purpose, whatever obstacle interposed.

His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it.

Although, in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called upon for a sudden effort, he was unready, short and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the

world; for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agricultural and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure time within doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect; in nothing bad; in few points indifferent; and it may be truly said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and its principles, until it had settled down into an orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

Among the latest things written by Jefferson was a letter addressed to Thomas Jefferson Smith, a child who had been named after him. The letter is dated February 21, 1825, when Jefferson was past fourscore, and a little more than a year before his death.

HAIL AND FAREWELL TO A NAMESAKE.

This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh its counsels. Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address to you something which might possibly have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run; and I, too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good disposition on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neigh-

bor as yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And, if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell.

Strictly as an author, apart from his character as patriot and statesman, Jefferson will be known mainly by his *Notes on Virginia*. This volume was written at Paris in 1782, at the request of M. de Marbois. A French translation of it was privately printed at Paris in 1784. The original was first printed at London in 1787, and reprinted at Philadelphia in 1788. Up to 1853 about twenty editions — French and English — had been printed.

THE PASSAGE OF THE POTOMAC THROUGH THE BLUE RIDGE.

The passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in Nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, seeking a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance at this scene hurries our senses into the opinion that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterward; that in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the banks of the Shenandoah; the evident marks of their disrupture

and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of Nature corroborate the impression.

But the distant finishing which Nature has given to the picture is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous. For, the mountains being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small patch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above its junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles — its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you — and within about twenty miles reach Fredericktown and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here — as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge — are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.— *Notes on Virginia.*

THE INFLUENCE AND DOOM OF SLAVERY.

The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions; the most unremitting despotism on the one part and degrading submission on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it — for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motives, either in his philanthropy or his self-love, for restraining the intemperance of passion toward his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives loose to his

worst passions, and thus, nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and his morals undepraved by such circumstances.

And with what execration should the statesman be loaded who, permitting one-half of the citizens thus to trample on the other, transforms those into despots and these into enemies; destroys the morals of the one part and the *amor patriæ* of the other! For if the slave can have a country in this world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labor for another; in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, contribute as far as depends on his individual endeavors to the banishment of the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him. With the morals of a people their industry also is destroyed. For in a warm climate no man will labor for himself who can make another labor for him. This is so true, that of the proprietors of slaves a very small proportion indeed are ever seen to labor.

What an incomprehensible machine is man, who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict upon his fellowmen a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose! But we must wait with patience the workings of an over-ruling Providence, and hope that this is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full, doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and, by diffusing a light and liberality among their oppressors — or at length by His exterminating thunder — manifest His attention to things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of blind fatality.— *Notes on Virginia.*

JEFFREY, Francis, a Scottish lawyer, jurist, essayist and critic; born at Edinburgh, October 23, 1773; died at Craigcrook, near Edinburgh, January 26, 1850. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and was admitted to the Scottish bar in 1794. He rose to eminence in his profession. In 1821 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; in 1829 Dean of the Faculty of Advocates; became a member of Parliament in 1831, and was elevated to the Scottish bench in 1834. Jeffrey is specially notable from his connection with the Edinburgh *Review,* which was started in 1802 by a few young men, mostly advocates, prominent among whom were Francis Jeffrey, Henry Brougham, Sydney Smith, and Francis Horner. In 1803 Jeffrey became the acknowledged editor of the *Review,* retaining the position until 1829, when he resigned, and was succeeded by MacVey Napier; but he continued to write for it at intervals until near the close of his life. The entire number of his papers in the Edinburgh *Review* was about two hundred, of which seventy-nine were selected for republication in 1846. His biography, written by Lord Cockburn, with a selection from his correspondence, appeared in 1852. A good example of Jeffrey's manner as a critic is to be found in the review of Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets,* written in 1819.

THE PERISHABLE NATURE OF POETICAL FAME.

Next to the impression of the vast fertility, compass and beauty of our English poetry, the reflection that recurs most frequently and forcibly to us in accompanying Mr. Campbell through his wide survey is the perish-

able nature of poetical fame and the speedy oblivion that has overtaken so many of the promised heirs of immortality. Of near two hundred and fifty authors, whose works are cited in these volumes, by far the greater part of whom were celebrated in their generation, there are not thirty who now enjoy anything that can be called popularity — whose works are to be found in the hands of ordinary readers, in the shops of ordinary booksellers, or in the press for republication. About fifty more may be tolerably familiar to men of taste or literature; the rest slumber on the shelves of collectors, and are partially known to a few antiquaries and scholars. Now the fame of a poet is popular, or nothing. He does not address himself, like the man of science, to the learned, or those who desire to learn, but to all mankind; and his purpose, being to delight and to be praised, necessarily extends to all who can receive pleasure, or join in applause. It is strange, and somewhat humiliating, to see how great a proportion of those who have once fought their way successfully to distinction, and surmounted the rivalry of contemporary envy, have again sunk into neglect. We have great deference for public opinion, and readily admit that nothing but what is good can be permanently popular. But though its *vivat* be generally oracular, its *pereat* appears to us to be often sufficiently capricious; and while we would foster all that it bids to leave we would willingly revive much that it leaves to die. The very multiplication of works of amusement necessarily withdraws many from notice that deserve to be kept in remembrance: for we should soon find it labor, and not amusement, if we were obliged to make use of them all, or even to take all upon trial. As the materials of enjoyment and instruction accumulate around us, more and more must thus be daily rejected and left to waste: for while our tasks lengthen, our lives remain as short as ever; and the calls on our time multiply, while our time itself is flying swiftly away. This superfluity and abundance of our treasures, therefore, necessarily renders much of them worthless; and the veriest accidents may, in such a case, determine what part shall be pre-

served, and what thrown away and neglected. When an army is *decimated,* the very bravest may fall; and many poets, worthy of eternal remembrance, have been forgotten, merely because there was not room in our memories for all.

By such a work as the *Specimens,* however, this injustice of fortune may be partly redressed — some small fragments of an immortal strain may still be rescued from oblivion — and a wreck of a name preserved, which time appeared to have swallowed up forever. There is something pious, we think, and endearing, in the office of thus gathering up the ashes of renown that has passed away; or, rather, of calling back the departed life for a transitory glow, and enabling those great spirits which seemed to be *laid* forever still to draw a tear of pity, or a throb of admiration, from the hearts of a forgetful generation. The body of their poetry, probably, can never be revived; but some sparks of its spirit may yet be preserved, in a narrower and feebler frame.

When we look back upon the havoc which two hundred years have thus made in the ranks of our immortals — and, above all, when we refer their rapid disappearance to the quick succession of new competitors, and the accumulations of more good works than there is time to peruse — we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age so prolific of popular poetry as that in which we now live; and, as wealth, population, and education extend, the produce is likely to go on increasing. The last ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry — poetry from the very first hands that we can boast of — that runs quickly to three or four large editions — and is as likely to be permanent as present success can make it. Now, if this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919! Our living poets will then be nearly as old as Pope or Swift are at present, but there will stand between them and that generation nearly ten times as much fresh and fashionable poetry as is now interposed between us and those writers; and if Scott,

and Byron, and Campbell have already cast Pope and Swift a good deal into the shade, in what form and dimensions are they themselves likely to be presented to the eyes of their great-grandchildren? The thought, we own, is a little appalling; and, we confess, we see nothing better to imagine than that they may find a comfortable place in some new collection of specimens — the centenary of the present publication. There — if the future editor have anything like the indulgence and veneration for antiquity of his predecessor — there shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell, and the fourth part of Byron, and the sixth of Scott, and the scattered tithes of Crabbe, and the three per cent. of Southey; while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded! It is an hyperbole of good-nature, however, we fear, to ascribe to them even those dimensions at the end of a century. After a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, we are afraid to think of the space they may have shrunk into. We have no Shakespeare, alas! to shed a never-setting light on his contemporaries; and if we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for two hundred years longer, there must be some new art of short-hand reading invented, or all reading must be given up in despair.

JENKINS, EDWARD, a British publicist and novelist; born at Bangalore, India, in 1838. He was educated at McGill College, Montreal, and at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1864 he was called to the English bar, and practiced successfully until about 1874, when he was appointed Agent-General for Canada. In this year, while still in Canada, he was returned to Parliament for Dundee.

In 1881 he stood for the city of Edinburgh, but was defeated by a majority of nearly three to one. He is author of several works, the main object of which is to set forth the condition of the laboring classes in England. Among these are *Ginx's Baby* (1872); *Little Hodge* (1873); *Lord Bantam* (1874); *Contemporary Manners* (1882); *Jobson's Enemies* (1883), and several political essays.

THE HOME OF THE GINXES.

The family sleeping room measured thirteen feet six inches by fourteen feet. Opening out of this, and upon the landing of the third floor, was the kitchen and sitting-room; it was not quite so large as the other. This room contained a press, an old chest of drawers, a wooden box once used for the navvy's tools, three chairs, a stool, and some cooking utensils. When, therefore, one little Ginx had curled himself up under a blanket on the box, and three more had slipped beneath a tatered piece of carpet under the table, there still remained five little bodies to be bedded. For them an old straw mattress, limp enough to be rolled up and thrust under the bed, was at night extended on the floor; with this and a patch-work quilt the five were left to pack themselves together as best they might. So that if Ginx, in some vision of the night happened to be angered, and struck out his legs, navvy fashion, it sometimes came to pass that a couple of children tumbled upon the mass of infantile humanity below. Not to be described are the dinginess of the walls, the smokiness of the ceilings, the grimy windows, the heavy, ever-murky atmosphere of these rooms. They were eight feet six inches in height, and any curious statist can calculate the number of cubic feet of air which they afforded to each person.

The other side of the street was fourteen feet distant. Behind, the backs of similar tenements came up, black and lowering over the little yard of Number Five. As rare, in the well thus formed, was the circulation of air as that of coin in the pockets of the inhabitants. I

have seen the yard: let me warn you, if you are fastidious, not to enter it. Such of the filth of the house as could not at night be thrown out the front windows was there collected, and seldom, if ever, removed. What became of it? What becomes of countless such accretions in like places? Are a large proportion of these filthy atoms absorbed by human creatures, living and dying, instead of being carried away by scavengers and inspectors? The forty-five big and little lodgers in the house were provided with a single "office" in the corner of the yard.

The street was at one time the prey of the gas company, at another of the drainage contractors. They seemed to delight in turning up the fetid soil, cutting deep trenches through various strata of filth, and piling up for days or weeks matter that reeked with vegetable and animal decay.— *Ginx's Baby.*

JEPSON, EDGAR, an English novelist; born at London, November 28, 1864. He was educated at Oxford and has published *Sibyl Falcon* (1895); *The Passion for Romance* (1896); *The Keepers of the People* (1898); *On the Edge of the Empire* (1900); *The Admirable Tinker* (1902); and *The Lady Noggs* (1905). A reviewer in the New York *Times* writes appreciatively of *The Lady Noggs.*

FELICIA.

The mischievous child has lately been revived in fiction with large pecuniary results, and, probably, to the edification of many English and American consumers of light literature. Edgar Jepson, who wrote *The Admirable Tinker,* has now written another of the same sort called *The Lady Noggs,* which, we have no doubt, will enjoy equal popularity. Noggs is a favored nickname of an

eccentric little girl, who is a peeress in her own right — Felicia, Lady Grandison, or, as her friends generally call her, in defiance of the Peerage and etiquette, Lady Felicia Grandison, perhaps because she is little. Felicia is the niece and nearest relative of the British Prime Minister, a tired bachelor with a taste for German philosophy, and she dwells with him, pleasantly, in a manorial house somewhere north of London and not too far from Piccadilly. She is very pretty and has a reasonably good mind in a rudimentary state. She meddles in a love affair and brings about a marriage that promises to be reasonably happy. She plays practical jokes, such as making "booby traps" with pitchers of water placed totteringly over doorways, and "applepie beds" (whatever they are); she climbs trees and tears her clothes, and she runs away to the woods when she is rebuked. She has the conventional British dislike of "sneaks," who, in her category, include everybody who complains of ill-treatment; she has an uncontrollable taste for investigation.

A poor child from the London slums is temporarily sheltered in a cottage near Felicia's home. From her Felicia learns things about the life of the London poor which strike the infant peeress as painfully interesting. She puts them before the King's Cabinet. Felicia is a rare child.

Felicia has already made a host of friends through serial publication. To many she is as well known as the more or less admirable Tinker himself, who, by the way, is a neighbor of hers, and is concerned in some of the exciting incidents in which she is also involved. The Tinker is a droll boy who seems, viewed superficially, to be as matter-of-fact in all his doings as one of Jacob Abbott's young heroes, but is found, on closer examination, to belong, with Felicia, to the realm of pure farce.

The story in which Felicia is the central figure is a typical contemporary English novel of the lighter sort. The author affects a familiarity on his own part and that of the reader with the ways of the aristocracy so intimate that explanations are quite needless; he views the gravity of statesmanship humorously and affects a sort of amiable

JEROME K. JEROME.

and reticent cynicism which suggests the very best modern British breeding.

Of the charm of Felicia, safely confined within the pages of a book, there is no doubt whatever. We view her as affectionately and cheerfully as our ancestors used to view Little Pickle and Nan the Good-for-Nothing on the theatrical stage. But in real life Felicia would be intolerable. Her badness would not be interesting if one came in physical contact with it. She would surely ruffle the temper of a saint. As an everyday companion she would be as impossible as Molière's Mascarille, who, we fancy, would be about as agreeable a companion in the flesh as Dickens's Quilp.

JEROME, JEROME KLAPKA, an English novelist, playwright and journalist; born at Walsall, Staffordshire, May 2, 1861. He was educated at the Marylebone Philological School; but in very early life, owing to the inundation of the Jerome mine at the Cannock Chase colliery, of which his father was proprietor, he was thrown upon his own resources. He sought employment in London, where he became successively clerk, school-master, shorthand writer, reporter, actor, and journalist. In 1885 he published *On the Stage and Off,* being his theatrical autobiography. *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* followed in 1886; and in the same year his *Barbara,* a one-act comedy, was produced. The comedies *Sunset* and *Wood-Barrow Farm,* and *Fennel,* an adaptation from the French, were produced in 1888. *Stageland* and a humorous story entitled *Three Men in a Boat* were published in 1889. In 1890 he produced for the stage *New Lamps for Old,* a farce; and

Ruth, a play. His *Diary of a Pilgrimage* was published in 1890. *The Councillor's Wife,* a comedy, appeared upon the American stage in 1893; and in the same year he published *Novel Notes* and *John Ingerfield and Other Stories.* In 1892, in co-editorship with Robert Barr, he started *The Idler,* a magazine; and in 1893 he founded the weekly magazine-journal *To-Day. Stories of the Town,* including *Blasé Billy,* and *The Prude's Progress* and *Dick Hulward,* were published in 1896. His later works include *Sketches in Lavender* (1897); *Observations of Henry* (1901); *Paul Kelver* (1902); *Tea Table Talk* (1903); *American Wives and Others* (1904); and *Tommy & Co.* (1904).

ON BEING HARD UP.

It is a most remarkable thing. I sat down with the full intention of writing something clever and original; but for the life of me I can't think of anything clever and original — at least, not at this moment. The only thing I can think about now is being hard up. I suppose having my hands in my pockets has made me think about this. I always do sit with my hands in my pockets, except when I am in the company of my sisters, my cousins, or my aunts, and they kick up such a shindy — I should say expostulate so eloquently upon the subject — that I have to give in and take them out — my hands I mean. The chorus to their objections is that it is not gentlemanly. I am hanged if I can see why. I could understand its not being considered gentlemanly to put your hands in other people's pockets (especially by the other people), but how, O ye sticklers for what looks this and what looks that, can putting his hands in his own pockets make a man less gentle? Perhaps you are right, though. Now I come to think of it, I have heard some people grumble most savagely when doing it. But they were mostly old gentlemen. We

young fellows, as a rule, are never quite at ease unless we have our hands in our pockets.

. . . . . .

It is wonderful what an insight into domestic economy being really hard up gives one. If you want to find out the value of money, live on fifteen shillings a week, and see how much you can put by for clothes and recreation. You will find out that it is worth while to wait for the farthing change, that it is worth while to walk a mile to save a penny, that a glass of beer is a luxury to be indulged in only at rare intervals, and that a collar can be worn four days.

. . . . . .

There have been a good many funny things said and written about hardupishness, but the reality is not funny, for all that. It is not funny to have to haggle over pennies. It isn't funny to be thought mean and stingy. It isn't funny to be shabby, and to be ashamed of your address. It is hell upon earth to a sensitive man; and many a brave gentleman, who would have faced the labors of Hercules, has had his heart broken by its petty miseries.

It is not the actual discomforts themselves that are hard to bear. What cared Robinson Crusoe for a patch on his trousers? Did he wear trousers? I forget; or did he go about as he does in the pantomimes? What did it matter to him if his toes did stick out of his boots? and what if his umbrella was a cotton one, so long as it kept the rain off. His shabbiness did not trouble him: there was none of his friends round about to sneer at him.

Being poor is a mere trifle. It is being known to be poor that is the sting. It is not cold that makes a man without a great-coat hurry along so quickly. It is not all shame at telling lies — which he knows will not be believed — that makes him turn so red when he informs you that he considers great-coats unhealthy, and never carries an umbrella on principle. It is easy enough to say that poverty is no crime. No; if it were men wouldn't be ashamed of it. It is a blunder though, and

is punished as such. A poor man is despised the whole world over; despised as much by a Christian as by a lord, as much by a demagogue as by a footman, and not all the copy-book maxims ever set for ink-stained youth will make him respected. Appearances *are* everything, so far as human opinion goes, and the man who will walk down Piccadilly arm in arm with the most notorious scamp in London, provided he is a well-dressed one, will slink up a back street to say a couple of words to a seedy-looking gentleman. And the seedy-looking gentleman knows this — no one better — and will go a mile round to avoid meeting an acquaintance. Those that knew him in his prosperity need never trouble themselves to look the other way. He is a thousand times more anxious that they should not see him than they can be; and as to their assistance, there is nothing he dreads more than the offer of it. All he wants is to be forgotten: and in this respect he is generally fortunate enough to get what he wants.— *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow.*

THE DARK FOREST OF SORROW.

It was a glorious night. The moon had sunk, and left the quiet earth alone with the stars. It seemed as if, in the silence and the hush, while we her children slept, they were talking with her, their sister,— conversing of mighty mysteries in voices too vast and deep for childish human ears to catch the sound.

They awe us, these strange stars, so cold, so clear. We are as children whose small feet have strayed into some dim-lit temple of the god they have been taught to worship but know not; and, standing where the echoing dome spans the long vista of the shadowy light, glance up, half hoping, half afraid to see some awful vision hovering there. And yet it seems so full of comfort and of strength, the night. In its great presence, our small sorrows creep away, ashamed. The day has been so full of fret and care, and our hearts have been so full of evil and of bitter thoughts, and the world has seemed so hard and wrong to us. Then Night, like some great loving mother,

gently lays her hand upon our fevered head, and turns our little tear-stained faces up to hers, and smiles; and, though she does not speak, we know what she would say, and lay our hot flushed cheek against her bosom, and the pain is gone.

Sometimes our pain is very deep and real, and we stand before her very silent, because there is no language for our pain, only a moan. Night's heart is full of pity for us; she cannot ease our aching; she takes our hand in hers, and the little world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and, borne on her dark wings, we pass for a moment into a mightier Presence than her own, and in the wondrous light of that great Presence, all human life lies like a book before us, and we know that pain and sorrow are but the angels of God.

Only those who have worn the crown of suffering can look upon that wondrous light; and they, when they return, may not speak of it, or tell the mystery they know.

Once upon a time, through a strange country, there rode some goodly knights, and their path lay by a deep wood, where tangled briers grew very thick and strong, and tore the flesh of them that lost their way therein. And the leaves of the trees that grew in the wood were very dark and thick, so that no ray of light came through the branches to lighten the gloom and sadness.

And, as they passed by that dark wood, one knight of those that rode, missing his comrades, wandered far away and returned to them no more; and they, sorely grieving, rode on without him, mourning him as one dead.

Now, when they reached the fair castle toward which they had been journeying, they stayed there many days, and made merry; and one night, as they sat in cheerful ease around the logs that burned in the great hall, and drank a loving measure, there came the comrade they had lost, and greeted them. His clothes were ragged like a beggar's, and many sad wounds were on his sweet flesh, but upon his face there shone a great radiance of deep joy.

And they questioned him, asking him what had befallen him; and he told them how in the dark wood he

had lost his way, and had wandered many days and nights, till, torn and bleeding, he had laid him down to die.

Then, when he was nigh unto death, lo! through the savage gloom there came to him a stately maiden, and took him by the hand and led him on through devious paths, unknown to any man, until upon the darkness of the wood there dawned a light such as the light of day was unto but as a little lamp unto the sun; and, in that wondrous light, our wayworn knight saw, as in a dream, a vision, and so glorious, so fair the vision seemed, that of his bleeding wounds he thought no more, but stood as one entranced, whose joy is deep as is the sea, whereof no man can tell the depth.

And the vision faded, and the knight, kneeling upon the ground, thanked the good saint who into that sad wood had strayed his steps, so he had seen the vision that lay there hid.

And the name of the dark forest was Sorrow; but of the vision that the good knight saw therein we may not speak nor tell.

JEROME, Saint, a Father of the Latin Church; born at Stridon, Pannonia, about 345; died at Bethlehem, September 30, 420. He was educated at Rome under the grammarian Donatus and the rhetorician Victorinus. Upon recovering from a severe illness he devoted himself to the service of the Church, and was ordained a presbyter at Antioch in 379. Three years later he visited Rome, where he was made secretary to Pope Damasus. Upon the death of the Pope he returned into the East, accompanied by several female devotees who wished to lead the ascetic life in the Holy Land. He entered a monastery at Bethlehem, and was its superintendent

at the time of his death. The Church owes to him the Latin translation of the Bible, well known under the name of *The Vulgate,* from which were made the Anglo-Saxon translations, Wyclif's English version, and the Douay Bible authorized by the Roman Catholic Church. *The Vulgate* is also remarkable as having been the first book printed with movable type. The exegetical writings of Saint Jerome are numerous; and his moral, critical, historcial, and miscellaneous *Letters* are valuable and interesting. The first printed edition of his works was edited by Erasmus, and was issued at Basle in six folio volumes, 1516–26.

Jerome's Latin translation of the Old Testament from the original Hebrew was at first received with much opposition. Augustine had strong objections to it; and some even accused him of perverting the Scriptures, and despising the authority of the Apostles, by rejecting the Septuagint translation. "But," as says a recent writer, "he stands abundantly vindicated, by his own pen, and those of others, from all these charges."

TRANSLATION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

It has not been so much my aim to supersede what I have formerly translated correctly from the Greek into Latin for those who are conversant only with my own language as to lay before the reader the testimonies which have been pretermitted or corrupted by the Jews, that my countrymen might be made acquainted with what the authentic Hebrew does really contain. No one need peruse what I write unless he is willing. Let him drink the old wine with what zest he may, and despise, if he be so minded, the new which I have since placed before him, that what was before imperfectly understood may become plain and clear. The kind of interpretation

which should be adopted, or the exposition of the Scriptures, in the book which I have written on that subject, and the little preface which I have prefixed to my edition of the sacred volume, I have endeavored to explain; and to them I think I may refer the reader. And if, as you say, you welcome me in my corrections of the New Testament, and give as your reason that a large number, by their acquaintance with the Greek language, are capable of doing justice to the merits of the work, you ought to think equally well of the integrity of my edition of the Old Testament, since it is not the product of my own invention, but the translation of the words of inspiration, as I have found them in the Hebrew original.— *From a Letter to St. Augustine.*

JERROLD, Douglas William, an English dramatist; born at London, January 3, 1803; died there, June 8, 1857. His father was the manager of a small provincial theatre, and an appointment as midshipman was procured for the son at the age of ten. He remained in the service for three years, then returned home. In 1818 he was apprenticed to the printer of a newspaper. His first comedy, *More Frightened Than Hurt,* was successfully produced in 1821; and he was engaged as a writer for the paper upon which he had worked as a printer. He also wrote for the stage, and his drama, *Black-Eyed Susan,* produced in 1829, ran more than three hundred nights. In 1836 he undertook the management of the Strand Theatre, but was not successful. He had, however, written largely for various periodicals, and upon the establishment of *Punch,* in 1841, he became one of its favorite contributors. In 1843 he

started *The Illuminated Magazine,* and afterward *The Shilling Magazine,* neither of which was successful. Subsequently he became editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper.* In all, he wrote some thirty or forty dramas, most of which had a fair temporary success upon the stage. Of his other works, many of which appeared originally in *Punch,* the principal are *Punch's Letters to His Son* and *Punch's Complete Letter Writer* (1843); *The Story of a Feather* (1844); *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures* (1845); *Chronicles of Clovernook* (1846); *Men of Character* (1850); *St. Giles and St. James* (1851); *Cakes and Ale* (1852).

THE TRAGEDY OF THIN SHOES.

I'm not going to contradict you, Caudle; you may say what you like; but I think I ought to know my own feelings better than you. I don't wish to upbraid you, neither; I'm too ill for that; but it's not getting wet in thin shoes — oh, no! It's my mind, Caudle, my mind, that's killing me. *Gruel!* Oh, yes, gruel indeed — you think gruel will cure a woman of anything; and you know, too, how I hate it. Gruel can't reach what I suffer; but, of course, nobody is ever ill but yourself. Well, I — I didn't mean to say that; but when you talk in that way about thin shoes, a woman says, of course, what she doesn't mean; you are always going on about my shoes; when I think I'm the fittest judge of what becomes me best. I dare say 'twould be all the same to you if I put on ploughman's boots; but I am not going to make a figure of my feet, I can tell you. I've never got cold with the shoes I've worn yet, and 'tisn't likely I should begin now.

No, Caudle; I wouldn't wish to say anything to accuse you; no, goodness knows I wouldn't make you uncomfortable for the world — but the cold I got ten years ago. I have never said anything about it — but it has never left me. Yes; ten years ago, the day before

yesterday. *How can I recollect it?* Oh, very well; women remember things you never think of, poor souls! they've good cause to do so. Ten years ago I was sitting up for you — there now, I'm not going to say anything to vex you, only do let me speak — ten years ago I was sitting up for you, and I fell asleep, and the fire went out, and when I awoke I found I was sitting right in the draught of the key-hole. That was my death, Caudle; though don't let that make you uneasy, love, for I don't think you meant to do it.

Ha! it's very well for you to call it *nonsense;* and to lay your ill-conduct on my shoes. That's like a man exactly. There never was a man yet that killed his wife who couldn't give a good reason for it. No; I don't mean to say that you've killed me; quite the reverse; still there's never been a day that I haven't felt that key-hole. What! *Why won't I have a doctor!* What's the use of a doctor? Why should I put you to expense? Besides, I dare say you'll do very well without me, Caudle; yes, after a very little time, you won't miss me much — no man ever does.

Peggy tells me Miss Prettyman called to-day. *What of it?* Nothing, of course. Yes: I know she heard I was ill, and that's why she came. A little indecent, I think, Mr. Caudle; she might wait, I sha'nt be in her way long; she may soon have the key of the caddy, now.

Ha, Mr. Caudle, what's the use of your calling me your dearest soul, now? Well, I do believe you. I dare say you do mean it: that is, I hope you do. Nevertheless, you can't expect I can lie quiet in this bed and think of that young woman — not, indeed, that she's near so young as she gives herself out. I bear no malice toward her, Caudle — not the least. Still, I don't think I could lie at peace in my grave if — well, I won't say anything more about her; but you know what I mean.

I think dear mother would keep house beautifully for you when I am gone. Well, love, I won't talk in that way, if you desire it. Still I know I've a dreadful cold; though I won't allow it for a minute to be the

shoes — certainly not. I never would wear 'em thick, and you know it, and they never gave me cold yet. No, dearest Caudle, it's ten years ago that I did it; not that I'll say a syllable of the matter to hurt you. I'd die first.

Mother, you see, knows all your little ways; and you wouldn't get another wife to study you and pet you up as I've done — a second wife never does; it isn't likely she should. And after all, we've been very happy. It hasn't been my fault if we've had a word or two, for you couldn't help now and then being aggravating; nobody can help their tempers always — especially men. Still, we've been very happy — haven't we, Caudle?

Good-night. Yes, this cold does tear me to pieces; but, for all that, it isn't the shoes. God bless you, Caudle. No — it is *not* the shoes. I won't say it's the key-hole; but again I say, it's not the shoes. God bless you, once more — but never say it's the shoes.— *Curtain Lecture the Last.*

THE DRUM.

Yonder is a little drum, hanging on the wall;
Dusty wreaths and tattered flags round about it fall.
A shepherd youth on Cheviot's hills watched the sheep whose skin
A cunning workman wrought, and gave the little drum its din.
And happy was the shepherd-boy while tending of his fold,
Nor thought he there was in the world a spot like Cheviot's wold.

And so it was for many a day; but a change with time will come,
And he (alas for him the day) — he heard the little drum.
"Follow," said the drummer-boy, "would you live in story!
For he who strikes a foeman down wins a wreath of glory."

"Rub-a-dub! and rub-a-dub!" the drummer beats away.
The shepherd left his bleating flock on Cheviot wildly stray.

On Egypt's arid waste of sand the shepherd now is lying;
Around him many a parching tongue for "water" vainly crying.—
Oh, that he were on Cheviot's hills, with velvet verdure spread,
Or lying 'mid the blooming heath where oft he made his bed;
Or could he drink of those sweet rills that trickle to its vales,
Or breathe once more the balminess of Cheviot's mountain-gales!

At length upon his wearied eyes the mists of slumber come,
And he is in his home again, till wakened by the drum.
"To arms! to arms!" his leader cries; "the foe, the foe is nigh!"
Guns loudly roar, steel clanks on steel, and thousands fall to die.
The shepherd's blood makes red the sand: "Oh, water—give me some!
My voice might reach a friendly ear but for that little drum!"

'Mid moaning men and dying men the drummer kept his way,
And many a one by "glory" lured abhorred the drum that day.
"Rub-a-dub; and rub-a-dub!" the drummer beat aloud.
The shepherd died; and ere the morn the hot sand was his shroud.
And this is "glory!" Yes; and still will man the tempter follow,
Nor learn that glory, like its drum, is but a sound, and hollow.

JEWETT, SARAH ORNE, an American novelist; born at South Berwick, Me., September 3, 1849. She is a daughter of the late Professor Jewett a well-known medical writer, who gave her a good education at home and at the academy of their native town. Her knowledge of the world was enlarged by extensive travel in Europe and America; and her writings — which, however, relate mostly to New England — have, in consequence, a not inconsiderable historical value. In 1869 she brought herself before the general reading public by the contribution of a story to the *Atlantic Monthly*. Her published works include *Deephaven* (1877); *Play-Days* (1878); *Old Friends and New* (1880); *Country By-Ways* (1881); *The Mate of the Daylight* (1883); *A Country Doctor* (1884); *A Marsh Island* (1885); *A White Heron* (1886); *The Story of the Normans* (1887); *The King of Folly Island and Other People* (1888); *Betty Leicester Tommy Dove* (1892); *A Native of Winby* (1893); *The Life of Nancy* (1895); *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896); *The Queen's Twin* (1899).

The *Nation* thinks that "her instinctive refinement, her graceful workmanship, place her second only to Miss Thackeray." "Miss Jewett has more distinctly a style," says the same authority again, "than any other American woman."

MISS TEMPY'S WATCHERS.*

The time of year was April; the place was a small farming town in New Hampshire, remote from any rail-

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road. One by one the lights had been blown out in the scattered houses near Miss Tempy Dent's; but as her neighbors took a last look out-of-doors, their eyes turned with instinctive curiosity toward the old house, where a lamp burned steadily. They gave a little sigh. "Poor Miss Tempy!" said more than one bereft acquaintance; for the good woman lay dead in her north chamber, and the light was a watcher's light. The funeral was set for the next day, at one o'clock. The watchers were two of the oldest friends, Mrs. Crowe and Sarah Ann Binson. They were sitting in the kitchen, because it seemed less awesome than the unused best room, and they beguiled the long hours by steady conversation.

One would think that neither topics nor opinions would hold out, at that rate, all through the long, spring night; but there was a certain degree of excitement just then, and the two women had risen to an unusual level of expressiveness and confidence. Each had already told the other more than one fact that she had determined to keep secret; they were again and again tempted into statements that either would have found impossible by daylight. Mrs. Crowe was knitting a blue yarn stocking for her husband; the foot was already so long that it seemed as if she must have forgotten to narrow it at the proper time. Mrs. Crowe knew exactly what she was about, however; she was of a much cooler disposition than Sister Binson, who made futile attempts at some sewing, only to drop her work into her lap whenever the talk was most engaging.

Their faces were interesting — and of the dry, shrewd, quick-witted New England type, with thin hair twisted neatly back out of the way. Mrs. Crowe could look grave and benignant, and Miss Binson was, to quote her neighbors, a little too sharp-set; but the world knew that she had need to be, with the load she must carry of supporting an inefficient widowed sister and sire, unpromising and unwilling nieces and nephews. The eldest boy was at last placed with a good man to learn the mason's trade. Sarah Ann Binson, for all her sharp, anxious aspect, never defended herself, when her sister whined and fretted. She was told every week of her

life that the poor children never would have had to lift a finger if their father had lived; and yet she had kept her steadfast way with the little farm, and patiently taught the young people many useful things, for which, as everybody said, they would live to thank her. However pleasureless her life appeared to outward view, it was brimful of pleasure to herself.

Mrs. Crowe, on the contrary, was well-to-do, her husband being a rich farmer and an easy-going man. She was a stingy woman, but for all that she looked kindly; and when she gave away anything, or lifted a finger to help anybody, it was thought a great piece of beneficence, and a compliment, indeed, which the recipient accepted with twice as much gratitude as double the gift that came from a poorer and more generous acquaintance. Everybody liked to be on good terms with Mrs. Crowe. Socially she stood much higher than Sarah Ann Binson. They were both old schoolmates and friends of Temperance Dent, who had asked them one day, not long before she died, if they would not come together and look after the house, and manage everything when she was gone. She may have had some hope that they might become closer friends in this period of intimate partnership, and that the richer woman might better understand the burdens of the poorer. They had not kept the house the night before; they were too weary with the care of their old friend, whom they had not left until all was over.

There was a brook which ran down the hill-side very near the house, and the sound of it was much louder than usual. When there was silence in the kitchen, the busy stream had a strange insistence in its wild voice, as if it tried to make the watchers understand some thing that related to the past.

"I declare, I can't begin to sorrow for Tempy yet. I am so glad to have her at rest," whispered Mrs. Crowe. "It is strange to set here without her, but I can't make it clear that she has gone. I feel as if she had got easy and dropped off to sleep, and I'm more scared about waking her up than knowing any other feeling."

"Yes," said Sarah Ann, "it's just like that, ain't it? But I tell you we are goin' to miss her worse than we

expect. She's helped me through with many a trial, has Temperance. I ain't the only one who says the same, neither."

These words were spoken as if there were a third person listening, somebody besides Mrs. Crowe. The watchers could not rid their minds of the feeling that they were being watched themselves. The spring wind whistled in the window-crack now and then, and buffeted the little house in a gusty way that had a sort of companionable effect. Yet, on the whole, it was a very still night, and the watchers spoke in a half-whisper.

"She was the freest-handed woman that ever I knew," said Mrs. Crowe, decidedly. "According to her means, she gave away more than anybody. I used to tell her 'twa'n't right. I used really to be afraid that she went without too much; for we have a duty to ourselves."

Sister Binson looked up in a half-amused way.

Mrs. Crowe met her look with a serious face. "It ain't so easy for me to give as it is for some," she said simply, but with an effort which was made possible only by the occasion. "I should like to say, while Tempy is laying here yet in her own house, that she has been a constant lesson to me. Folks are too kind, and shame me with thanks for what I do. I ain't such a generous woman as poor Tempy was, for all she had nothin' to do with, as one may say."

"I can tell you the biggest thing she ever gave, and I don't know's there's anybody left but me to tell it. I don't want it forgot," Sarah Binson went on looking up at the clock to see how the night was going. "It was that pretty looking Trevor girl, who taught the Corners' School, and married so well afterward, out in York state. You remember her, I dare say?"

"Certain," said Mrs. Crowe, with an air of interest.

"She was a splendid scholar, folks said, and gave the school a great start, but she'd overdone herself getting her education, and working to pay for it, and she all broke down one spring, and Tempy made her come and stop with her awhile — you remember that? Well, she had an uncle, her mother's brother, out in Chicago, who was well-off and friendly, and used to write to Lizzie

Trevor, and I dare say make her some presents; but he was a lively, driving man, and didn't take time to stop and think about his folks. He hadn't seen her since she was a little girl. Poor Lizzie was so pale and weakly that she just got through the term o' school. She looked as if she was just going straight off in a decline. Tempy, she cosseted her up awhile, and then next thing folks knew, she was tellin' round how Miss Trevor had gone to see her uncle, and meant to visit Niagary Falls on the way, and stop over night. Now I happen to know, in ways I won't dwell on to explain, that the poor girl was in debt for her schoolin' when she come here, and her last quarter's pay had just squared it off at last, and left her without a cent ahead hardly; but it had fretted her thinking of it, so she paid it all; they might have dunned her that she owed it, too. An' I taxed Tempy about the girl's goin' off on such a journey till she owned up, rather'n have Lizzie blamed, that she'd given her sixty dollars — same's if she was rolling in riches — and sent her off to have a good rest and vacation."

"Sixty dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowe. "Tempy only had ninety dollars a year that came into her; rest of her livin' she got by helpin' about, with what she raised off this little piece o' ground, sand one side an' clay the other. An' how often I've heard her tell, years ago, that she'd rather see Niagary than any other sight in the world!"

The women looked at each other in silence; the magnitude of the generous sacrifice was almost too great for their comprehension.

"She was just poor enough to do that!" declared Mrs. Crowe at last, in an abandonment of feeling. "Say what you may, I feel humbled to the dust," and her companion ventured to say nothing. She never had given away sixty dollars at once, but it was simply because she never had it to give. It came to her very lips to say in explanation, "Tempy was so situated;" but she checked herself in time, for she would not break in upon her own loyal guarding of her dependent household.

"Folks say a great deal of generosity, and this one's being public-sperited, and that one free-handed about

giving," said Mrs. Crowe, who was a little nervous in the silence. "I suppose we can't tell the sorrow it would be to some folks not to give, same's t'would be to me not to save. I seem kind of made for that, as if 'twas what I'd got to do. I should feel sights better about it if I could make it evident what I was savin' for. If I had a child, now, Sarah Ann," and her voice was a little husky — "if I had a child, I should think I was heapin' of it up because he was the one trained by the Lord to scatter it again for good. But here's Crowe and me, we can't do anything with money, and both of us like to keep things same's they've always been."

In the silence that followed, the fact of their presence in a house of death grew more clear than before. Both the watchers looked up anxiously at the clock; it was almost the middle of the night; and the whole world seemed to have left them alone with their solemn duty. Only the brook was awake.

"Perhaps we might give a look up-stairs now," whispered Mrs. Crowe, as if she hoped to hear some reason against their going just then to the chamber of death; but Sister Binson rose, with a serious and yet satisfied countenance, and lifted the small lamp from the table. She was much more used to watching than Mrs. Crowe, and much less affected by it. They opened the door into a small entry with a steep stairway; they climbed the creaking stairs, and entered the cold upper room on tiptoe. Mrs. Crowe's heart began to beat very fast as the lamp was put on a high bureau, and made long, fixed shadows about the walls. She went hesitatingly toward the solemn shape under its white drapery, and felt a sense of remonstrance as Sarah Ann gently, but in a business-like way, turned back the thin sheet.

"Seems to me she looks pleasanter and pleasanter," whispered Sarah Ann Binson impulsively, as they gazed at the white face with its wonderful smile.

"To-morrow 'twill have all faded out. I do believe they kind of wake up a day or two after they die, and it's then they go."

She replaced the light covering, and they both turned quickly away; there was a chill in the upper room.

"'Tis a great thing for anybody to have got through, ain't it?" said Mrs. Crowe softly, as she began to go down the stairs on tiptoe. The warm air from the kitchen beneath met them with a sense of welcome and shelter.

"I don't know why it is, but I feel as near again to Tempy down here as I do up there," replied Sister Binson. "I feel as if the air was full of her, kind of. I can sense things, now and then, that she seems to say. Now, I never was one to take up with no nonsense of spirits and such, but I declare I felt as if she told me just now to put some more wood into the stove."

Mrs. Crowe preserved a gloomy silence. She had suspected before this that her companion was of a weaker and more credulous disposition than herself. "'Tis a great thing to have got through," she repeated, ignoring definitely all that had last been said. "I suppose you know as well as I that Tempy was one that always feared death. Well, it's all put behind her now; she knows what 'tis."

Mrs. Crowe gave a little sigh, and Sister Binson's quick sympathies were stirred toward this other old friend, who also dreaded the great change.

"I'd never like to forget almost those last words Tempy spoke plain to me," she said gently, like the comforter she truly was. "She looked up at me once or twice, that last afternoon after I come to set by her, and let Miss Owen go home, and I says, 'Can I do anything to ease you, Tempy?' and the tears come into my eyes so I couldn't see what kind of a nod she gave me. 'No, Sarah Ann, you can't, dear,' says she; and then she got her breath again, and says she, looking at me real meanin', 'I'm only a-gettin' sleepier and sleepier; that's all there is,' says she, and smiled up at me kind of wishful and shut her eyes. I knew well enough all she meant. She'd been lookin' out for a chance to tell me, and I don' know's she ever said much afterward."

Mrs. Crowe was not knitting; she had been listening too eagerly. "Yes, 'twill be a comfort to think of that sometimes," she said in acknowledgment.

"I know that old Dr. Prince said once, in evenin' meetin', that he'd watched by many a dyin' bed, as we

well knew, and enough o' his sick folks had been scared o' dyin' their whole lives through; but when they come to the last, he'd never seen one but was willin', and most were glad, to go. ''Tis as natural as bein' born or livin' on,' he said. I don't know what had moved him to speak that night. You know he wa'n't in the habit of it, and 'twas the monthly Concert of Prayer for Foreign Missions, anyways," said Sarah Ann; "but 'twas a great stay to the mind to listen to his words of experience."

"There never was a better man," responded Mrs. Crowe, in a really cheerful tone. She had recovered from her feeling of nervous dread, the kitchen was so comfortable with lamplight and firelight; and just then the old clock began to tell the hour of twelve with leisurely whirring strokes.

Sister Binson laid aside her work, and rose quickly and went to the cupboard. "We'd better take a little to eat," she explained. "The night will go fast after this. I want to know if you went and made some o' your nice cupcake, while you was home to-day?" she asked in a pleased tone; and Mrs. Crowe acknowledged such a gratifying piece of thoughtfulness for this humble friend who denied herself all luxuries. Sarah Ann brewed a generous cup of tea, and the watchers drew their chairs up to the table presently, and quelled their hunger with good country appetites.

"What excellent preserves she did make!" mourned Mrs. Crowe. "None of us has got her light hand at doin' things tasty. She made the most o' everything too. Now, she only had that one old quince-tree down in the far corner of the piece, but she'd go out in the spring and tend to it, and look at it so pleasant, and kind of expect the old thorny thing into bloomin'."

"She was just the same with folks," said Sarah Ann.

They drew their chairs near the stove again, and took up their work. Sister Binson's rocking-chair creaked as she rocked; the brook sounded louder than ever. It was more lonely when nobody spoke, and presently Mrs. Crowe returned to her thoughts of growing old.

"Yes, Tempy aged all of a sudden. I remember I asked her if she felt as well as common, one day, and

she laughed at me good. Then, when Dan'l begun to look old, I couldn't help feelin' as if somethin' ailed him, and like as not 'twas somethin' he was goin' to git right over, and I dosed him for it stiddy, half of one summer."

"How many things we shall be wanting to ask Tempy!" exclaimed Sarah Ann Binson, after a long pause. "I can't make up my mind to doin' without her. I wish folks could come back just once, and tell us how 'tis where they've gone. Seems then we could do without 'em better."

The brook hurried on, the wind blew about the house now and then; the house itself was a silent place, and the supper, the warm fire, and an absence of any new topics for conversation made the watchers drowsy. Sister Binson closed her eyes first, to rest them for a minute; and Mrs. Crowe glanced at her compassionately, with a new sympathy for the hard-worked little woman. She made up her mind to let Sarah Ann have a good rest, while she kept watch alone; but in a few minutes her own knitting was dropped, and she, too, fell asleep. Overhead, the pale shape of Tempy Dent slept on, also, in its white raiment.

Later, by some hours, Sarah Ann Binson woke with a start. There was a pale light of dawn outside the small windows. Inside the kitchen, the lamp burned dim. Mrs. Crowe awoke too.

"I think Tempy'd be the first to say 'twas just as well we both had some rest," she said, not without a guilty feeling.

Her companion went to the outer door, and opened it wide. The fresh air was none too cold, and the brook's voice was not nearly so loud as it had been in the midnight darkness. She could see the shapes of the hills, and the great shadows that lay across the lower country. The east was fast growing bright. "'Twill be a beautiful day for the funeral," she said, and turned again, with a sigh, to follow Mrs. Crowe up the stairs. The world seemed more and more empty without the kind face and helpful hands of Tempy Dent.—*The King of Folly Island.*

JEWSBURY, Geraldine Endsor, an English novelist; born at Measham, Derbyshire, in 1812; died at London, September 23, 1880. In 1841 she became acquainted with Thomas Carlyle and his wife, and removed to Chelsea to be near them. She wrote several short tales and children's stories. Her novels are *Zoe* (1845); *The Half-Sisters* (1848); *Marion Withers* (1851); *Constance Herbert* and *Angelo* (1855); *The Adopted Child* and *The Sorrows of Gentility* (1856); *Right or Wrong* (1857).

Speaking of the power which made Miss Jewsbury so universally beloved after her books had ceased to be a novelty, the *Athenæum* says. "She was a distinct social force in literary and artistic circles, by virtue of the fine humor and conversational brightness which a winning address and singularly musical voice rendered indescribably effective and delightful."

The London *Times* says that *Zoe* "made a sensation in its day;" and the *Examiner* speaks of *The Sorrows of Gentility* as "a remarkably good novel; well written, amusing, sensible, and firm to its purpose." Thus all her novels were received with goodwill by the critics and read with pleasure by the public; notwithstanding the *Athenæum* was inclined to "imagine her better qualified to succeed in essays and speculative papers than in descriptions of character as it is or society as it has been." Her works display, according to the opinion of the *Literary Gazette*, "very considerable intellectual powers, a shrewd observance of character, and a general talent."

A STRANGE CHILDHOOD.

The childhood of Alice has not been a happy one. There had been no positive unkindness; but children do not understand the value of what we call "solid comforts." Kind words, smiling looks, sympathy with their pains and pleasures, are all they understand; a harsh word or chiding tone conveys more pain than a grown person can understand.

Alice had always been a singular child; and her father's death had thrown her altogether into the hands of persons quite unable to understand or train a child of her disposition. She was not clever; never said or did any of those precocious, wonderful things mothers are so proud of repeating. She was always a quiet, thoughtful, dreaming child; she never desired companions of her own age, but delighted with playing by herself; she would sit for hours under the shadow of a tree, watching the green light stream through its branches; she would leave any play she was engaged in to creep to the window-seat in the nursery, there to watch the sun set, firmly believing it was the gate of heaven; she would sit gazing at the changing light, and the large stars suddenly starting into sight on the confines of the dim orange-colored mist, and the dark, clear, crystalline blue of the coming night, and the moon growing gradually more clear as the daylight died out, till her large blue eyes dilated with awe, and she grew frightened at being alone, and yet did not dare to venture out of her recess, but sat with a sort of pleased terror until her nurse broke the spell by carrying her off to bed. Nor would she sleep until the blinds were all drawn up, in order that when it was moonlight she might see the quiet mysterious light pour a flood of radiance through the room, and the shadows of the tall trees tossing about on the walls.

As she grew older, she was haunted by a sense of hidden meaning in all she saw, and was baffled and perplexed in her weak endeavors to understand more than was seen. The common task she was set to learn seemed to have a spirit she could not seize, and this bewildered

her and kept her from attaining the common cleverness of most children; but there was a constant stirring after some meaning she could not express, which made a difference between her work and theirs.

One fine moonlight night, her nurse coming softly into the nursery, overheard her praying to the moon, "to take her up there, it looked so beautiful," and when the orthodox nurse, much scandalized, told her she was worse than a heathen, she said she "had always been told to pray for what she wanted, and then God would give it her, and she wanted to live in the moonlight or the sunset forever."

When she grew a little older, her mother sent her to a boarding-school in the hope she would grow more like other children. The regular employment and constant bustle of being with twenty other young people, seemed for a while to deaden her vague dreamy fancies; the spirit of emulation was roused, and she became very anxious to excel her companions; but when, after a few years, she had worked her way to be considered the first in the school, the commonness and insignificance of what she had done suddenly struck her; she felt ashamed of having been so much excited in pursuit of a prize for attaining a knowledge only a little less imperfect than that of her companions. She felt disgusted and dissatisfied; a sense of baxed effort depressed and disturbed her; and none of those around her could understand the vague, undefined, restless aspirations that filled her heart. No one could speak a word to direct her toward an object worthy of her. Her mother withdrew her from school before she was quite fourteen, in order that she might learn to be useful, and not to get her head stuffed too full of book-learning, "which never did a woman any good yet."—*The Half-Sisters.*

JOHNSON, CHARLES FREDERICK, an American critic and essayist; born at New York, in 1836. He graduated at Yale in 1855; from 1865 to 1875 he was Assistant Professor of Mathematics at the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Md., and in 1883 became Professor of English Literature at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. He published *Three Americans and Three Englishmen,* consisting of critical Essays upon Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley, Longfellow, Emerson, and Hawthorne, and later prepared a treatise on Rhetoric. He has written much, in prose and verse, for American and British periodicals, mostly anonymously, but occasionally under the signature of "Charles Frederick." Upon the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Israel Putnam, at Brooklyn, Conn., June 14, 1888, he delivered the poem, a portion of which here follows:

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

[*Read at the Unveiling of Putnam's Statue, Brooklyn, Conn., June 14, 1888.*]

The men of Rome who framed the first free state,
When Rome in men and not in wealth was great,
Placed in their homes, as in an honored shrine,
Rude portrait busts, cut with no art divine,
But roughly chipped from rock or wrought in brass
By craftsmen of the town; so might time pass,
And still the worthy sire perpetuate
Brave thoughts, brave deeds, in men of later date.
And these they called their household gods, and knew
Them worthy worship; and from them they drew
The consciousness that men had lived and died
In days agone; those dull and heavy-eyed
Stone faces mutely testified that life

Is grounded in the past; that toil and strife
Are not for self, nor borne for self alone:
That children reap, where worthy sires have sown.

We, too, have our great names. How shall we set
Those jewels in Columbia's coronet?
Where shall we place our heroes we who owe
More to our dead than they of long ago?
They tore the feudal shackles from the state,
And built an England here regenerate.
By sacrifice and blood, and by their deed
Enforced and supplemented Runnymede;
They saved the great traditions of the race
Defiled or lost in its old dwelling-place —
The folk-moot and the Witenagemote —
Of freedom's tree the deep, earth-holding root.
Through them we teach the world what freedom means:
It is our heritage, but others' dreams;
It has no centre here, the soil is free;
There is no cloistered shrine for liberty.
For Greene, for Putnam, or for Washington
We need no Abbey and no Pantheon.
They fought not to exalt a conquering race,
But for mankind: their pedestal and place
Is underneath the over-arching sky,
Our dome of state is God's own canopy.
Erect in Nature's presence let them stand,
The free-born heroes of our Yankee land
Strong-limbed, great-hearted men of massive mould,
There is no marble white enough, nor gold
Of fineness fit to build their monument;
No roof is needed but the heavens bent
Above their heads; the air, wide-spread and free,
Shall symbolize a People's liberty.
The labored fabric of scholastic rhyme
Seems inharmonious with this place and time,
Rough, flinty shards of Saxon speech were fit
For Putnam's name to rightly honor it.
His memory needs no set and garnished phrase;
His deeds are made no greater by our praise:
We were the losers if tradition dim

Were all that kept alive the thoughts of him,
The brave old man and true, who set his face,
Like rock, toward Liberty's abiding-place.

In Putnam's youth, each settlement
Was like the vanguard of an army, sent
To hold the outposts. In that rugged school
Tempered and trained, he proved a man to rule
The rude frontiersman; for he "dared to lead
Where any dared to follow." In their need
Men looked to him. In God's appointed hour
Our war for freemen's rights against the power
Imposed on Englishmen in their old home —
Which still by impotence avoids its doom —
Our war for civic independence came.
A tower of strength was Israel Putnam's name,
A rallying word for patriot acclaim;
It meant resolve, and hope and bravery,
And steady cheerfulness, and constancy.

God sends our Kings — Lincoln and Washington —
Putnam is not of these. They stand alone,
And solitary on their heights remain;
He — with his fellows — on a lower plane.
But on that plane of broad humanity,
What stronger man or nobler soul than he?
A nature on broad lines and simple plan,
Type of the primitive American!

This monument, by skilful artist wrought,
Sums up and formulates a people's thought,
Else vague or lost, and renders permanent
The only deathless thing — a sentiment.
With democratic dignity instinct,
To memories of freedom's battles linked,
'Tis set a beacon in this ancient town.
'Twill stand when we are gone, and long hand down
The light of liberty in this her home.
In future years may children's children come,
As to a sacred spot, to look upon

The rugged face of freedom's champion.
So may Columbia's empire ever be
Land of the free brave — home of the brave free.

JOHNSON, EDWARD, an American colonial historian; born at Herne Hill, Kent, England, about 1600; died at Woburn, Mass., April 23, 1672. He removed to America in 1630; in 1640 was the principal founder of the town of Woburn, where he followed the occupation of ship-carpenter and farmer. He represented the town in the General Court from 1643 to 1671. His *Wonder-Working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England* was published anonymously at London in 1654; was reprinted in the *Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society,* and again in 1867, with an introduction and elaborate Notes by William Frederick Poole. Interspersed with the prose narrative are numerous bits of verse.

His historical work is a valuable and accurate reflection of the spirit of the writer's day. His intimate connection with public affairs for so many years rendered him especially competent to chronicle details of early New England life which easily escape the notice of less favored, though perhaps better qualified, historians.

THE NEW ENGLAND CRUSADERS.

Christ, the glorious King of his churches, in 1628 stirred up his heralds to make this proclamation: "All you, the people of Christ that are here oppressed,

and scurrilously derided, gather yourselves together, your wives and little ones, an answer to your several names, as you shall be shipped for his service in the Western world, and more especially for planting the united colonies of New England, where you are to attend the service of the King of Kings. . . . You are not to set up for tolerating times, nor shall any of you be content with this, that you are set at liberty; but take up your arms and march manfully on till all opposers of Christ's kingly power be abolished. And as for you who are called to sound forth his kingly trumpets, blow loud and shrill to this chiefest treble tune — for the armies of the great Jehovah are at hand.

A PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

The night newly breaking off her darkness (as they were nearing the coast of New England), and the daylight being clouded with a gross vapor, as if night's curtains remained half-shut, the seamen and passengers standing on the decks suddenly cast their eyes on a great boat, as they deemed: and anon after they spied another, and after that another. But musing on the matter, they perceived themselves to be in great danger of many great rocks. With much terror and affrightment they turned the ship about, expecting every moment to be dashed to pieces against the rocks. But He Whose providence brought them in piloted them out again, without any danger, to their great rejoicing.

DEALING WITH THE PEQUOT INDIANS.

The Lord, in mercy to His poor churches, having thus destroyed these bloody, barbarous Indians, He returns his people in safety to their vessels, where they take account of their prisoners. The squaws and some young youths they brought home with them; and finding the men to be deeply guilty of the crimes they undertook the war for, they brought away only their heads.

ON THOMAS HOOKER.

Come, Hooker, come forth of thy native soil;
"Christ, I will run," says Hooker, "thou hast set
My feet at large." "Here spend thy last day's toil;
Thy rhetoric shall people's affections whet."

Thy golden tongue and pen Christ caused to be
The blazing of his glorious truths profound.
Thou sorry worm, it's Christ wrought this in thee;
What Christ hath wrought must needs be very sound.

Then look on Hooker's works; they follow him
To grave. This worthy restest there awhile:
Die shall he not that hath Christ's warrior been;
Much less Christ's truth cheer'd by his people's toil.

Thou angel bright, by Christ for light now made,
Throughout the world as seasoning salt to be,
Although in dust thy body mouldering fade,
Thy head's in Heaven, and hath a crown for thee.

ON HUGH PETERS.

With courage bold Peters, a soldier stout,
In wilderness for Christ begins to war;
Much work he finds 'mongst people, yet holds out,
With fluent tongue he stops fantastic jar.

ON JOHN ENDICOTT.

Strong, valiant John, wilt thou march on, and take up station first?
Christ called hath thee; His soldier be, and fail not of thy trust.

JOHNSON, Robert Underwood, an American editor and poet; born at Washington, D. C., January 12, 1853. In 1881 he became associate editor of the *Century Magazine*. He edited, with C. C. Buel, *The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* (1887–8); and has published several volumes of verse, including *The Winter Hour and Other Poems* (1891); *Songs of Liberty and Other Poems* (1897), and *Poems* (1902).

LUCK AND WORK.

While one will search the season over
To find the magic four-leaved clover,
Another with not half the trouble
Will plant a crop to bear him double.

BEFORE THE BLOSSOM.

In the tassel-time of spring
Love's the only song to sing,
  Ere the ranks of solid shade
Hide the bluebird's flitting wing,
  While in open forest glade.
No mysterious sound or thing
  Haunt of green has found or made,
  Love's the only song to sing.

ILLUSIONS.

Go stand at night upon an ocean craft,
And watch the folds of its imperial train
Catching in fleecy foam a thousand glows -
A miracle of fire unquenched by sea.
There in bewildering turbulence of change
Whirls the whole firmament, till as you gaze,
All else unseen, it is as heaven itself
Had lost its poise, and each unanchored star
In phantom haste flees to the horizon line.

What dupes we are of the deceiving eye!
How many a light men wanderingly acclaim
Is but the phosphor of the path Life makes
With its own motion, while above, forgot,
Sweep on serene the old unenvious stars!
—*The Winter Hour and Other Poems.*

JOHNSON, SAMUEL, an English lexicographer, essayist and poet; born at Lichfield, September 18, 1709; died at London, December 13, 1784. His father was a bookseller, who ultimately fell into pecuniary straits, so that the son, who had been entered as a student at Oxford, was obliged to leave the University without taking his degree. After leaving Oxford he became usher in a grammar-school, and when about twenty-five married Mrs. Porter, a widow of nearly twice his age, and endeavored to establish a private school in his native town. He, however, was able to get only three pupils, one of whom was David Garrick. In 1737 Johnson and Garrick went together to London. Johnson found employment upon the *Gentleman's Magazine.* The next year he wrote his poem of *London,* modelled upon the Third Satire of Juvenal. In 1740 he commenced to write what purported to be the debates in Parliament, which he kept up for about two years. These speeches were wholly imaginary, though Johnson imitated somewhat the manner of the various speakers, taking care, as he said, that "the Whig dogs should not get the best of it." Slowly his reputation began to increase; and in 1747 he was engaged by a combination of leading publishers to prepare an Eng-

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

lish Dictionary. This work, for which he was to receive £1,575, occupied him, although not exclusively, for about seven years. Lord Chesterfield, who had treated almost contemptuously Johnson's original proposal to prepare this Dictionary, now undertook to patronize the work. This called forth a stinging letter from Johnson, closing thus:

JOHNSON TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Seven, years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited at your outward rooms or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before. Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Public should consider me as owing that to a Patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself. Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long waking from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant, Sam. Johnson.

Johnson's principal literary works appeared in the following order: *The Vanity of Human Wishes,* his

most important poem, an imitation of the Tenth Satire of the Juvenal (1748); *Irene,* a tragedy begun before he went to London, finished and acted two or three years later; *The Rambler,* a series of essays published twice a week, comprising two hundred papers by Johnson, and a few by others (1750–52); *The Adventurer,* edited by Dr. Hawksworth, to which Johnson furnished twenty-nine papers (1752–54); the *English Dictionary* (1755); *The Idler* (1758), containing ninety-one papers by Johnson; *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia* (1759); *Tour to the Hebrides,* made in company with Boswell (1773); *Lives of the Poets* (1779–81). He also superintended an edition of Shakespeare for which he wrote Prefaces and Notes (1765).

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is made up in great part of specimens of his conversation and oral criticisms upon men, manners, and books; and to this even more than to his formal writings is he indebted for the commanding place which he holds in the literature of the English language. In 1762 a pension of £300 was granted by the Government to Johnson.

CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;

"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait,
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost:
He comes, nor want, nor cold, his course delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day;
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

— *The Vanity of Human Wishes.*

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

In fool-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign;
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine
Turned by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower;
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns — the train of state,
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate:
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,

The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak, thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest Justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight!
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below.

— *The Vanity of Human Wishes.*

THE SUMMUM BONUM.

Where, then, shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike, alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat;
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,

These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.
—*The Vanity of Human Wishes.*

SUPERSTITION AND MELANCHOLY.

No disease of the imagination is so difficult of cure as that which is complicated with the dread of guilt; fancy and conscience then act interchangeably upon us, and so often shift their places that the illusions of one are not distinguished from the dictates of the other. If fancy presents images not moral or religious, the mind drives them away when they give it pain; but melancholic notions take the form of duty, they lay hold on the faculties without opposition because we are afraid to exclude or banish them. For this reason the superstitious are often melancholy, and the melancholy are almost always superstitious.—*Rasselas.*

VENAL PRAISE.

No man can observe without indignation on what names, both of ancient and modern times, the utmost exuberance of praise has been lavished, and by what hands it has been bestowed. It has never yet been found that the tyrant, the plunderer, the oppressor, the most hateful of the hateful, the most profligate of the profligate, have been denied any celebrations which they were willing to purchase; or that wickedness and folly have not found correspondent flatterers through all their subordinations, except when they have been associated with avarice or poverty, and have wanted either inclination or ability to hire a panegyrist. As there is no character so deformed as to fright away from it the prostitutes of praise, there is no degree of ecomiastic veneration which pride has refused. The emperors of Rome suffered themselves to be worshipped in their lives with altars and sacrifices; and in an age more enlightened the terms peculiar to the praise and worship of the Supreme Being have been applied to wretches whom it was

the reproach of humanity to number among men; and whom nothing but riches or power hindered those that read or wrote their deification from hunting into the toils of justice as disturbers of the peace of nature.—*The Rambler.*

SOME DEFINITIONS.

PENSION: An allowance made to anyone without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.—LEXICOGRAPHER: A writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge.—GRUB-STREET: The name of a street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems, whence any mean producer is called Grub-Street.—FAVORITE: One chosen as a companion by a superior; a mean wretch whose whole business is by any means to please.—EXCISE: A hateful tax levied upon the commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.—*Dictionary.*

STICKING TO ONE'S PARTY.

Dr. Johnson said that Burke was wrong in his maxim of sticking to a certain set of men on all occasions. "I can see that a man may do right to stick to a party; that is to say, he is a Whig, or he is a Tory, and he thinks one of these parties is, upon the whole, the best, and that to make it prevail, it must be generally supported, though in particular it may be wrong. He takes its faggot of principles in which there are fewer rotten sticks than in the other, though some rotten sticks to be sure; and they cannot well be separated. But to bind one's self to one man, or one set of men (who may be right to-day and wrong to-morrow), without any general preference of system, I must disapprove."—*Boswell's Life.*

LAWYER AND CLIENTS.

I asked him whether, as a moralist, he did not think that the practice of the law in some degree hurts the nice feeling of honesty.— JOHNSON: "Why, no, sir, if you act properly. You are not to deceive your clients with false representations of your opinion; you are not to tell lies to a judge."—BOSWELL: "But what do you think of supporting a cause which you know to be bad?"—JOHNSON: "Sir, you do not know it to be good or bad till the Judge determines it. I have said that you are to state facts fairly; so that your thinking, or what you call knowing a cause to be bad, must be from reasoning, must be from your supposing your argument to be weak and inconclusive. But, sir, that is not enough. An argument which does not convince yourself may convince the judge to whom you urge it; and if it does not convince him, why then, sir, you are wrong, and he is right. It is his business to judge; and you are not to be confident in your opinion that a cause is bad, but to say all you can for your client, and then to hear the Judge's opinion."—BOSWELL: "But, sir, does not affecting a warmth when you have no warmth and appearing to be clearly of one opinion when you are in reality of another opinion, does not such dissimulation impair one's honesty! Is there not some danger that a lawyer may put on the same mask in common life, in the intercourse with his friends?"—JOHNSON: "Why, no, sir. Everybody knows you are paid for affecting warmth for your client; and it is, therefore, properly no dissimulation; the moment you come from the bar you resume your usual behavior. Sir, a man will no more carry the artifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society than a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands will continue to tumble upon his hands when he should walk on his feet."—*Boswell's Life.*

GETTING RID OF CANT.

BOSWELL: "I wish much to be in Parliament, sir."—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, unless you come resolved to sup-

port any administration, you would be worse for being in Parliament, because you would be obliged to live more expensively."—BOSWELL: "Perhaps, sir, I should be less happy for being in Parliament. I never would sell my vote, and I should be vexed if things went wrong."—JOHNSON: "That's cant, sir. It would not vex you more in the house than in the gallery. Public affairs vex no man."—BOSWELL: "Have they not vexed yourself a little, sir? Have you not been vexed by all the turbulence of this reign, and by that absurd vote of the House of Commons, 'That the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished?'"—JOHNSON: "Sir, I have never slept an hour less, nor eat an ounce less meat. I would have knocked the factious dogs on the head, to be sure; but I was not vexed."—BOSWELL: "I declare, sir, upon my honor, I did imagine I was vexed, and took a pride in it; but it was, perhaps, cant; for I own I neither ate less nor slept less."—JOHNSON: "My dear friend, clear you *mind* of cant. You may *talk* as other people do: you may say to a man, 'Sir, I am your most humble servant.' You are *not* his most humble servant. You may say, 'These are bad times; it is a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times.' You don't mind the times. You tell a man, 'I am sorry you had such bad weather the last day of your journey, and were so much wet.' You don't care sixpence whether he was wet or dry. You may *talk* in this manner; it is a mode of talking in society; but don't *think* foolishly."—*Boswell's Life.*

PREACHING AND PRACTICING.

Lady Macleod objected that Dr. Cadogan does not practice what he teaches.—JOHNSON: "I cannot help that, madam. That does not make his book the worse. People are influenced more by what a man says if his practice is suitable to it because they are blockheads. The more intellectual people are, the readier will they attend to what a man tells them. If it is just they will follow it, be his practice what it will. No man practices so well as he writes. I have all my life long been lying

till noon; yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good. Only consider! You read a book; you are convinced by it; you do not know the author. Suppose you afterward know him, and find that he does not practice what he teaches; are you to give up your former conviction? At this rate you would be kept in a state of equilibrium when reading every book till you knew how the author practiced."—"But," said Lady Macleod, "you would think better of Dr. Cadogan if he acted according to his principles."—JOHNSON: "Why, madam, to be sure a man who acts in the face of light is worse than a man who does not know so much; yet I think no man should be the worse thought of for publishing good principles. There is something noble in publishing truth, though it condemns one's self."—*Boswell's Life.*

HAPPY LIFE AT A TAVERN.

We dined at an excellent inn at Chapelhouse, where Dr. Johnson expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having, in any perfection, the tavern life. "There is no private house," said he, "in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be; there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him: and no man but a very impudent dog indeed can as freely command what is in another's house as if it were his own. Whereas at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do who are excited with the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir;

there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.— *Boswell's Life.*

JOHNSTON, Annie Fellows, an American novelist and writer of stories for children; born in Indiana in 1863. She has written a large number of juvenile stories, among them *Two Little Knights of Kentucky; The Little Colonel's Home Party; The Story of Dago; The Little Colonel's Holidays; Joel: a Boy of Galilee; In League With Israel; Old Mammy's Torment; The Gate of the Giant Scissors; The Quilt that Jack Built; The Little Colonel; Cicely and Other Stories; Aunt 'Liza's Hero; In the Desert of Waiting* (1904); *The Three Weavers* (1905). She has also written *Asa Holmes,* a novel; and *Songs from Ysame,* a volume of poems, the latter in conjunction with her sister Albion Fellows Bacon.

AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

There is no place where men learn each other's little peculiarities more thoroughly than in the group usually to be found around the stove in a country store. Such acquaintance may be of slow growth, like the oak's, but it is just as sure. Each year is bound to add another ring to one's knowledge of his neighbors if he lounges with them, as man and boy, through the Saturday afternoons of a score of winters.

A boy learns more there than he can be taught in schools. It may be he is only a tow-headed, freckle-faced little fellow of eight when he rides over to the cross-roads store for the first time by himself. Too timid to push into the circle around the fire, he stands

shivering on the outskirts, looking about him with the alertness of a scared rabbit, until the storekeeper fills his kerosene can and thrusts the weekly mail into his red mittens. Then some man covers him with confusion by informing the crowd that "that little chap is Perkins's oldest," and he scurries away out of the embarrassing focus of the public eye.

But the next time he is sent on the family errands he stays longer and carries away more. Perched on the counter, with his heels dangling over a nail keg, while he waits for the belated mail train, he hears for the first time how the government ought to be run, why it is that the country is going to the dogs, and what will make hens lay in cold weather. Added to this general information, he slowly gathers the belief that these men know everything in the world worth knowing, and that their decisions on any subject settle the matter for all time.

He may have cause to change his opinion later on, when his sapling acquaintance has gained larger girth; when he has loafed with them, smoked with them, swapped lies and spun yarns, argued through a decade of stormy election times, and talked threadbare every subject under the sun. But now, in his callow judgment, he is listening to the wit and wisdom of the nation. Now, as he looks around the overflowing room, where butter firkins crowd the calicoes and crockery, and where hams and saddles swing sociably from the same rafter, as far as his knowledge goes, this is the only store in the universe.

Some wonder rises in his childish brain as he counts the boxes of axle-grease and the rows of shining new pitchforks, as to where all the people live who are to use so many things. He has yet to learn that this one little store that is such a marvel to him is only a drop in the bucket, and that he may travel the width of the continent, meeting at nearly every mile-post that familiar mixture of odours — coal oil, mackerel, roasted coffee, and pickle brine. And a familiar group of men, discussing the same old subjects in the same old way,

will greet him at every such booth he passes on his pilgrimage through Vanity Fair.

Probably in after years Perkins's oldest will never realize how much of his early education has been acquired at that Saturday afternoon loafing-place, but he will often find himself looking at things with the same squint with which he learned to view them through 'Squire Dobbs's short-sighted spectacles. Many a time he will find that he has been unconsciously warped by the prejudices he heard expressed there, and that his opinions of life in general and men in particular are the outgrowth of those early conversations which gave him the creed of his boyhood.

"Them blamed Yankees!" exclaims one of these neighborhood orators, tilting his chair back against the counter, and taking a vicious bite at his plug of tobacco. "They don't know no better than to eat cold bread the year 'round!" And the boy, accepting the statement unquestioningly, stores away in his memory not only the remark, but all the weighty emphasis of disgust which accompanied the remark in the spitting of a mouthful of tobacco juice. Henceforth his idea of the menu north of the Mason and Dixon line is that it resembles the bill of fare of a penitentiary, and he feels that there is something cold-blooded and peculiar about a people not brought up on a piping hot diet of hoecake and beaten biscuit.

In the same way the lad whose opinions are being moulded in some little corner grocery of a New England village, or out where the roads cross on the Western prairie, receives his prejudices. It may be years before he finds out for himself that the land of Boone is not fenced with whiskey jugs and feuds, and that the cap-sheaf on every shock of wheat in its domain is not a Winchester rifle.

But these prejudices, popular at local cross-roads, are only the side of which every section carries its own specialty. When it comes to staple articles, dear to the American heart and essential to its liberty and progress, their standard of value is the same the country over.

One useful lesson the youthful lounger may learn here, if he can learn it anywhere, and that is to be a shrewd reader of men and motives. Since staple characteristics in human nature are repeated everywhere, like staple dry goods and groceries, a thorough knowledge of the group around the stove will be a useful guide to Perkins's oldest in forming acquaintances later in life.

Long after he has left the little hamlet and grown gray with the experiences of the metropolis, he will run across some queer Dick whose familiar personality puzzles him. As he muses over his evening pipe, suddenly out of the smoke wreaths will spring the face of some old codger who aired his wisdom in the village store, and he will recognize the likeness between the two as quickly as he would between two cans of leaf lard bearing the same brand.

But Perkins's oldest is only in the primer of his cross-roads curriculum now, and these are some of the lessons he is learning as he edges up to the group around the fire. On the day before Thanksgiving, for instance, he was curled up on a box of soap behind the chair of old Asa Holmes — Miller Holmes everybody calls him, because for nearly half a century his water-mill ground out the grist of all that section of country. He is retired now; gave up his business to his grandsons. They carry it on in another place with steam and modern machinery, and he is laid on the shelf. But he isn't a back number, even if his old deserted mill is. It is his boast that now he has nothing else to do, he not only keeps up with the times, but ahead of them.

Everybody goes to him for advice; everybody looks up to him as they do to a hardy old forest tree that's lived through all sorts of hurricanes, but has stood to the last, sturdy of limb, and sound to the core. He is as sweet and mellow as a winter apple, ripened in the sun, and that's why everybody likes to have him around. You don't see many old men like that. Their troubles sour them.

Well, this day before Thanksgiving the old miller was in his usual place at the store, and as usual it was

he who was giving the cheerful turn to the conversation. Some of the men were feeling sore over the recent election; some had not prospered as they had hoped with their crops, and were experiencing the pinch of hard times and sickness in their homes. Still there was a holiday feeling in the atmosphere. Frequent calls for nutmeg, and sage, and cinnamon, left the air spicy with prophecies of the morrow's dinner.—*Asa Holmes.*
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JOHNSTON, JOSEPH EGGLESTON, an American soldier; born near Farmville, Va., February 3, 1807; died at Washington, D. C., March 21, 1891. He was graduated from West Point in 1829; served in various capacities in the field and as military engineer, and in 1860 was commissioned Quartermaster-General of the Army. Upon the secession of Virginia he resigned his commission in the United States Army and entered the Confederate service, in which he rose to the full rank of General. His military service covers nearly the whole period of the Civil War, beginning with the battle of Bull Run, and ending with the surrender of the army under his command — the last considerable Confederate force in arms — April 26, 1865. During nearly the whole of this period there was a personal ill-feeling between President Davis and General Johnston, the origin of which is described by the latter in his *Narrative of Military Operations* (1874). He was a member of the 46th Congress, and became United States Commissioner of Railways in 1885.

GENERAL JOHNSTON AND PRESIDENT DAVIS.

It was reported about the end of August, 1861, that General A. S. Johnston, coming from California by the Southern (land) route, had entered the Confederacy; and on the 31st of the month, the President nominated five persons to be generals in the Confederate army: First, S. Cooper, to rank from May 16th, the date of the law creating the grade; second, A. S. Johnston, to rank from May 28th; third, R. E. Lee, from June 14th; fourth, J. E. Johnston, from July 4th; and, fifth, G. T. Beauregard, from July 23d, the day of the appointment previously conferred upon him. This action was altogether illegal, and contrary to all the laws enacted to regulate the rank of the class of officers referred to. Those laws were:

(1.) The act of March 6th fixing the military establishment of the Confederacy, and providing for four brigadier-generals — that being the highest grade created. (2.) The act of March 14th, adding a fifth brigadier-general, and authorizing the President to assign one of the five to the duties of adjutant and inspector-general; and (3.) enacting further, "that in all cases of officers who have resigned, or who may, within six months, tender their resignations from the army of the United States, and who have been, or may be appointed to original vacancies in the army of the Confederate States, the commissions issued shall bear one and the same date, so that the relative ranks of officers of each grade shall be determined by their former commissions in the United States army, held anterior to the secession of these Confederate States from the United States." (4.) The act of May 10th: "That the five general officers provided by the existing laws for the Confederate States, shall have the rank and denomination of General, instead of Brigadier-General, which shall be the highest military grade known to the Confederate States. . . . Appointments to the rank of general, after the army is organized, shall be made by selections from the army."

Under the first act, S. Cooper, R. E. Lee, and myself

were brigadier-generals on the 16th of May, when the fourth was approved; and under the third ranked relatively as we had done in the United States army before secession, when I was brigadier-general, General Cooper, colonel, and General Lee lieutenant-colonel in that army. The passage of the fourth act made us generals, and, according to military rule without affecting this relative rank. It also abolished the grade of brigadier-general in the army to which we belonged. General Cooper, General Lee, and myself had no commissions if we were not generals. If we were not generals, executive action could not give our commissions new dates. The order of rank established by law was — first, J. E. Johnston (brigadier-general, U. S. A.); second, S. Cooper (colonel, U. S. A.); third, A. S. Johnston (colonel, U. S. A.); fourth, R. E. Lee (lieutenant-colonel, U. S. A.); fifth, G. T. Beauregard (captain, U. S. A.). The change in the legal arrangement was made by my removal from the first place on the list to the fourth.

Information of these nominations and their confirmation came to me at the same time. On receiving it I wrote to the President such a statement as the preceding, and also expressed my sense of the wrong done me. But, in order that sense of injury might not betray me into the use of language improper from an officer to the President, I laid aside the letter for two days, and then examined it dispassionately, I believe; and was confident that what it contained was not improper to be said by a soldier to the President, nor improperly said. The letter was, therefore, despatched. It is said that it irritated him greatly, and that his irritation was freely expressed. The animosity against me that he is known to have entertained ever since was attributed by my acquaintances in public life, in Richmond at the time, to this letter.— *Narrative, Chap. III.*

JOHNSTON, MARY, an American novelist; born at Buchanan, Va., November 21, 1870. Her childhood and youth were passed on the banks of the James River. In 1893 she removed to New York City, where for a time she was an invalid. In the fall and winter of 1896 she wrote her first novel, *Prisoners of Hope,* which was published two years later. In 1901 appeared her second and more successful work, *To Have and To Hold,* which found thousands of delighted readers in the United States and in England. Her next novel, *Audrey,* was published in 1902, and *Sir Mortimer* in 1904.

A well known critic writing in the *Reader Magazine* favorably compares *Sir Mortimer* with Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*

SIR MORTIMER.

That her new novel would have to undergo comparison with *Westward Ho!* is a risk which Miss Johnston doubtless foresaw. In fact, such comparison is inevitable, and there is fortunately no reason why she should dread it or we should avoid it. Perhaps, too, by this method of literary reference, used with almost absurd frequency in these days, one may conveniently gain an articulate impression and arrive at a just estimate of *Sir Mortimer.*

The historical period is the same in the two romances,—"the spacious times of great Elizabeth," when the new wine of the Renaissance turned all England into a race of gods and fools, when, as Miss Johnston says, "men were swept into adventure by high purposes, love of country, religious ecstasy, chivalrous devotion, greed of gain, lust of aggrandizement, lust of power, mad ambitions ruthless intents," an age not altogether unlike our own. The scenes are much the same in both,—London, the court, the English village, the wide uncharted

seas, the Spanish Main, the tropic islands, the coast of South America. Sir Francis Drake, Sir Philip Sidney and other great names of history and literature star the pages of the new romance as well as those of the old, and one hears a faint echo of *Westward Ho!* when, in *Sir Mortimer,* Giles Arden brings to his fellows a warning remembrance of that John Oxenham, whose daughter Ayacanora is perhaps the strangest heroine in the greater English fiction.

Neither Kingsley nor Miss Johnston attempts the impossible and fruitless task of reproducing exactly the English speech of the sixteenth century. They content themselves with suggestive word-orders and typical phrases. *Sir Mortimer* is nothing less than a triumph of stylistic skill. It is the first work of fiction to afford an adequate representation of Euphuism, with its balanced clauses chiming in sound and changing in sense, its innumerable references to classic mythology, its unnatural similes from natural history. Considering the fact that Sir Walter Scott, in *The Monastery,* made a conspicuous failure of the same endeavor, this achievement of Miss Johnston's is all the more noteworthy. She has also pierced to the very heart of the Arcadian affectation, keeping the tone of conversation emotional and dramatic while it remains *précieuse.* The glowing fable in which Sir Mortimer clothes the story of his love for Damaris Sedley shows a remarkable literary sensibility and sympathy, for it is quint-essentially Elizabethan.

One does not expect of Miss Johnston Canon Kingsley's broad canvas, teeming with a varied humanity, his fulness of antiquarian knowledge, his philosophical basis and purpose. Reduced to their lowest terms, however, the themes of the two authors have much in common. Both writers have been impressed by the degrading influence which the frenzy of adventure may have upon a noble mind. Sir Amyas Leigh expiates his passionate revenge in blindness. Sir Mortimer Ferne expiates his too conscious pride in an abysmal agony of spirit, more bitter than blindness, more awful than the tortures which racked his body. Here is a subject fitted to the hand of a delicate artist like Miss Johnston, who yet does not quite

succeed in making her outer plot as plausible as her inner problem is finely conceived.

The entire narrative moves with the splendid energy of the born story-teller. The creator of high-souled women in *To Have and To Hold,* and *Audrey* has, in *Sir Mortimer,* fashioned the more difficult figure of the high-souled man. She has revived for the modern public the rich sensation of Elizabethan style. She has written the finest romance of Spanish gold and English honor since *Westward Ho!*—*Review in The Reader Magazine.*

JOHNSTON, Richard Malcolm, an American novelist; born at Powelton, Ga., March 8, 1822; died at Baltimore, Md., September 23, 1898. He was graduated from Mercer University in 1841; studied law and was admitted to the Georgia bar in 1843. In the same year he began practice at Sparta, Ga. From 1857 to 1861 he was professor of literature in the University of Georgia. In the Civil War he served as a colonel in the Confederate Army. In 1867 he established a school for boys. His works include *Historical Sketch of English Literature* (1878); *Life of Alexander H. Stephens* (1883); *Dukesborough Tales* (1883); *Old Mark Langston* (1885); *Ogeechee Cross-Firings* (1889); *Absalom Billingslea and Other Georgia Folk* (1887); *Widow Guthrie* (1889); *Studies Literary and Social* (1891); *The Primes and Their Neighbors* (1894); *Mr. Billy Downs and His Likes* (1896), and *Pearce Amerson's Will* (1898). His work in the field of fiction was the delineation of Georgia character, especially of the ante-bellum period.

Mr. Flint had spoken of the will in such terms of blame that Amerson began to avoid him. Dabney, hearing of this, asked Rachels to request him to call at the office when he next came to town. So on the next Saturday, his day for coming in, while sipping his first toddy at the "Big Indian," Rachels said,—

"Uncle Lishy, Squire Dabney was in here not long back, and he asked me to tell you, the first time I see you, he wished you'd stop in his office, as he wants to have a little talk with you about a matter."

"Squire Dabney!" said the customer, setting down the tumbler which he was raising. "Why, what do he want along of me, you reckon, Gustus? I never had no business with him, exceptin' to git him to draw up a will for me, and I paid him for that, like I allays do for everything as I go up. Did he say what it was about?"

"No, sir; but I got the idee somehow it might be about the Amerson will. He never let on in them words, but somehow I gethered that idee."

"Pearce Amerson's will! Why, my Lord! I got nothin' to do 'long of Pearce Amerson's will, exceptin' I were one o' the witnesses, and I ben sorry for that ever sense I heard how ag'in' Cullen it went, that were my favor-*ite* 'mong his two boys, and I told Wile so. But that's every blessed thing I had to do with it."

"It mayn't be that, Uncle Lishy. As for that will, it's a shame it were ever made, and it'll be a pity if it ain't broke."

"Come, now, Gustus, come, now, I can't foller you fur as that. A man's will's his will. The law say that, and it won't let her be broke onlest they is mighty plain good reason for it. The law, they tell me, is very p'inted in sech a case, which and it ought to be."

"That may be so; but s'pose the old man thought he done destroyed it after making it, and s'pose he were hendered from destroying it by somebody unbeknownst, which to my opinion that's so."

"Ah, Gustus, but such as that have to be prove pine-

blank. It's a troublesome case all round. Poor Cullen! but it ain't a-hurtin' of *him* now. Yit there's his widder and orphin child that it seem ruther hard on them. I been a-hopin' they'd compermise it, which as for breakin' a will dry so, because it don't read accordin' to what people think they'd do if it was them and theirn, I can't but be ag'in' sech as that. I got a will myself which some mayn't like when I'm gone, and the beginnin' of a example o' breakin' wills out and out, 'ithout up and down good reason, I can't go to that extent myself. Well, I'll swallow the balance of my toddy, and then go and see what Arthur Dabney want with me."

Repairing to the office and assigned a chair, he took from his pocket a biscuit, and said,—

"Arthur,—I call you Arthur because you was raised right there by me, and you've never talked nor done like you feel like you got above your raisin'—

"That's right, Mr. Flint. That's what I prefer you to call me."

"Jes' so; be it so, then. I were goin' to say that Gustus Rachels told me you wanted to see me, and so I've come; and if you hain't a objection to it, I'll eat a biscuit, because I've jes' now took a toddy at Gustus's 'Big Injun,' as they call it, and she ain't goin' to do me the good benefits I'm a-countin' on from her 'ithout I put a little somethin' on top of her where she went, if you'll excuse me."

"Certainly, Mr. Flint; make yourself entirely at home. I thank you for coming. I only want to chat with you a little about the old man Amerson's will. An unfortunate piece of business, wasn't it?"

"Very onfort'nate, and a onexpecteder to me I don't ric'lect."

"I had heard that you were much surprised and a good deal distressed by it. Indeed, so far as I can hear, everybody in Baldwin County is,—except, of course, Wiley Amerson, who thinks he has everything in his sling, as they say."

"His father before him were an ambition kind of a man about the gittin' o' prop'ty and holdin' on to it. There's where Wiley got it. Now his mother were dif-

fer'nt, and Cullen he took arfter her. A fine boy, a oncommon fine boy! It weren't right; that is, to my opinion, which business it's none o' mine; but to me it don't appear right; but there it is, you see Arthur. Now, that will you writ for me, one o' my sons ain't a-goin' to like it when I'm out o' the way, but the law, you know, is ag'in the—"

"That's all perfectly true, Mr. Flint. Regarding your will, other people, whether John thinks so or not, will say it was right, and certainly there can be no suspicion regarding it. This case is very different. In this there has been great fraud somewhere, and it is of utmost importance to find out what it was. I wanted to see you and ascertain what you might remember in your intercourse with Pearce Amerson to show that he had not such preference for Wiley over Cullen as that will indicates."

Mr. Flint stooped carefully, picked up from the floor a crumb, and, going to a window, threw it out. Resuming his chair, he said, smiling,—

"My old 'oman frekwent gives me a scold about drappin' crumbs about; but as to that, I don't know as I know anything exceptin' what everybody know in our settlement. The old man Amerson were monst'ous fond o' Cullen, seem like to me, till he got married to Harnah Enlow, when seem like soon arter that he got put out ag'inst him; but then, in no long time, about a year or sech a matter, I thought he had got riconciled to him, and even a-includin' of Harnah. I know he was monst'ous proud when their baby come and they named it arter him; that's what make it all 'stonish me so. Why, sir, I've heard him up till not two months before he taken sick, of frekwent a-goin' on about Harnah, what a fine, industr'ous wife she were to Cullen, and turnin' out so fur better than he ben a-expectin' from what some people had told him about her."

"Did he say what this was, and from whom he got it?"

"Well, I can't ric'lict egzact; but somehow it were that he have heard Harnah were a kind o' frolicky, frisky, that didn't keer much fur — well, the upshot were, she weren't too good, and were danger of her fetchin' down the family,

after Wiley have lift it up, and so on, which I told him I could of told him all the time that Harnah were a perfect jeweld of a girl myself, if her parents *was* in mod'rate circums'es. As for where'd he got his idees he had at the offstart, why, I'll have to — well, the people in the settlement says, and my old 'oman among' em, they all says he never got 'em from nobody but Wile Amerson hisself."

"No doubt about that, Mr. Flint. Mr. Amerson did not tell you what was in his will?"

"No, bless your soul, no; nor I never ast him."

"Did he ever say in your hearing that he had destroyed it, or that he meant to do so?"

"No, not as I 'member. He were not a man to talk about what he'd ben a-doin' and were a-meanin' to do, and I never ast him, it not bein' any o' my business."

"I was not in court when the will was proved. You were, I heard, and testified to the old gentleman's entire soundness of mind."

"Oh, yes; I were the only witness there. Billy Lilly he was dead, you know, and that rattlin' Owen Carruthers he were the t'other, and he were laid up with one o' his rheumatiz spells, that come on him sometimes by his takin' no keer o' hisself. Pearce Amerson's mind were as sound as it ever were, certain and sure, and it kept so long as I see him to talk with him, if I'm any jedge."

"Yet he told Cullen, several times, a month before he died, and in the presence of Cullen's wife, that he had no will, and that Wiley had persuaded him against it, saying as they were only two, both of age, they could divide the estate between themselves."

"Is that so?" he asked, in much solemnity.

"It is."

"Well, then, there's obleeged to be somethin' rotten some'res. Pearce Amerson were a truth-tellin' man, albe, like me, he were not a perfessor o' religion. If he said them words, he believed 'em."

"The difficulty, Mr. Flint, is in establishing this. Cullen is dead, and could not testify if alive; neither can his wife. The law, as I told you, will stand to a will that is fairly made, but the law never lends countenance to fraud of any kind. That it is in this case deep, black, and

damning, there cannot be a doubt; and the people of that settlement where Mrs. Amerson was born and brought up ought to take some pains to help in finding it out."

After somewhat of further conversation, Mr. Flint left the office. When ready to start home he repaired again to the "Big Indian."

"Gustus, you was right about what Arthur Dabney want with me. It's a mighty ticklish case, take it all around; ticklisher than I even thought. If Wile don't mind, he'll git into hot water before it's done with. If I was him I'd compermise, and I'd do it speedy."

"As soon as I heard it, Uncle Lishy, I knew rascality was somewhere. As for Hannah, and I'm not saying it because she's my kin, but it's a perfect shame how her character was handled by Wile Amerson to begin with; but I did think the old man had got over it. And he had. I know he had. Now, I'll tell you what I'm going to do, no business of mine if it is. I'm going to *make* it my business to find out all I can. People is excited about this cussed concern, and I'm going to inquire among all I come across what they know that'll be of any use to Hannah and her child."

Faster than usual Mr. Flint, as if to keep up with Rachels, drank his toddy. When he had finished, looking at the tumbler sorrowfully and turning it slanting as if to find if another drop might not be within it, he said,—

"Right, my son, right. If I weren't a old man, I'd do the same. And I ain't that old I has to keep my mouth shet complete. Gustus — you — may —" After uttering these words doubtfully, he continued with decision, "No. I won't take any more, albe my mind have got egzited about this thing. I've got a good ways to ride, and I must take a level head along with me."

Then, having obtained victory over the temptation, he smiled with much satisfaction, and said,—

"Gustus, you want to know how come I not to be a drinkin' man, that's to say a hard-drinkin' man, as everybody know Lishy Flint always is a person as try to be respectable, and keep respectable in the handlin' o' sperrits, and mighty sildom, if he say it hisself, he let it git beyant him, that it ruther run in the family from away

back to be apt to knock sperrits too heavy for their good? Well, I'll jest up and tell you. When I weren't no more'n a boy, I found out, like the rest o' the Flints, that the taste of sweetened dram was powerful sweet, not only in my mouth, but in my throat, and in my very jaws all the way down; and so when I got a man and knowed I could git it whensomever I wanted it, I made up my mind I'd never take it when I see I wanted it too bad. Of course, 'ithout the colic or some 'nother case o' sickness. Well, sir, the rule have worked wonderful. It's a hard one at the offstart, but if a man'll jest determ' to keep a stiff upper lip he can foller her. That's what I done straightforrards. Many time somethin' happen and my jaws gits to a waterin' and a solid achin' for a dram, then I clamp 'em together tight, and I says to 'em, 'No, jaws, you want it too serwigous,' and so I let it go. It's the only safetest way to them that has a nat'ral strong likin' for the article. I'm not a-denyin' that this very minute, sech is the egzitement on my mind, that I wants one nother, and that strenious; but I'm too old to begin to break my rule at this time o' day in my life. God bless you, Gustus! You make 'em as good as I ever want to taste; but far' you well, Gustus."

He bestowed a kind look of farewell upon the decanter, then, resolutely closing his jaws, came out, went for his horse, and rode away.—*Pearce Amerson's Will.*

JOINVILLE, JEAN DE, a French historian and statesman; born at Joinville on the Marne, Champagne, about 1224; died there, July 16, 1317. He accompanied Louis IX. in his first crusade or expedition to Egypt in 1248, sharing his master's captivity, and rendering him many important services. In the King's second crusade, however, he declined taking a part; and subsequently employed himself in

writing his *Memoires, ou l'Histoire et Chronique du Très Chrétien Roi St. Louis,* in which he has left us a beautiful portraiture of the King, a very graphic narrative of the crusade, and one of the most important aids to a knowledge of the memorable period in which he lived.

SAINT LOUIS.

He was so sober of mouth that I never heard him, any day of my life, order any viands as do many rich men; and so he ate patiently that which his cooks prepared and placed before him. In his words he was moderate; for no day of my life did I hear him speak ill of any man, nor ever heard him name the devil, which name is far spread through the kingdom: the which I think by no means pleases God.— *Translation of* HENRI VAN LAUN.

SIN.

"Now, I ask you," said he "which would you like best, that you should be leprous, or that you had committed a mortal sin?"

And I never lied to him; I answered, "That I should like better to have committed thirty mortal sins than to be leprous."

And when the monks were gone, he called me alone, and made me sit at his feet, and said: "What did you say to me yesterday?"

And I said to him that I should still say it.

And he said to me: "You spoke as a blundering fool; for you ought to know that there is no so repulsive leprosy as being in sin with the devil." — *From The Memoirs of St. Louis.*

JOKAI, Maurus, an Hungarian novelist; born at Komorn, February 19, 1825; died at Buda Pesth, May 5, 1904. His father, an advocate, died when the boy was twelve years old. In 1840 he entered the high school at Papa, and afterward attended that of Kecskemet, and studied law at Pesth. In 1846 he was editor of the *Wochenblatt,* then an important paper. In 1848 he married Rosa Laborfalvi, the greatest tragedienne of Hungary. He was present at the surrender of Villagos in August, 1849, and, to escape imprisonment, he resolved to commit suicide. The arrival of his wife from Pesth with the money obtained by the sale of her jewels, prevented him from carrying his design into execution. They made their way on foot through the Russian lines and after some difficulty reached Pesth. Finding journalism impracticable, Jokai turned to fiction. He published twenty-five romances, three hundred and twenty novelettes and six dramas. Among his romances are *The Good Old Assessors; A Modern Midas; A Hungarian Nabob,* and its sequel, *Zoltan Karpathy; Sad Times; Oceania; The White Rose; Transylvania's Golden Age; The Turks of Hungary; The Last Days of the Janissaries; Poor Rich Men; The World Turned Upside Down; Madhouse Management; The New Landlord; The Romance of the Next Century; Black Diamonds,* and *Beloved to the Scaffold.* In 1863 Jokai established a Hungarian journal, *The Fatherland.*

Having been asked his opinion of his own works, Jokai once said: "Financially, *A Modern Midas,* an American translation of which has been published

under the title of *Timar's Two Worlds,* has been my greatest success. But if literary merit is to be considered as the basis of financial success, then the public and I are of different opinions, for I think *A Hungarian Nabob* my best production. Among my other works probably *Black Diamonds* has caught the public fancy most. *Eyes Like the Sea* is, to a great extent, an autobiography. That book describes the earlier part of my life, especially that epoch of our revolutionary war of 1848–49 in which I took an active part. The heroine of the book was my wife."

Maurus Jokai, belonging to a numerically small nation, and writing in a language read and spoken only by a few millions of people, achieved high rank in the world of letters. In Europe his works have been translated into fourteen languages. He was the idol of his nation, and when he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his literary career, the occasion was made a national event, and government, aristocracy, and people in general vied with each other to do honor to him whose works carried the fame of Magyar literature far beyond its limited boundary.

THE IRON GATE OF THE DANUBE.

A mountain-chain cleft asunder from summit to base, making a gorge four miles in length. This chasm is called "The Iron Gate." Perpendicular rocky cliffs, from 600 to 3,000 feet in height, form the sides of this wild pass, through which flows that great river which was called Ister by the Romans, but now bears the name of the Danube. This mighty stream, rising in the distant eastern confines of Germany, pours its floods into Austria and Hungary, thence through the Iron Gate into the Turkish dominions, and finally, through three mouths, into the Black Sea.

Have the tumultuous floods cut a way for themselves, or have volcanic fires burst through the mountain-chain? Was it Neptune or Vulcan who did this work? It is indeed a work of the gods. Traces of the handicraft of Neptune still remain in the "Truska Gora," in the form of petrified mussel-shells, strewn about everywhere, as well as in the "fossil remains of ocean-dwelling saurians in the Veterani cave." The work of Vulcan is seen in the basalt on the "Piatra Detonata." But the ruined pillars of a massive stone bridge, and a long gallery hewn in the cliffs on the shore (making an overarched highway) tell of the labors of men as plainly as do the tablets in bas-relief set in the rocky walls.

In the river, the deep canal (a hundred feet wide), through which the largest ship can pass, is also an evidence of human skill and toil. The Iron Gate has a history two thousand years old; and four nations — the Romans, the Turks, the Roumanians, and the Hungarians — have each bestowed upon it a distinctive name.

Within it the cliffs seem to form giant-built temples, in which, with their massive columns and friezes, the fancy almost expects to find the statues of Saints. This temple-like formation extends through a stretch of four miles with many a turn and winding — ever revealing new forms and new configurations. The sheer face of one precipice is as smooth as polished granite. Red and white veins, like the letters of some ancient book of the gods, penetrate its whole length. In another part of the cliff there is a rusty red surface like molten iron. Here and there lie huge granite blocks, as if flung about by the Titans. A fresh turn brings one before what seems the door of a Gothic cathedral, with its graceful spires, and closely set pillars of basalt. On the rust-colored wall shines a golden spot, like the tablet of the Ark of the Covenant. That is a mineral blossom; it is sulphur. But also living flowers adorn the walls. From the crevices of the cornice they drop like green garlands, placed there by pious hands. They are the giant larches and pine-trees, whose sombre masses are diversified with the golden and red colors of the sunburned underbrush. Now and then this double-walled cliff opens into an en-

ticing cañon, and gives a glimpse into a hidden paradise uninhabited by man.

Here, between the two precipitous walls, brood dusky shadows; and, in the half daylight, a sunny valley smiles like a fairy world, with forests of wild grapevines, whose ripe, red berries lend color to the trees, and whose falling leaves spread like a carpet over the ground. There is no human habitation to be seen in the valley. A little brook dances along, where the deer fearlessly come to quench their thirst. Then, a little farther on, this streamlet — with a silvery gleam — plunges over the precipice.

Once again the mountain-gorge is reformed, and other temple-like domes are seen — larger and more awe-inspiring than before. These precipices are separated by less than 900 feet, while they rise to the height of 3,000. Yonder stands a sharp peak called the "Gropa lui Petro," "the Sarcophagus of St. Peter." Other Titan-like stone formations near this mountain-summit are named for St. Peter's apostolic companions. Opposite this collossal rock is the "Babile." Yonder cliff, shutting off further outlook, is the "Dove's Rock." The gray summit beyond, surmounting the "Robber's Peak," is the "Rasbognik Veli" — visible for miles away. Between these rocky walls flows — far below in its wild bed — the Danube.

This majestic primeval stream, sweeping through the smooth plains of Hungary in a bed 6,000 feet in width, quietly rippling under the willows which droop over it from the shore, and reflecting the meadows rich in blossoms, or murmuring with softly humming mill-wheels, is here suddenly imprisoned in a rocky channel only 800 feet wide.

Ah, with what scorn the river plunges through! One who had marked its former gentle current would no longer know the wild torrent. The old and gray giant has become a young and lusty hero. The waves leap up in fierce foam against their rocky bed — for in the very midst of the channel rises a great mass of stone like a Druidical altar. It is the huge "Babagag" in the Cassan rock. Against this rock breaks the wild torrent with unconquerable scorn — leaping over it, and whirling in fierce currents which scoop out fathomless abysses from

the stony river-bed. Then, roaring and foaming, the waters sweep over the crags which lie between the overhanging cliffs. In other places, where the barriers are too strong, the river has eaten its way under the overhanging rocks. Here and there it brings earth formations to cover the bowlders in its path, making new islands, not to be found on the map. These in time became overgrown with wild shrubs and underbrush. They belong to none of the bordering kingdoms — neither to the Hungarian, Turkish, nor Servian Government. They are a true No Man's Land. They pay no taxes, they know no rulers, they lie outside of the world, they have not even a name. Now and then the same river which formed them tears one of them away from its foundations, and sweeps off the island with its woods and its fields — blotting it forever from a right to a place on the map of the world.

Through these cliffs and islands the Danube flows in a various bed, with a swift current of ten miles an hour; and the shipmasters must know the narrow channel well between Ograndina and Plessivissovicza. The hands of man have made a canal in the rocky bottom of the river-bed, through which large ships can pass; but near the shore there are places where only small craft can find a way.

Following the coast-line of the smaller islands, between the narrowing banks of the stream, some signs of the works of men are seen amid the great creations of Nature — double palisades of strong tree-trunks, which come together in the form of the letter V, with the opening upstream. These are sturgeon-traps. These fishy travellers from the sea swim up the stream, rubbing their heads against any obstruction, in order to get rid of parasites. They enter into the tree-traps; and, as it is not their habit to turn, they push on to the ever-narrowing snares, until at last they drop into the death-chamber at the end of V, from which there is no escape.

There is here an eternal roaring. As the swift river rushes over its stony bed, as it surges against the island altars, as it lashes the lofty cliffs, as it thunders like a cataract, its noise is ever repeated in a perpetual echo

by the resounding crags, making an altogether unearthly music, like a medley of organ-tones, clashing bells, and dying thunder-peals. Man trembles, and is dumb at the sound, ashamed to intrude his voice in this Titanic uproar. Sailors communicate with each other only by signs. Superstition forbids the fisherman to utter a word in this place. A consciousness of the danger of the channel naturally leads to silence, or to an inwardly whispered prayer. For, indeed, he who passes through this rocky gorge, so long as the cliffs frown down upon him, may well feel that he is stirring along the walls of his own sepulchre.

And what if to the terror of the sailors is added the "Bora!" This is a wind which sometimes blows for a week at a time, and which makes the Danube impassable through the Iron Gate.

If there were but one wall of mountains this wall would be a protection against the Bora. But the current of air which is pressed in between the two rocky walls is as capricious as is the vagrant wind in the streets of a great city. It blows first from one quarter, then from another. It seizes the ship, wrenches off the rudder, gives work for every hand, plays havoc with the tow-horses and tow-ropes; and then suddenly the wind changes, and both ship and waves are blown backward up the stream, like the dust in a city street. At such times the organ-like tones of the tempest sound like the trumpet of the last judgment. The death-shrieks of the shipwrecked and drowning mariners are lost in the terrific roar or the howling, re-echoing winds.—*A Modern Midas.*

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

JONES, Henry Arthur, an English dramatist; born at Granborough, Buckinghamshire, December 20, 1851. His father was a Buckinghamshire farmer. At the age of thirteen he started out to make his own way in the world, and secured a position with a commercial firm at Bradford. He remained here five years, and, notwithstanding his extreme youth, occupied his entire leisure in trying to write something in the way of essays, poems, and tales, all of which were offered to various magazines, and were at once rejected. In 1870, while on a business trip to London, he for the first time visited a theatre, and this visit marks the starting-point in his career as a dramatist. It was at this same theatre, the Haymarket, that his most successful play, *The Dancing Girl* (1891), was first produced. For nine years he wrote play after play, and submitted them to the managers of various theatres, but was unsuccessful in having them accepted. Then he wrote a three-volume story, finishing it in three years, and it was also rejected. Finally, in 1878, after sixteen years of constant discouragement, he succeeded in having a one-act play, *Only Round the Corner,* produced at the Exeter Theatre. This, however, did not secure his recognition as a dramatist, but only gave him a foretaste of success. Then came his *A Clerical Error,* a comedietta, which was accepted by Wilson Barrett, then manager of the Grand Theatre, at Leeds, and produced at the Court Theatre, London, the following season. This piece secured him recognition, and three years later he met his first great success in the production of *The Silver King.*

Among his other productions are *The Wife* and *Saints and Sinners* (1884); *Hoodman Blind; The Noble Vagabond; Lord Harry; Heart of Hearts,* and *Hard Hit* (1888); *The Middleman* (1889); *Judah* (1890); *Wealth* (1892); *The Bauble Shop* and *The Tempter* (1893); *The Case of Rebellious Susan* (1894); *The Manœuvers of Jane* (1899); *Mrs. Dane's Defence* (1901); *The Princess' Nose* (1902), and *Chance, the Idol* (1903). *The Renaissance of the English Drama,* a collection of essays and lectures, was published in book form in 1895.

RELIGION AND THE STAGE.

To begin with Christopher Marlowe, "Son first-born of the morning, sovereign star!" In Marlowe there is none of the familiar, playful quotation of Scripture so frequent in Shakespeare, or the broadly comic portraiture of religious hypocrisy unctuously mouthing Holy Writ to its own ends that Ben Jonson delights in. Marlowe's fiery genius sets directly about its main ends, and in *Doctor Faustus* seizes the heart and core of the Christian doctrine, and appropriates as much as is necessary for the scheme of his play. There is no hesitation, no question in Marlowe's mind as to the perfect right of his art to enter this region and take full possession of it. Fragments of Christian dogma are tossed hither and thither in the burning whirlpool with waifs and strays of heathen history and mythology, while the livid heat of the poet's imagination binds and mats all the strange ingredients into one liquid flame of terror, and the spectator watches with harrowing suspense, and breathless and inescapable impression of reality, the damnation of a soul. Omitting the wretched buffoonery of the comic scenes as possible interpolations or concessions to the groundlings, there is no room left for any thought of reverence or irreverence. The question of the comparative truth of the Greek mythology and the creed of Christendom sinks into a matter of "words, words,

words," as we contemplate the awful picture of the death-agony of *Faustus*. Marlowe compels our acquiescence that *that* at least is real, is true. It would be impertinent to defend the *Faustus* against any possible charge of irreverence which the rancid, bilious temperament of superfinical godliness might bring against it. No poet ever reaches such inaccessible heights of inspiration without remaining quite impervious to, and out of the reach of, harm by any assault from that quarter. It could only be in an outburst of bewildered indignation or riotous satire that one could put the question, whether in the matter of reverence of man's spiritual nature the age that produced Marlowe's *Faustus* has any need to feel ashamed of itself when brought to the bar of the age that demanded a version of the same legend brought down to the intelligence of a modern burlesque audience.

Upon turning from Marlowe to Shakespeare, we find a difference in the treatment of sacred subjects, and the poet's attitude toward religion such as corresponds with the difference in the genius and temper of the two men. In none of his four great tragedies is Shakespeare employed upon so vast and tremendous a theme as Marlowe had to work upon in *Faustus*. Neither *Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear,* nor *Othello* has the same inherent supernatural grandeur, though all of them are far more human and domestic. It is useless, though it is most interesting, to speculate, supposing that the ground had not been already occupied by Marlowe, what Shakespeare might have given us if he had treated the legend of *Faustus* in the meridian of his powers, in the *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* period.

In no respect is the varied, universal play of Shakespeare's genius, and his royal dominion over all things, human and divine, more fully shown than in the use he makes of the Bible. He treats the Scriptures as if they belonged to him.

. . . . . .

What most strikes us in considering Shakespeare's attitude toward religion is the thorough saturation of his plays in the spirit and sentiment and phraseology of the moral rather than the doctrinal portion of Scripture.

Though doctrinal allusions are far from scanty in his works, yet they are so little pronounced, so vaguely or discreetly worded, or belong so clearly to the official position of the speaker, rather than to the conviction of the author, or are so common to all the sects, or, if pertaining to one of them, are cancelled by allusions to other doctrines sanctioned by other sects — in a word, so little sectarian bias peeps out in Shakespeare that Catholics and Anglicans and Congregationalists have alike claimed him as belonging to their communion.

. . . . . .

Shade of that immortal genius, with what a smile of kindly pity dost thou elude all our attempts to cabin, crib, and confine in the fetters and tatters of our particular sect thy spirit, whose creed was broad and general as the casing air, as wide and universal as the beneficent heaven, whose arch rests impenetrably bright or impenetrably dark over every soul of man.— *The Renaissance of the English Drama.*

JONSON, Ben, an English dramatist; born at Westminster, probably in 1574; died at London, August 6, 1637. As a youth he enlisted in the army and saw some service in Flanders; after which he is said to have been entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where his stay must have been short, for at twenty we find him upon the stage, but meeting with indifferent success as an actor. In 1596 appeared his *Comedy of Humors,* which was subsequently remodelled, and appeared under the title of *Every Man in His Humor.* Shakespeare, who was about ten years the senior of Jonson, and had already written some of his finest comedies, is

BEN JONSON.

said to have aided in the composition of this play, and to have taken a part in its representation upon the stage. In 1599 appeared Jonson's less successful comedy, *Every Man Out of His Humor.* He continued to write for the stage down to near the close of his life. The latest and apparently the most complete collection of his works, which appeared in 1853, contains seventeen plays, and more than thirty masques and interludes, besides many miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse. His two most important tragedies are *Sejanus* (1603) and *Catiline* (1611), both founded upon scenes in Roman history. His principal comedies, besides those already mentioned, are *Volpone, or the Foxe* (1605); *Epicœne, or the Silent Woman* (1609), and *The Alchemist* (1610). Scattered through the masques and interludes, and among the miscellaneous pieces, are several exquisite poems.

Jonson's personal history was marked by many vicissitudes. Shortly after the accession of James I., in 1603, Jonson, in conjunction with Chapman and Marston, produced the comedy of *Eastward Hoe,* which was supposed to reflect severely upon the Scottish nation; the authors were thrown into prison, and threatened with the loss of their ears and noses. Jonson, however, soon made his peace with the King, with whom he rose into high favor. In 1613 he went to the Continent as tutor to a son of Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1619 he was made Poet Laureate, with a salary of one hundred marks (about £70). In 1628 he had a stroke of palsy, whereupon King Charles I. increased his stipend to £100, to which was added an annual tierce of wine. Notwithstanding these beneficences, he was always involved in pecuni-

ary difficulties. He was buried in Westminster Abbey; and his tombstone (since removed) contained by way of inscription only the words, "O rare Ben Jonson." In 1619 he made a pedestrian tour in Scotland, where he was for several weeks a guest of Drummond of Hawthornden, who wrote the following not overflattering characterization of the laureate:

JONSON AS DESCRIBED BY DRUMMOND.

"He is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after a drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth; a dissembler of ill parts which reign within him; a beggar of some good that he wanted; thinking nothing well but what either he himself or some of his countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but, if well answered, at himself; for any religion, as being versed in both; interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst; oppressed with fantasy, which hath even mastered his reason — a general disease in many poets."

The following scene from *Every Man in His Humor* is a favorable specimen of the comedy of Jonson. Captain Bobadil is a braggadocio, living in an obscure inn, where he is visited by Knowell, whom he is trying to make his dupe.

HOW TO SAVE THE EXPENSE OF AN ARMY.

Bobadil.— I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords (observe me), I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to

save the one-half, nay three parts, of her yearly charge in holding war and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

Knowell.— Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bobadil.— Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules — as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passado, your montanto — till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honor refuse us; well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them, too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(*Printed in the first folio edition of Shakespeare, 1623.*)

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither Man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis time, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds the best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance

The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.
But thou art proof against them and, indeed,
Above the ill-fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little farther to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so my brain excuses —
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line,
And though thou had small Latin and less Greek
From thence to honor thee, I would not seek
For names, but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time,
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part
For though the poet's matter Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion; and that he

Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain to scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night;
And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

ODE TO HIMSELF.

(*Written after the failure of his comedy,* "The New Inn," *which was miserably acted and sharply criticised, January 19, 1629.*)

Come, leave the loathed stage,
And the more loathsome age;
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
Usurp the chair of wit!
Inditing and arraigning every day
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain
Run on and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn;
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Say that thou pourest them wheat,
And they will acorns eat;
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
On such as have no taste!
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread
Whose appetites are dead!

No, give them grains their fill,
Husks, draff to drink or swill;
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.

Leave things so prostitute
And take the Alcaic lute;
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre;
Warm thee by Pindar's fire;
And though thy nerves be shrank and blood be cold,
Ere years have made thee old,
Strike that disdainful heat,
Throughout, to their defeat,
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
May blushing swear no palsy's in thy brain.

But when they hear thee sing
The glories of thy king,
His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men;
They may, blood-shaken then,
Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers,
As they shall cry: "Like ours
In sound of peace or wars,
No harp e'er hit the stars,
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign,
And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his Wain."

SONG — TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there

It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire
To honor, serve, and love, as Poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness — pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned and manly soul
I purposed her: that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such, when I meant to feign, and wished to see,
My Muse bade BEDFORD, write, and that was she!

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die:
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was ELIZABETH;
The other — let it sleep in death,
Fitter, where it died to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learned and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

JOSEPHUS, FLAVIUS, a Jewish historian; born at Jerusalem, A.D. 37; died in Italy about A.D. 100. He was of a noble sacerdotal family, and was descended on the mother's side from the Asmonean princes. He calls himself simply Josephus; the Latin cognomen Flavius seems to have been assumed in honor of the Flavian gens of Rome, to which belonged the emperors Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian, by whom he was greatly favored in his later years. At the age of twenty-six he went to Rome in order to procure the liberation of some of his friends whom the Roman procurator Felix had caused to be arrested. This visit to Rome apparently took place while Paul was a prisoner there; but there is no evidence that Josephus ever heard of the apostle. He quite ignores the existence of the Christians. They are indeed casually mentioned in two passages which are found in his works as we have them. Near the close of the *Antiquities* we read:

CHRIST AND THE CHRISTIANS

Now there was about this time [during the procuratorship of Pontius Pilate, A. D. 25-35] Jesus, a wise man —

if it be lawful to call him a man; for he was a doer of wonderful works, and a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews and many of the Gentiles. He was the Christ. And when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men among us, had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him at the first did not forsake him, for he appeared to them alive again, the third day; as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him. And the tribe of Christians, so named from him, is not extinct at this day [about A. D. 93].

And a little farther on we read of a persecution of the Christians, which must have occurred about A.D. 52.

PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS.

This younger Ananus, who took the high-priesthood, was a bold man in his temper, and very insolent. He was also of the sect of the Sadducees, who are very rigid in judging offenders above all the rest of the Jews. When, therefore, Ananus was of this disposition, he thought he had a proper opportunity to exercise his authority. Festus was now dead, and Albinus [who had been named to succeed Festus as procurator] was but upon the road. So Ananus assembled the sanhedrim of the judges, and brought before them the brother of Jesus, who was called Christ, whose name was James, and some of his companions. And when he had laid an accusation against them as breakers of the law, he delivered them to be stoned.

The genuineness of the former of these passages has been seriously questioned. The latter passage may probably be accepted as genuine.

Not long after the return of Josephus from this mission to Rome, the insolence of the Roman pro-

curators provoked the Jews to that insurrection which resulted in the destruction of Jerusalem. Josephus endeavored to dissuade the popular leaders from this revolt; but not succeeding in this, he took sides with them, and in A.D. 66 was placed in command of the forces in Galilee. In 67 Vespasian was sent by Nero to put down the revolt in Judea and Galilee. Upon his approach Josephus threw himself into the stronghold of Jotapata, which he defended with great obstinacy and skill for forty-seven days. When the Romans had stormed the stronghold, Josephus and forty others managed to hide themselves in a subterranean retreat; but their hiding-place was betrayed to Vespasian, who sent an officer to urge him to give himself up, promising him that his life should be spared. But his companions were averse to this, and resolved that they would all die by their own hands rather than fall into those of the Romans. Josephus made a long speech urging them not to do this. But as this made no impression upon them, he had recourse to a stratagem which he thus narrates:

THE STRATAGEM OF JOSEPHUS TO SAVE HIS LIFE.

These and many similar motives did Josephus use to these men to prevent them murdering themselves; but desperation had shut their ears, as having long ago devoted themselves to die; and they were irritated at Josephus. They accordingly ran upon him with their swords in their hands, one from one quarter and another from another, and called him a coward; and every one of them appeared openly as if he were ready to smite him. But he calling to one of them by name, and looking like a general to another, and taking a third by the hand, and making a fourth ashamed of himself, by praying him to forbear; and being in this condition distracted by various passions (as he well might, in the great distress he was

then in), he kept off every one of their swords; and was forced to do like such wild beasts as are encompassed about on every side, who also turn themselves against those that last touched them.

However, in this extreme distress he was not destitute of his usual sagacity; but trusting himself to the providence of God, he put his life into hazard, in the following manner: "Since," said he, "it is resolved among you that you will die, come on, let us commit our mutual death to determination by lot. He whom the lot falls on first, let him be killed by him that hath the second lot; and thus fortune shall make its progress through us all. Nor shall any of us perish by his own right hand. For it would be unfair if, when the rest are gone, somebody should repent and save himself."

The proposal appeared to them to be very just, and when he had prevailed with them to determine this matter by lots, he drew one of the lots for himself also. He who had the first lot laid his neck bare to him who had the next, as supposing that the general would die among them immediately. For they thought death —if Josephus might but die with them — was sweeter than life. Yet was he with another left to the last — whether we must say that it happened so by chance, or whether by the providence of God. And as he was very desirous neither to be condemned by the lot, nor, if he had been left to the last, to imbrue his right hand in the blood of his countryman, he persuaded him to trust his fidelity to him, and to live as well as himself.— *Wars of the Jews.*

Josephus was conducted to Vespasian, who received him courteously, but ordered him to be strictly guarded, intimating that he had in mind to send him to Rome, in order that Nero himself might decide upon his fate. But Josephus was equal to the emergency. He told Vespasian that he himself was soon to be made Cæsar; for so it had been divinely made known to him, and that after him the imperial purple would fall to Titus. Vespasian at first seemed to

make little of this augury; but he was told by someone that Josephus had the power of foretelling future events; for he had predicted just how many days the siege of Jotapata would last before it would be captured by the Romans. The outcome of all was that Josephus rose into high favor with Vespasian, and subsequently with Titus, when Vespasian soon after went to Rome to assume the purple. Josephus was with the Romans during the siege of Jerusalem, and was of no little service to them. He afterward accompanied Titus to Rome, where, he says, "I had great care taken of me by Vespasian; for he gave me an apartment in his own house, which he lived in before he came to the empire. He also honored me with the privilege of a Roman citizen, and gave me an annual pension; and continued to respect me to the end of his life, without any abatement of his kindness. . . . When Vespasian was dead, Titus, who succeeded him in the government [A.D. 79], kept up the same respect for me which I had from his father. And Domitian, who succeeded [A.D. 81], still augmented his respects to me. He also made that country I had in Judea tax-free, which is a mark of the greatest honor to him who hath it."

The extant works of Josephus are as follows: *The History of the Jewish War,* written in Hebrew, or rather Aramaic, but translated by him into Greek, and published about A.D. 75; *The Jewish Antiquities,* written in Greek, and published about A.D. 93; a tractate in *Answer to Apion,* in which he insists upon the antiquity and former greatness of the Hebrew nation; and an *Autobiography,* devoted mainly to a defence of his conduct while in command in Galilee. The work on the *Antiquities of the Jews* commences

with the Creation, and brings the history down to A.D. 66. The portions down to the time of Daniel are based mainly upon the Hebrew Scriptures, though he seems to have had some authorities no longer extant —in part, at least, apparently traditional. The best complete translation into English is that of Whiston (1737).

THE COSMOGONY, AS NARRATED BY JOSEPHUS.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. But the earth did not come into sight, but was covered with thick darkness, and a wind moved upon its surface. God commanded that there should be light; and when that was made he considered the full mass, and separated the light and the darkness; and the name he gave to the one was Night, and the other he called Day; and he named the beginning of light and the time of rest the evening and the morning; and this was indeed the first day. But Moses said it was one day, the cause of which I am able to give even now; but because I have promised to give such reasons for all things in a treatise by itself, I shall put off its exposition till that time.

After this, on the second day, he placed the heaven over the whole world, and separated it from the other parts; and he determined that it should stand by itself. He also placed a crystalline firmament round it, and put it together in a manner agreeable to the earth; and fitted it for giving moisture and rain, and for affording the advantage of dews. On the third day he appointed the dry land to appear, with the sea round about it; and on the same day he made the plants and the seeds to spring out of the earth. On the fourth day he adorned the heaven with the sun, the moon, and the stars, and appointed them their motions and courses, that the vicissitudes of the seasons might be clearly signified. And on the fifth day he produced the living creatures, both those that swim and those that fly; the former in the sea, and the latter in the air. He also sorted them as to society,

and that the kinds might increase and multiply. On the same day he also formed man. Accordingly Moses says that in six days the world, and all that is therein, was made; and that the seventh day was a rest and a release from the labor of such operations; whence it is that we celebrate a rest from our labors on that day, and call it the Sabbath, which word denotes Rest in the Hebrew tongue.

Moreover, Moses, after the seventh day was over, begins to talk philosophically; and concerning the formation of man says thus: that God took dust from the earth and formed man, and inserted in him a spirit and a soul. This man was called Adam (which in the Hebrew tongue signifies one that is red), because he was formed out of red earth compounded together, for of that kind is virgin and true earth.

God also presented the living creatures, when he had made them, according to their kinds, both male and female, to Adam, and gave them those names by which they are still called. But when he saw that Adam had no female companion, no society — for there was no such created — and that he wondered at the other animals which were made male and female, he laid him asleep, and took away one of his ribs, and out of it formed the woman: whereupon Adam knew her when she was brought to him, and acknowledged that she was made out of himself. Now a woman is called *Issa* in the Hebrew tongue; but the name of this woman was Eve, which signifies the Mother of all Living.

Moses says farther that God planted a paradise in the East, flourishing with all sorts of trees, and that among them was the Tree of Life, and another of Knowledge, whereby was to be known what was good and evil; and that when he had brought Adam and his wife into the garden, he commanded him to take care of the plants. Now this garden was watered by one river, which ran round about the whole earth, and was parted into four parts. Phison, which denotes a Multitude, running into India, makes its exit into the sea, and is by the Greeks called Ganges. Euphrates also, as well as Tigris, goes down into the Red Sea. Now the same Euphrates, or

Phrath, denotes either a Dispersion or a Flower; by Tigris, or Diglath, is signified what is swift, with narrowness; and Geon runs through Egypt, and denotes what arises from the East, which the Greeks call Nile. God therefore commanded that Adam and his wife should eat of all the rest of the plants, but to abstain from the Tree of Knowledge, and foretold to them that if they touched it, it would prove their destruction.

But while all the living creatures had one language at that time, the serpent, which then lived together with Adam and his wife, showed an envious disposition at his supposal of their living happily, and in obedience to the commands of God; and imagining that when they disobeyed they would fall into calamities, he persuaded the woman, out of a malicious intention, to taste of the Tree of Knowledge, telling them that in the tree was the knowledge of good and evil, which knowledge when they should obtain they would lead a happy life: nay a life not inferior to that of a god, by which means he overcame the woman and persuaded her to despise the command of God.

Now when she had tasted of that tree, and was pleased with its fruit, she persuaded Adam to make use of it also. Upon this they perceived that they were become naked to one another; and being ashamed thus to appear abroad, they invented somewhat to cover them — for the fruit sharpened their understanding; and they covered themselves with fig-leaves, and tying those before them out of modesty, they thought they were happier than before, as they had discovered what they were in want of. But when God came into the garden, Adam, who was wont before to come and converse with him, being conscious of his wicked behavior, went out of his way.

This behavior surprised God; and he asked what was the cause of this procedure; and why he that delighted before in that conversation did now fly from and avoid it. When he made no reply, as conscious to himself that he had transgressed the command of God, God said, "I had determined about you both, how you might lead a happy life, without any affliction, care, or vexa-

tion of soul; and that all things which might contribute to your enjoyment and pleasure should grow up, by my providence, of their own accord, without your labor and painstaking; which state of labor would soon bring on old age, and death would not be at any remote distance. But now thou hast abused my good-will, and hast disobeyed my commands; for thy silence is not the sign of thy virtue, but of thy evil conscience."

However, Adam excused his sin, and entreated God not to be angry with him; and laid the blame of what was done upon his wife, and said that he was deceived by her, and thence became an offender; while she again accused the serpent. But God allotted him punishment, because he weakly submitted to the counsel of his wife; and said the ground should not henceforth yield its fruits of its own accord, but that when it should be harassed by their labor, it would bring forth some of its fruits, and refuse to bring forth others. He also made Eve liable to the inconvenience of breeding, and the sharp pangs of bringing forth children; and this because she persuaded Adam with the same arguments wherewith the serpent had persuaded her, and had thereby brought him into a calamitous condition.

He also deprived the serpent of speech, out of indignation at his malicious disposition toward Adam. Besides this he also inserted poison under his tongue, and made him an enemy to men; and suggested to them that they should direct their strokes against his head, that being the place wherein lay his mischievous designs toward men, and it being easiest to take vengeance of him in that way. And when he had deprived him of the use of his feet, he made him go rolling along, and dragging himself upon the ground. And when God had appointed these penalties for them he removed Adam and Eve out of the garden into another place.—*Antiquities, Book I., Chap. 1.*

In regard to Moses, Josephus relates many incidents of which no mention is made in the Scriptures. Among these is an expedition which, by the desire

of the King of Egypt, and his daughter Thermuthis, his own adoptive mother, he conducted against the Ethiopians.

THE EXPEDITION OF MOSES AGAINST THE ETHIOPIANS.

Moses cheerfully undertook this business; and the sacred scribes of both nations were glad: those of the Egyptians that they should at once overcome their enemies by his valor, and that by the same piece of management Moses would be slain; but those of the Hebrews that they should escape from the Egyptians, because Moses was to be their general.

Moses took and led his army before their enemies were apprised of his attacking them; for he did not march by the river but by the land, where he gave a wonderful demonstration of his sagacity. For when the ground was difficult to be passed over because of the multitude of serpents which it produces in vast numbers — (and indeed is singular in some of those productions which other countries do not breed, and yet such as are worse than others in power and mischief, and an unusual fierceness of sight) — some of which ascend out of the ground unseen, and also fly into the air, and so come upon men unawares, and do them a mischief, Moses invented a wonderful stratagem to preserve the army safe and without hurt. He made baskets like unto arks of sedge, and filled them with ibises, and carried them along with them; which animals are the greatest enemy to serpents imaginable, for the serpents fly from them when they come near them, and as they fly they are caught and devoured. But the ibises are tame creatures, and only enemies to the serpentine kind. Of these ibises, however, I shall say no more at present, since the Greeks themselves are not acquainted with this sort of bird.

As soon, therefore, as Moses was come to the land which was the breeder of these serpents, he let loose the ibises, and by their means repelled the serpentine kind, and used them for his assistance before his army came upon that ground. When he had, therefore, proceeded

thus on the journey he came upon the Ethiopians before they expected him; and joining battle with them he beat them, and deprived them of the hopes they had of success against the Egyptians; and went on in overthrowing their cities, and indeed made a great slaughter of the Ethiopians.

Now when the Egyptian army had once tasted of this prosperous success by the means of Moses, they did not slacken their diligence, insomuch that the Ethiopians were in danger of being reduced to slavery and complete destruction; and at length they fled to Saba, a royal city of Ethiopia, which Cambyses afterward named Meroe after the name of his own sister. The place was to be besieged with very great difficulty, since it was both encompassed by the Nile, and the other rivers, Astapus and Astaboras, making it a very difficult thing for such as attempted to pass over them: for the city was situated in a retired place, and was inhabited after the manner of an island, being encompassed with a strong wall, and having the rivers to guard them from their enemies; and having great ramparts between the walls and the rivers, insomuch that when the waters come with the greatest violence, it can never be drowned; which ramparts make it next to impossible for even such as have passed over the rivers to take the city.

However, while Moses was uneasy at the army's lying idle (for the enemy durst not come to a battle), this accident happened: Tharbis, the daughter of the King of the Ethiopians, happened to see Moses, as he led the army near to the walls and fought with great courage, and admiring the subtlety of his undertakings, and believing him to be the author of the Egyptians' success, when they had before despaired of recovering their liberty; and to be the occasion of the great danger that the Ethiopians were in, when they had before boasted of their great achievements — she fell deeply in love with him, and, upon the prevalency of that passion, sent to him the most faithful of all her servants to discourse with him about their marriage. He hereupon accepted the offer on condition she would procure the delivering up of the city, and gave her the assurance of an oath

to take her to his wife; and that when he had once taken possession of the city he would not break his oath to her. No sooner was the agreement made, but it took effect immediately; and when Moses had cut off the Ethiopians he gave thanks to God, and having consummated his marriage, led the Egyptians back to their land. — *Antiquities, Book II., Chap. 10.*

Josephus appears to have been entirely ignorant of the New Testament writings, and he rarely more than touches upon events which are fully narrated by them; but not infrequently his narrative is of great value as supplying information upon points which they have passed over. Thus of Herod, styled the Great, near the close of whose long reign the Saviour was born, we should know next to nothing from the Gospel of Matthew except his connection with the "Massacre of the Innocents;" yet from the narrative of Josephus we learn that he was one of the most notable men of whom history has to speak. Matthew, in a dozen words, merely makes note of the fact of his death. Josephus's account of his last days is one of the most striking chapters in all history.

THE LAST DAYS OF HEROD THE GREAT.

But now [A. D. 4] Herod's distemper increased upon him after a severe manner — and this by God's judgment for his sins. A fire glowed within him slowly, which did not so much appear to the touch outwardly as it augmented his pains inwardly. For it brought upon him a vehement appetite to eating, which he could not avoid to supply with one sort of food or other. His entrails also were ulcerated; an aqueous and transparent liquor had settled itself about his feet, and a like matter afflicted him at the bottom of his belly. And when he sat upright he had a difficulty of breathing, which was very loathsome, on account of the stench of his breath and

the quickness of its return. He had also convulsions in all parts of his body, which debilitated him to an insufferable degree. It was said by those who pretended to divine, and who were endued with wisdom to foretell such things, that God inflicted that punishment on the king on account of his great impiety.

Yet was he still in hopes of recovering, though his afflictions seemed greater than anyone could bear. He also sent for physicians, and did not refuse to follow what they prescribed for his assistance; and went himself beyond the River Jordan, and bathed himself in the warm baths that were at Calirrhoe, which, besides their other general virtues, were also fit to drink; which water runs into the lake called Asphaltites. And when the physicians once thought fit to have him bathed in a vessel full of oil, it was supposed that he was just dying. But upon the lamentable cries of his domestics he revived; and having no longer any hopes of recovering, he gave order that every soldier should be paid fifty drachmæ; and he also gave a great deal to their commanders and to his friends, and came again to Jericho.

There, however, he grew so choleric that it brought him to do all things like a madman; and though he was near his death, he contrived the following wicked designs. He commanded that all the principal men of the Jewish nation, wheresoever they lived, should be called to him. Accordingly a great number came, because the whole nation were called, and all men heard of this call; and death was the penalty of such as should neglect the epistles that were sent to call them. And now the king was in a wild rage against them all — the innocent as well as those that had offered grounds of accusation. And when they were come, he ordered them to be all shut up in the hippodrome, and sent for his sister Salome, and her husband Alexas, and spoke thus to them:

"I shall die in a little time, so great are my pains; which death ought to be cheerfully borne, and to be welcomed by all men. But what chiefly troubles me is that I shall die without being lamented, and without such mourning as men usually expect at a king's death. For I am not unacquainted with the temper of the Jews; but

know that my death will be a thing very desirable, and exceedingly acceptable to them; because during my lifetime they were ready to revolt from me, and to abuse the donations I had dedicated to God. It is, therefore, your business to resolve to afford me some alleviation of my great sorrows on this occasion; for if you do not refuse your consent in what I desire, I shall have a great mourning at my funeral, and such as never any king had before me; for then the whole nation will mourn from their very soul; which otherwise will be done in sport and mockery only. I desire, therefore, that as soon as you see that I have given up the ghost you shall place soldiers around the hippodrome; and you shall not declare my death to the multitude till this be done; but you shall give orders to have those that are there in custody shot with darts. And this slaughter of them all will cause that I shall not miss to rejoice on a double account; that as I am dying, you will make me secure that my will shall be executed in what I charge you to do; and that I shall have the honor of a memorable mourning at my funeral."

He then deplored his condition with tears in his eyes, and conjured them by the kindness due from them as his kindred, and by the faith that they owed to God; and begged of them that they would not hinder him of this honorable mourning at his funeral. So they promised him not to transgress his commands.—*Antiquities, Book XVII., Chap. 6.*

Scarcely had this affecting scene been gone through with when letters arrived from Herod's ambassadors at Rome, announcing that Augustus Cæsar had acceded to his request to be allowed to act his pleasure "as a father and a king," in regard to his eldest son, Antipater, who was in prison upon well-founded charges of having conspired for the assassination of his father, Herod. This welcome tidings gave a brief new lease of life to the dying monarch. Orders were given that Antipater should be put to death at

once, and be "buried in an ignoble manner." Herod proceeded to make a new will, by which he left large sums of money to members of his family; but the bulk of his wealth—"ten millions of drachmæ of coined money, besides vessels of gold and silver, and exceedingly costly garments"—was bequeathed to Julia, the wife of Cæsar. He also named his son Archelaus as his successor in the kingdom, subject, however, to the confirmation of Cæsar, which was immediately accorded; and so, in the language of Matthew, "Archelaus did reign in Judea in the room of his father Herod."

The only incident which is recorded at length both in the New Testament and by Josephus is the death of Herod Agrippa, the son of Archelaus, and the grandson of Herod the Great; the Herod who inaugurated that persecution of the Christians in which "James the brother of John was killed with the sword," about A.D. 42, and who died shortly after, as is told in the Acts of the Apostles, and by Josephus. The Acts styles him Herod; Josephus calls him Agrippa.

THE DEATH OF HEROD AGRIPPA, AS TOLD BY LUKE.

Upon a set day, Herod arrayed himself in royal apparel and sat upon his throne and made an oration unto them. And the people shouted, saying, "The voice of a god, and not of a man!" And immediately an angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory; and he was eaten by worms, and gave up the ghost.—*Acts xii. 21-23.*

THE DEATH OF HEROD AGRIPPA AS TOLD BY JOSEPHUS.

Now when Agrippa had reigned three years over all Judea, he came to the city Cæsarea, which was formerly

called Strato's Tower; and there he exhibited shows in honor of Claudius Cæsar, upon his being informed that there was a certain festival celebrated to make vows for his safety; at which festival a great multitude was gotten together of the principal persons as were of dignity through his province.

On the second day of these shows he put on a garment made wholly of silver, and of a contexture truly wonderful, and came into the theatre early in the morning; at which time the silver of his garment, being illuminated by the first reflection of the sun's rays upon it, shone out after a surprising manner, and was so resplendent as to spread a sort of dread over those that looked intently upon him. And presently his flatterers cried out, one from one place and another from another, that he was a god; and they added, "Be thou merciful to us; for although we have hitherto reverenced thee only as a man, yet shall we henceforth own thee as superior to mortal nature."

Upon this the king did neither rebuke them nor reject their impious flattery. But as he presently afterward looked up, he saw an owl sitting on a certain rope over his head; and immediately understood that this bird was the messenger of ill tidings, as it had once been the messenger of good tidings to him: and fell into the deepest sorrow. A severe pain also arose in his belly, and began in a most violent manner. He therefore looked upon his friends and said, "I whom you call a god am commanded presently to depart this life; while Providence reproves the lying words you just now said to me. And I, who was by you called immortal, am immediately bound to be hurried away by death. But I am bound to accept of what Providence allots, as it pleases God; for we have by no means lived ill, but in a splendid and happy manner."

When he said this, his pain was become violent. Accordingly he was carried to his palace; and the rumor went about everywhere that he would certainly die in a little time. But the multitude presently sat in sackcloth, with their wives and children, after the law of their country, and besought God for the king's recovery.

All places were also full of mourning and lamentation. Now the king rested in a high chamber; and as he saw them below lying on the ground he could not himself forbear weeping. And when he had been quite worn out by the pains in his belly for five days, he departed this life; being in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and in the seventh of his reign; for he reigned four years under Caius Cæsar [Caligula]; three of them were over Philip's tetrarchy only, and in the fourth he had that of Herod added to it; and he reigned, besides those, three years under the reign of Claudius Cæsar.

In which time he reigned over the afore-mentioned countries, and also had Judea added to them, as well as Samaria and Cæsarea. The revenues that he received out of them were very great — no less than twelve millions of drachmæ. Yet did he borrow great sums from others; for he was so very liberal that his expenses exceeded his income, and his generosity was boundless. But before the multitude were made acquainted with Agrippa's being expired, Herod, the King of Chalces, and Helsias, the master of his horse, and the king's friend, sent Aristo, one of the king's most faithful servants, and slew Silas, who had been their enemy, as if it had been done by the king's own command.

When it was known that Agrippa was departed this life, the inhabitants of Cæsarea and of Sebaste forgot the kindness he had bestowed upon them, and acted the part of the bitterest enemies; for they cast such reproaches upon the deceased as are not fit to be spoken of. And so many of them as were then soldiers, which were very numerous, went to his house and hastily carried off the statues of this king's daughters unto the brothel houses; and when they had set them on the tops of those houses they abused them to the utmost of their power. They also laid themselves down in the public places, and celebrated general feastings, with garlands on their heads, and with ointments and libations to Charon, and drinking to one another for joy that the king had expired. Nay, they were not only unmindful of Agrippa, who had extended his liberality to them in abundance, but of his grandfather Herod also, who had himself rebuilt their

cities, and had raised them havens and temples at vast expenses.— *Antiquities, Book XIX., Chap. 8, 9.*

JOUBERT, Joseph, a French moralist; born at Montignac, in Perigord, May 6, 1754; died at Paris, May 4, 1824. He went to Paris at the age of twenty-four; and there he formed the acquaintance of Marmontel, Diderot, and La Harpe. But his dearest friend and most intimate associate was Fontanes. He married during the revolution, and lived a quiet life, chiefly dedicated to the study of moral philosophy, at Villeneuve-le-Roi, in Burgundy. On revisiting Paris, his favorite resort was the salon of Madame de Beaumont, whose death, in 1803, was a severe shock to him. In 1809 the influence of Fontanes obtained him the appointment of Inspector-general of the university. He published very little, but left numerous manuscripts. Extracts from these were published in 1838 by Chateaubriand, under the title *Pensées;* and another edition was afterward issued by Paul Raynal, the author's nephew, in 1842.

PLATO.

Plato shows us nothing; but he brings us brightness with him; he puts light into our eyes, and fills us with a clearness by which all objects afterward become illuminated. He teaches us nothing; but he prepares us, fashions us, and makes us ready to know all. Somehow or other, the habit of reading him augments in us the capacity for discerning and entertaining whatever fine truths may afterward present themselves. Like mountain air, it sharpens our organs, and gives us an appe-

tite for wholesome food. . . . Plato loses himself in the void; but one sees the play of his wings, one hears their rustle. . . . It is good to breathe the air of Plato; but not to live upon him.— *From the Pensées.*

THE USE OF WORDS.

Which is best, if one wants to be useful and to be really understood, to get one's words in the world, or to get them in the schools? I maintain that the good plan is to employ words in their popular sense rather than in their philosophical sense; and the better plan still to employ them in their natural sense rather than in their popular sense. By their natural sense, I mean the popular and universal acceptation of them brought to that which in this is essential and invariable. To prove a thing by definition proves nothing if the definition is purely philosophical; for such definition only binds him who makes them. But to prove a thing by definition when the definition expresses the necessary, inevitable, and clear idea which the world at large attaches to the object, is, on the contrary, all in all; because then what one does is simply to show people what they do really think, in spite of themselves and without knowing it. The rule that one is free to give to words what sense one will, and that the only thing needful is to be agreed upon the sense one gives them, is very well for the mere purposes of augumentation; but in the true-born and noble science of metaphysics, and in the genuine world of literature, it is good for nothing.— *Translation of* MATTHEW ARNOLD.

JOVELLANOS, GASPAR MELCHIOR DE, a Spanish statesman and poet; born at Gijon, in Asturias, January 5, 1744; died there, November 27, 1811. He studied at the universities of Oviedo, Alcalá, and Avila, and adopted the profession of law, in

which he soon rose to eminence. He wrote the tragedy of *Pelayo,* the comedy of *El Delinquente Honrado,* and *Ocios Juventas,* a volume of miscellaneous poems. He also translated into Spanish a portion of Milton's *Paradise Lost.* Upon the downfall of his friend, the Count de Cabarras, Jovellanos was banished from the Court; in 1790 he retired to his native place, and busied himself in literary pursuits. In 1797 he was recalled, and made Minister of Grace and Justice. But he was driven from his place by the intrigues of Godoy, "the Prince of the Peace." In 1801 he was arrested, and shut up for a year in a Carthusian monastery, and was afterward closely imprisoned for seven years in the Castle of Belver. In 1808 Joseph Bonaparte was made King of Spain, and offered to Jovellanos a place in his Cabinet. The offer was declined, and Jovellanos became a member of the Central Junta, by which the guerilla warfare was carried on against the French. The Junta was dissolved in 1810; and Jovellanos, endeavoring to make his escape by sea, was driven by a storm to a port in Galicia, where he remained for a year. In 1811 he made his way back to Gijon, from which the French had been expelled. They again invaded Asturias, and Jovellanos made his escape by sea. But the vessel was driven into the little port of Nega, where he died of an acute pulmonary complaint.

ODE TO THE SUN.

Great parent of the universe!
Bright ruler of the lucid day!
Thou glorious Sun! whose influence
The endless swarms of life obey,
Drinking existence from thy ray!—
Thou, who from the opening womb

Of the fair dawning crystalline
Com'st radiant to thine eastern shrine,
Pouring the golden floods in light
O'er humblest vale and proudest height;
Whilst thy resplendent car reveals
Its rolling adamantine wheels
That speed sublime, nor leave a trace,
Through all the airy realms of space:
Welcome thy reign!
Thy morning beams
And crown of rays
Whose glory nevermore decays;
While every gladdening bosom feels the gleams
Of joy and peace again!
Dark-shading Night,
Parent of treasons, perfidies, and guile,
Flies from thy sight,
And far in deep abysses hides the while;
And lazy Sleep,
Her shadows, lying phantasms, and alarms,
A hateful train,
Melt into air; and in their place the charms
Of lucid light and joy gay vigil keep,
And peace and pleasure visit us again.
—*Translation in Fortnightly Quarterly Review.*

JOWETT, BENJAMIN, an English theologian; born at Camberwell, London, in 1817; died at Oxford, October 1, 1893. He was educated at St. Paul's School, London; was elected to a Scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1835, and to a Fellowship in 1838. He was tutor in the college from 1842 to 1870; was made Regius Professor of Greek in 1855, and became master of the college in 1870. He passed his entire life in his college. He never had any

sympathy with the religious renaissance of his time, but was a prominent member of the Liberal party in Oxford. His position as Regius Professor of Greek gave him considerable influence even beyond Balliol. As an essayist and reviewer, he exercised a silent and pervading force through university thought. He wrote well, but displayed no decided erudition or literary taste. As an influence on the class of persons from whom men of letters are drawn, no one exceeded him in his day.

He published in 1855 a *Commentary on the Epistles to the Thessalonians, the Galatians, and the Romans.* His great work is a translation, with an elaborate introduction, of the *Dialogues of Plato* (1871; second, edition, in 5 vols., 1875). He has also published a translation, with copious Notes, of the *Politics* of Aristotle. From 1882 to 1886 he was Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

PLATO'S "VISION OF ER."

This vision of another world is ascribed to Er, the son of Armenius, who is said by Clement of Alexandria to have been Zoroaster. The tale has certainly an Oriental character, and may be compared with the Pilgrimages of the Soul in the *Zend Avesta.* But no trace of acquaintance with Zoroaster is found elsewhere in Plato's writings, and there is no reason for giving to Zoroaster the name of Er, the Pamphylian.

The local arrangement of the Vision is less distinct than that of the *Phædrus* and *Phædo.* Astronomy is mingled with symbolism and mythology. The great sphere of the heaven is represented under the symbol of a cylinder, or box, containing the orbits of the planets and the fixed stars; this depends upon a spindle which turns on the knees of Necessity; the revolutions of the eight orbits are guided by the Fates, and their harmoni-

ous motion produces the music of the spheres. . . . The description of the axis as a spindle, and of the heavenly bodies as forming a whole, partly arises out of the attempts to connect the motions of the heavenly bodies with the mythological image of the web, or weaving of the Fates. The giving of the lots, the weaving of them, and the making of them irreversible, which are ascribed to the three Fates — Lachesis, Clotho, Atropos — are obviously derived from their names. The element of Chance in human life is indicated by the order of the lots. But Chance, however adverse, might be overcome by the wisdom of man, if he knew how to choose aright; there was a worse enemy to man than Chance — and that was himself. He who was moderately fortunate in the number of the lot might have a good life if he chose with wisdom. And as Plato does not like to make a statement which is unproven, he more than confirms this statement, a few sentences afterward by the example of Odysseus, who chose last. But the virtue which is founded on habit is not sufficient to enable a man to choose; he must add to virtue knowledge, if he is to act rightly when placed in new circumstances. The routine of good actions and good habits is an inferior sort of goodness; and, as Coleridge says, "Common-sense is intolerable which is not based on metaphysics," so Plato would have said, "Custom is worthless which is not based on philosophy."

The freedom of the will to refuse the evil and to choose the good is distinctly asserted. "Virtue is free, and as a man honors or dishonors her he will have more or less of her." The life of man is "rounded" by Necessity. There are circumstances prior to birth which affect him. But within the walls of Necessity there is an open space in which he is his own master, and can study for himself the effects which the variously compounded gifts of Nature or of Fortune have upon the Soul, and act accordingly. All men cannot have first choices in everything. But the lot of all men is good enough, if they choose wisely and will live diligently.— *Introduction to Plato's Republic.*

JULIANUS, Flavius Claudius, a Roman Emperor, noted in literature as an epistolary writer; born at Constantinople, November 17, 331; died in Persia; June 26, 363. He was educated as a Christian; but upon becoming Emperor he embraced paganism, and is therefore commonly known as "Julian the Apostate." In 355 he was declared Cæsar, and sent to Gaul, where he obtained several victories over the Germans; and in 361 the troops in Gaul revolted from his brother Constantius and declared for Julian. On succeeding to the throne he attempted to restore the heathen worship in all its splendor and to induce the Christians to embrace paganism; failing in which, he closed their schools, prohibited them from teaching, and published an edict that the name Christian should be abolished. He undertook an expedition into Persia, and having crossed the Tigris, was killed by the enemy. He was a learned writer, and an encourager of letters. His narrative of his Gaulish and German campaign is lost; but an edition of his *Letters,* about eighty in number, was published at Mayence in 1838.

"The Emperor Julian," writes William Roberts, "was deservedly distinguished as an ingenious and agreeable letter-writer. His letters are, in general, colloquial and easy in style, clever and full of comment, and upon the whole, entitled to rank with the best specimens of familiar correspondence in the Greek language." In a letter to a friend he thus pleasingly describes a little farm, of which he makes him a present. It does not appear to whom the letter was

written. The "city named from a noble prince" was probably Cyzicus.

DESCRIPTION OF A FARM.

The farm is distant from the sea not more than twenty stadia, and neither trader nor the noisy vulgarity of sailors disturbs the quiet of the place; and yet it is not destitute of the favors of the sea-god, for it can always supply a fresh and gasping fish. You have but to ascend a little hillock near the house, and thence you command a view of the Propontis and its islands, and also the city named from a noble prince. In proceeding thither you do not tread on moss and sea-weed, nor are you in the smallest degree annoyed by the nameless things which are thrown upon the shore and sands; but you walk upon a fragrant surface of ivy, thyme, and odoriferous plants. It is delightful to recline here in quiet with one's book, and ever and anon to look off and enjoy the prospect of the ocean, and of the vessels riding upon it. It was to me, when a very young man, a charming retreat. It is well supplied with springs, a pleasant bath, garden, and orchard. When I grew up I still retained my fondness for this scene of my early days. I visited it often, and my intercourse with it was not unattended with instruction. . . . I make this present to you, my friend, sensible that it is but little in itself, but valuable as coming from a friend to a friend.—*Translation of* WILLIAM ROBERTS.

JUSTIN, MARTYR, a Christian martyr; born at Flavia Neapolis, Palestine, about 105; died at Rome about 165. He was of Gentile, probably of Grecian, descent. He simply styles himself "Justin, the son of Priscus, and grandson of Bacchius, natives of Flavia Neapolis, a city of Palestine." He studied philosophy in Asia Minor, Greece, and Egypt, first under Stoic, then under Peripatetic, teachers; but in the end adopted the Neo-Platonic philosophy. At length, coming into acquaintance with some believers in Christianity, he was led to study the Old Testament Scriptures, and to learn the histories of the Christian martyrs and confessors. About the year 132 he embraced the doctrines of Christianity, although he still continued to wear the mantle of a philosopher, residing principally at Rome. About 139, during the persecution under Antoninus Pius, he addressed to that Emperor his first *Apology for* (properly "Defence of") *the Christians,* in which he elaborately defends them against the charges of disloyalty and impiety. Many years later (about 164), during the persecutions under Marcus Aurelius, he addressed to that Emperor a second *Apology* which appears to be a draft for a more extended work; but he was martyred soon after, and no more appears to have been written. Between the appearance of these two *Apologies* he put forth his *Dialogue with Tryphon,* and other Jews, whom he urges, from the teachings of their own Scriptures, to accept Jesus as their promised Messiah. Besides the two *Apologies* and the *Dialogue with Tryphon,* he is said to have written several other

treatises, some of which are still extant; but their genuineness is not generally admitted by critics.

THE HEBREW PROPHECIES RESPECTING CHRIST.

They who handed down the fables which were proclaimed by the poets offer no proof to the youth who learn them; and that they were uttered for the deception and seduction of the human race, by the agency of evil demons, I will prove. For, having heard, through the Prophets, that Christ was proclaimed as about to come, and punish the ungodly among men by fire, they caused many beforehand to be spoken of who were called the sons of Jupiter — thinking that they were able to cause men to consider the tidings of Christ as a marvellous story, and like those which were told by the Poets. And these were uttered both among the Greeks, and in all nations where they heard the Prophets foretell that men should believe in Christ. And I will prove that when they heard what was spoken by the Prophets, they did not understand the same correctly, but imitated what they said of our Christ; like men who are in error.

The Prophet Moses, then, was older than all writers, and by him the following prophecy was uttered (Gen. xlix. 10): "A prince shall not fail from Judah, nor a governor from his thighs, until He comes for Whom it is in store, and He shall be the expectation of the Gentiles, binding His colt to the vine, washing His robe in the blood of the grape." The devils, then, hearing these prophetical words, said that Bacchus had been born the son of Jupiter, and declared that he was the discoverer of the vine; and they use wine in his mysteries; and teach that he was torn asunder, and went up into heaven. And as it was not signified in terms by that prophecy of Moses whether He Who was to come was the Son of God; and if, riding on a foal, He would remain on earth or ascend into heaven; and the word "colt" might mean the foal, both of an ass or of a horse, they, not knowing whether He Who was foretold would introduce the foal of an ass or of a horse to be a token of His coming, and whether He is the son of God, as I have said, or of a

man — declared that Bellerophon himself, who was a man, and son of man, upon his horse, Pegasus, had gone up into heaven.

And when they heard from the Prophet Isaiah that He should be born of a Virgin, and should by Himself ascend into heaven, they put forward the mention of Perseus. And when they knew that it was declared — as has been said before — in the prophecies that were written previously (Psalm xix. 5): "He is as strong as a giant to run His course," they declared that Hercules was strong, and travelled over the whole world. And when they learned, again, that He was foretold as about to heal every disease, they brought forward Æsculapius.— *Apol. I., 54.*

JUVENAL, Decimus, Junius Juvenalis, a Roman poet and satirist; born about A.D. 60; died about A.D. 140. Of his personal history little is recorded, and of that little the greater part is of questionable authority. It is said that he was the son — either actual or by adoption — of a wealthy freedman, from whom he received a comfortable estate at Aquinum, which was presumably his birthplace; that he resided mainly at Rome, occupied as a "rhetorician," or, as we may say, an "advocate;" that certain of his squibs, aimed at prevalent follies and vices, attracted attention; and when past middle age he devoted himself mainly to depicting the follies and crimes of the age — that of Nero and Domitian — in which he lived. Juvenal and Horace rank foremost among the Roman Satirists; but with this difference: Horace touches mainly upon the follies of his time, while Juvenal lashes its vices. There are extant fif-

teen Satires attributed to Juvenal; but the genuineness of six of these has been questioned. These Satires have been translated, either wholly or in part, into English verse by several persons, among whom is Dryden. The translation of Gifford is by far the best of these. There is also a very useful prose rendering by J. D. Lewis (1873). Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes* is avowedly an "imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal:" the thought is wholly that of the Roman, the illustrative example in Johnson being taken from modern history, in place of the examples from ancient history as in Juvenal. The following extracts are from the Tenth Satire, as translated by Gifford. The *Vanity of Human Wishes* is by far the best of all the verse of Johnson; but a comparison of the corresponding passages in the two poems will evince the superiority of the ancient Roman over the modern Englishman.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES IN GENERAL.

In every clime, from Ganges' distant stream
To Gades, gilded by the western beam,
Few, from the clouds of mental error free,
In its true light or good or evil see;
For what, with reason, do we seek or shun?
What plan, how happily soe'er begun,
But, finished, we our own success lament,
And rue the pains so fearfully misspent.
To headlong ruin see whole nations driven,
Cursed with their prayers by too indulgent heaven,
Bewildered thus, by folly or by fate,
We beg pernicious gifts in every state —
In peace, in war: A full and rapid flow
Of eloquence lays many a speaker low;
Even strength itself is fatal: — Milo tries
His wondrous arms, and in the trial dies.

THE VANITY OF THE WISH FOR WEALTH.

But Avarice wider spreads her deadly snare,
And hoards of wealth, amassed with ceaseless care,
Hoards which o'er all paternal fortunes rise,
As o'er the dolphin towers the whale in size.
Hence, in these dreadful times, by Nero's word,
The ruffian bands unsheathed the murderous sword,
Rushed to the sweltering coffers of the great,
And seized the rich domain and lordly seat;
While sweetly in their cockloft slept the poor,
And heard no soldier thundering at the door.
The traveler, freighted with a little wealth,
Sets forth at night, and wins his way by stealth:
Even then he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
And starts and trembles at a rush's shade;
While void of care, the beggar trips along,
And in the spoiler's presence trolls his song.
The first great wish we all with rapture own,
The general cry, to every temple known,
Is still for wealth: "And let, all-gracious Powers,
The largest chest the Forum boasts be ours!"
Yet none from earthen bowls destruction sip.
Dread, then, the baneful draught, when at your lip
The goblet mantles, graced with gems divine,
And the broad gold inflames the ruby wine.

THE WISH FOR POWER.— SEJANUS.

Crown all your doors with bay, triumphant bay!
Sacred to Jove, the milk-white victim slay;
For lo! where great Sejanus by the throng —
A joyful spectacle — is dragged along.
"What lips! what cheeks! ha, traitor! For my part,
I never loved this fellow in my heart.
But tell me, why was he adjudged to bleed?
And who discovered and who proved the deed?"
"Proved! A verbose epistle came to-day
From Capua."—"Good! what think the people?"—
"They,

They followed Fortune, as of old, and hate,
With their whole souls, the victims of the State.—
Yet would the herd, thus zealous, thus on fire,
Had Nurcia met the Tuscan's fond desire,
And crushed the unwary prince, have all combined,
And hailed Sejanus Master of Mankind!
For since their votes have been no longer bought,
All public care has vanished from their thought;
And those who once, with unresisted sway,
Gave armies, empire, everything, away,
For two poor claims have long renounced the whole,
And only ask the Circus and the Dole."
"But are there more to suffer?"—
"So 'tis said;
A fire so fierce for one was scarcely made.
I met my friend Brutidius, and I fear,
From his pale looks, he thinks there's danger near.
What is this Ajax, in his frenzy strike,
As doubtful of our zeal, at all alike?
Swift let us fly, our loyalty to show,
And trample on the carcass of his foe.
But mark me: lest our slaves the fact forswear,
And drag us to the bar, let them be there."
Thus of the favorite's fall the converse ran,
And thus the whisper passed from man to man.
You grant me, then, Sejanus grossly erred,
Nor knew what prayer his folly had preferred;
For when he begged for too much wealth and power,
Stage above stage he raised a tottering tower,
And higher still and higher — to be thrown
With louder crash and wider ruin down.
What wrought the Crassis, what the Pompey's doom,
And his, who bowed the stubborn neck of Rome?
What but the wild, the unbounded wish to rise,
Heard in malignant kindness by the skies? —
Few kings, few tyrants, find a natural end,
Or to the grave without a wound descend.

THE WISH FOR GLORY.— HANNIBAL.

Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty dust that yet remains.
And is this all? Yet this was once the bold,
The aspiring chief whom Afric could not hold.
Afric, outstretched from where the Atlantic roars
To Nilus; from the Line to Libya's shores.
Spain conquered, o'er the Pyrenees he bounds.
Nature opposed her everlasting mounds,
Her Alps and snows. O'er these, with torrent force,
He pours, and rends through rocks his dreadful course.
Yet thundering on, "Think nothing done," he cries,
"Till o'er Rome's prostrate walls I lead my powers,
And plant my standard on her hated towers!"
Big words? But view his figure, view his face!
Ah for some master-hand the lines to trace,
As through the Etrurian swamps, by floods increased,
The one-eyed chief urged his Getulian beast!
But what ensued? Illusive Glory, say:
Subdued on Zama's memorable day,
He flies in exile to a petty state,
With headlong haste; and at a despot's gate
Sits, mighty suppliant! of his life in doubt,
Till the Bithynian's morning nap be out.
Nor swords, nor spears, nor stones from engines hurled,
Shall quell the man whose frowns alarmed the world.
The vengeance due to Cannæ's fatal field,
And floods of human gore, a ring shall yield!
Go, madman, go! at toil and danger mock,
Pierce the deep snow, and scale the eternal rock,
To please the rhetoricians, and become
A declamation for the boys of Rome.

THE WISH FOR LENGTH OF LIFE.

"Life! length of life!" For this with earnest cries,
Or sick or well we supplicate the skies.
Pernicious prayer! for mark what ills attend
Still on the old, as to the grave they bend:

A ghastly visage to themselves unknown;
For a smooth skin a hide with scurf o'ergrown;
And such a flabby cheek as an old ape,
In Tabraca's thick woods, might haply scrape.
But other ills, and worse, succeed to those:
His limbs long since were gone; his memory goes.
Poor driveller! he forgets his servants quite;
Forgets at morn with whom he supped last night;
Forgets the children he begot and bred,
And makes a strumpet heiress in their stead;
So much avails it the rank arts to use,
Gained by long practice in the loathsome stews.
But grant his senses unimpaired remain,
Still woes on woes succeed — a mournful train!
He sees his sons, his daughters, all expire,
His faithful consort on the funeral pyre;
Sees brothers, sisters, friends, to ashes turn,
And all he loved, or loved him, in their urn.—
Lo! here the dreadful fine we ever pay
For life protracted to a distant day:
To see our house by sickness, pain, pursued,
And scenes of death incessantly renewed;
In sable weeds to waste the joyless years,
And drop at last 'mid solitude and tears.

THE WISH FOR BEAUTIFUL OFFSPRING.

Whene'er the fame of Venus meets her eye,
The anxious mother breathes a secret sigh
For handsome boys; but asks, with bolder prayer,
That all her girls be exquisitely fair.
"And wherefore not?' Latona in the sight
Of Dian's beauty took exquisite delight."—
True; but Lucretia cursed her fatal charms,
When spent with struggling in a Tarquin's arms;
And poor Virginia would have changed her grace
For Rutila's crooked back and homely face.—
"But boys may still be fair!"— No, they destroy
Their parents' peace, and murder all their joy;
For rarely do we meet, in one combined,
A beauteous body and a virtuous mind,

Though through the rugged house, from sire to son,
A Sabine sanctity of manners run.

THE ONLY WISE HUMAN WISH.

"Say, then, shall man, deprived all power of choice,
Ne'er raise to Heaven the supplicating voice?"—
Not so, but to the gods his fortunes trust:
Their thoughts are wise, their dispensations just.
What best may profit or delight they know,
And real good for fancied bliss bestow.
With eyes of pity they our frailties scan;
More dear to them than to himself is man.
By blind desire, by headlong passion driven,
For wife and heirs we daily weary Heaven;
Yet still 'tis Heaven's prerogative to know
If heirs or wife will bring us bliss or woe.
But that thou may'st (for still 'tis good to prove
Our humble hope) ask something from above;
Thy pious offerings to the temple bear,
And, while the altars blaze, be this thy prayer:
"O Thou, who know'st the wants of human kind,
Vouchsafe me health of body, health of mind;
A soul prepared to meet the frowns of Fate,
And look undaunted on a future state;
That reckons death a blessing, yet can bear
Existence nobly, with its weight of care;
That anger and desire alike restrains,
And counts Alcides's toils and cruel pains
Superior far to banquets, wanton nights,
And all Sardanapalus's soft delights."
Here bound at length thy wishes. I but teach
What blessings man by his own powers may reach.
The path to Peace is Virtue. We should see,
If wise, O Fortune, naught divine in thee.
But we have deified a name alone,
And fixed in Heaven thy visionary throne.

The Eleventh Satire of Juvenal reminds not a little of Horace. It is in the form of a letter addressed to

his friend Persicus, inviting him to supper at his own modest country-seat. He opens with a diatribe against the luxury and extravagance of the Romans of the day, and then proceeds to extol the good old times, when every man regulated his appetite by the simple requirements of nature:

AN INVITATION TO A FRUGAL DINNER.

Enough! to-day my Persicus shall see
Whether my precepts with my life agree;
Whether, with feigned austerity, I prize
The spare repast — a glutton in disguise;
Bawl for coarse pottage, that my friend may hear,
But whisper "sweetmeats!" in my servant's ear.
For since, by promise, you are now my guest
Know, I invite you to no sumptuous feast,
But to such simple fare, as long, long since,
The good Evander bade the Trojan Prince.
Come, then, my friend, you will not sure despise
The food that pleased the offspring of the skies;
Come, and while fancy brings past times to view,
I'll think myself the king, the hero you.
Take now your bill of fare. My simple board
Is with no dainties from the market stored,
But dishes all my own. From Tibur's stock
A kid shall come — the fattest of the flock,
The tenderest, too, and yet too young to browse
The thistle's shoots, the willow's watery boughs,
With more of milk than blood; and pullets drest
With new-laid eggs, yet tepid from the nest,
And 'sparage wild, which from the mountain's side
My housemaid left her spindle to provide;
And grapes, long kept, yet pulpy still and fair;
And the rich Signian and the Syrian pear
And apples, that in favor and in smell
The boasted Picene equal or excel;
Nor need you fear, my friend, their liberal use,
For age has mellowed and improved their juice.
How homely this! and yet this homely fare

A senator would once have counted rare;
When the good Curius thought it no disgrace
O'er a few sticks a little pot to place,
With herbs by his small garden-plot supplied —
Food which the squalid wretch would now deride,
Who digs in fetters, and, with fond regret,
The tavern's savory dish remembers yet!
Time was, when on the rack a man would lay
The seasoned flitch against a solemn day;
And think the friends who met with decent mirth
To celebrate the hour which gave him birth,
On this, and what of fresh the altars spared
(For altars then were honored), nobly fared
Some kinsman, who had camps and senates swayed,
Had thrice been Consul, once Dictator made,
From public cares retired, would gayly haste,
Before the wonted hour, to such repast.
Shouldering the spade, that with no common toil,
Had tamed the genius of the mountain-soil.
Yes, when the world was filled with Rome's just fame,
And Romans trembled at the Fabian name,
The Scauran and Fabrician; when they saw
A Censor's rigor e'en a Censor awe,
No son of Troy e'er thought it his concern,
Or worth a moment's serious care to learn,
What land, what sea, the fairest tortoise bred,
Whose clouded shell might best adorn his bed.
His bed was small, and did no signs impart
Or of the painter's or the sculptor's art,
Save where the front, cheaply inlaid with brass,
Showed the rude features of a vine-crowned ass;
An uncouth brute, round with his children played,
And laughed and jested at the face it made! —
Briefly, his house, his furniture, his food,
Were uniformly plain, and simply good.
Then the rough soldier, yet untaught by Greece
To hang, enraptured, o'er a finished piece,
If haply, 'mid the congregated spoils
(Proof of his power, and guerdon of his toils),
Some antique vase of master-hands were found,

Would dash the glittering bauble on the ground;
That in new forms the molten fragments drest
Might blaze illustrious round his courser's chest
(A dreadful omen to the trembling foe),
The mighty Sire, with glittering shield and spear
Hovering enamoured o'er the sleeping fair;
The wolf, by Rome's high destinies made mild,
And, playful at her side, each wondrous child.
Thus, all the wealth these simple times could boast —
Small wealth! their horses and their arms engrossed;
The rest was homely, and their frugal fare,
Cooked without art, was served in earthenware:
Yet worthy all our envy, were the breast
But with one spark of noble spleen possest.
Then shone the fanes with majesty divine!
A present god was felt at every shrine!
And solemn sounds, heard from the sacred walls,
At midnight's solemn hour, announced the Gauls,
Now rushing from the main; while prompt to save,
Stood Jove, the prophet of the signs he gave!
Yet when he thus revealed the will of Fate,
And watched attentive o'er the Latian state,
His shrine, his statue, rose of humble mould,
Of artless form, and unprofaned with gold.
Those good old times no foreign tables sought;
From their own woods the walnut-tree was brought,
When withering limbs declared its pith unsound,
Or winds uptore and stretched it on the ground.
But now, such strange caprice has seized the great,
They find no pleasure in the costliest treat,
Suspect no flowers a sickly scent exhale,
And think the venison rank, the turbot stale,
Unless wide-yawning panthers towering high,
Enormous pedestals of ivory,
Formed of the teeth which Elephantis sends,
Which the dark Moor, or darker Indian vends,
Or those which now, too heavy for the head,
The beasts in Nabathea's forest shed,
The spacious orbs support; — then they can feed,
And every dish is delicate indeed;
For silver feet are viewed with equal scorn,

As iron rings upon the finger worn.
My feast to-day shall other joys afford:
Hushed as we sit around the frugal board,
Great Homer shall his deep-toned thunder roll,
And mighty Maro elevate the soul;
Maro, who, warmed with all a poet's fire,
Disputes the palm of victory with his sire.
Nor fear my rustic clerk; read as they will,
The bard, the bard, shall rise superior still.
Come then, my friend, an hour to pleasure spare,
And quit awhile your business and your care.
The day is all our own; come and forget
Bonds, interest, all; the credit and the debt.
Yes, at my threshold tranquillize your breast;
There leave the thoughts of home, and what the haste
Of heedless slaves may in your absence waste;
And — what the generous spirit most offends —
Oh, more than all, leave, thee, ungrateful friends.

— *Translation of* GIFFORD.

K

KALEVALA, The, a Finnish epic poem — or perhaps a cycle of runes of Finland, handed down orally from very ancient times. There are not wanting scholars who hold that portions at least of the *Kalevala* antedate Homer and Hesiod, and probably go back as far as the days of David, or still earlier. That such a group of heroic poems existed in Finland was hardly suspected until 1822, when Topelius, a practicing physician of Sweden, formed a collection of Finnish runes which he wrote down from the lips of bards, much as Macpherson professed to have done with the so-called Gaelic poems of Ossian. Topelius published these fragments in 1822, and a still more complete collection in 1839. Elias Lönnrott, born in 1802, took up the work begun by his predecessor. His first work on the subject appeared as early as 1827. He subsequently journeyed through all the districts of Finland, "often through wild fens, forests, marches, and ice-plains — on horseback, in sledges drawn by reindeer, in canoes, and other forms of primitive conveyance." He had the good fortune to meet an old peasant who was held to be the most famous reciter of the country, and was reputed to know more of the ancient runes of his people than any other living man. In 1835 Lönnrott published the

fragments which he had brought together. The idea gradually developed itself in his mind that these runes were parts of a great cyclical poem, of which the central figure was Wainamoinen, a mighty bard and magician. Lönnrott set himself to arrange these runes into a connected poem, and the result of his labors was published in 1849.

The *Kalevala,* as thus edited, consists of fifty runes, containing in all nearly 23,000 lines. It is written in octo-syllabic trochaic verse — the measure with which we have become familiar through Longfellow's *Hiawatha.* It seems certain that Longfellow had become acquainted with the *Kalevala,* probably in the German translation of Schiefner, which was published in 1852. In any case, he borrowed the general idea of *Hiawatha,* and its peculiar metre, from the *Kalevala.* The poem at once attracted the attention of scholars.

In 1858 was published a translation of a very small portion of the *Kalevala* by the late Professor John A. Porter, of Yale, whose early death probably prevented the translation of other of the runes. In 1888 Dr. John Martin Crawford, of Cincinnati, published a translation of the entire poem, which was for the first time made accessible to the English-speaking race. From this admirable translation the following extracts are taken:

WAINAMOINEN LOSES THE MAGIC WORDS.

Wainamoinen, old and skilful,
The eternal wonder-worker,
Builds his vessel by enchantment;
Builds his boat, by art of magic,
From the timber of the oak-tree,
From its posts and planks and flooring;
Sings a song, and joins the framework;

Sings a second, sets the siding;
Sings a third time, sets the rowlocks;
Fashions oars and ribs and rudder,
Joins the sides and ribs together.
When the ribs were firmly fastened,
When the sides were tightly jointed,
Then alas! three words were wanting.
Lost the words of master-magic,
How to fasten in the ledge,
How the stern should be completed,
How complete the boat's forecastle.
Then the ancient Wainamoinen,
Wise and wonderful enchanter,
Heavy-hearted, spake as follows: —
"Woe is me, my life hard-fated!
Never will this magic vessel
Pass in safety o'er the water,
Never ride the rough sea-billows."
Then he thought and long considered,
Where to find these words of magic,
Find the lost-words of the Master:
From the brains of countless swallows,
From the heads of swans in dying,
From the plumage of the sea-duck?
For these words the hero searches,
Kills of swans a goodly number,
Kills a flock of fattened sea-ducks,
Kills of swallows countless numbers;
Cannot find the words of magic,
Not the lost-words of the Master.
Wainamoinen, wisdom-singer,
Still reflected and debated: —
"I perchance may find the lost-words
On the tongue of summer-reindeer,
In the mouth of the white squirrel."
Now again he hunts the lost-words,
Hastes to find the magic sayings;
Kills a countless host of reindeer,
Kills a rafter-full of squirrels;
Finds of words a goodly number,
But they are of little value,

Cannot find the magic lost-words.
Long he thought and well considered: —
"I can find of words a hundred
In the dwellings of Tuoni,
In the castles of Manala."
Wainamoinen quickly journeys
To the kingdom of Tuoni,
There to find the ancient wisdom,
There to learn the secret doctrine;
Hastens on through fen and forests
Over meads and over marshes,
Through the ever-rising woodlands;
Journeys one week through the brambles,
And a second through the hazels,
Through the junipers the third week,
When appeared Tuoni's islands,
And the hill-tops of Manala.

— *Rune XVII.*

WAINAMOINEN LEARNS THE MAGIC WORDS.

When the ancient Wainamoinen
Well had learned the magic sayings,
Learned the ancient songs and legends,
Learned the words of ancient wisdom,
Learned the lost-words of the Master,
Well had learned the secret doctrine,
He prepared to leave the body
Of the wisdom-bard, Wipunen,
Leave the bosom of the master,
Leave the wonderful enchanter.
Spake the hero, Wainamoinen: —
"O thou Antero Wipunen,
Open wide thy mouth and fauces;
I have found the magic lost-words,
I will leave thee now forever,
Leave thee and thy wondrous singing;
Will return to Kalevala,
To Wainola's fields and firesides."
Thus Wipunen spake in answer: —
"Many are the things I've eaten,

Eaten bear, and elk, and reindeer,
Eaten ox, and wolf and wild-boar,
Eaten man, and eaten hero;
Never, never, have I eaten
Such a thing as Wainamoinen.
Thou hast found what thou desirest,
Found the three words of the Master;
Go in peace, and ne'er returning,
Take my blessing on thy going."
Thereupon the bard Wipunen
Opens wide his mouth, and wider;
And the good old Wainamoinen
Straightway leaves the wise enchanter,
Leaves Wipunen's great abdomen.
From the mouth he glides and journeys
O'er the hills and vales of Northland,
Swift as red-deer of the forest,
Swift as yellow-breasted marten,
To the firesides of Wainola,
To the plains of Kalevala.
Straightway hastes he to the smithy
Of his brother, Ilmarinen.
Thus the iron artist greets him: —
"Hast thou found the long-lost wisdom?
Hast thou learned the secret doctrine:
Hast thou learned the master-magic,
How to fasten in the ledges,
How the stern should be completed,
How complete the ship's forecastle?"
Wainamoinen thus made answer: —
"I have learned of words a hundred,
Learned a thousand incantations,
Hidden deep for many ages;
Learned the words of ancient wisdom,
Found the keys of secret doctrine,
Found the lost-words of the Master."
Wainamoinen, magic-builder,
Straightway journeys to his vessel,
To the spot of magic labor,
Quickly fastens in the ledges,
Firmly binds the stern together,

And completes the boat's forecastle.
Thus the ancient Wainamoinen
Built the boat with magic only,
And with magic launched his vessel;
Using not the hand to touch it,
Using not the foot to move it,
Using not the knee to turn it,
Using nothing to propel it.
Thus the third task was completed
For the hostess of Pohyola,
Dowry for the Maid of Beauty,
Sitting on the arch of heaven,
On the bow of many colors.

—*Rune XVI.*

THE DEPARTURE OF WAINAMOINEN.

As the years passed, Wainamoinen
Recognized his waning powers,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Sang his farewell song to Northland,
To the people of Wainola:
Sang himself a boat of copper.
Beautiful his bark of magic;
At the helm sat the magician,
Sat the ancient wisdom-singer.
Westward, westward, sailed the hero
O'er the blue-black of the waters,
Singing as he left Wainola;
This his plaintive song and echo:—
"Suns may rise and set in Suomi,
Rise and set for generations,
When the North will learn my teachings,
Will recall my wisdom-sayings,
Hungry for the true religion;
Then will Suomi need my coming,
Watch for me at dawn of morning,
That I may bring back the Sampo
Bring anew the harp of joyance,
Bring again the golden moonlight,
Bring again the silver sunshine,

Peace and plenty to the Northland."
Thus the ancient Wainamoinen,
In his copper-banded vessel,
Left his tribe in Kalevala,
Sailing o'er the rolling billows,
Sailing through the azure vapors,
Sailing through the dusk of evening,
Sailing to the fiery sunset,
To the lower verge of heaven;
Quickly gained the far horizon,
Gained the purple-colored harbor,
There his bark he firmly anchored,
Rested in his boat of copper;
But he left his harp of magic,
Left his songs and wisdom-sayings
To the lasting joy of Suomi.

—*Rune L*

EPILOGUE.

Now I end my measured singing,
Bid my weary tongue keep silence,
Leave my songs to other singers.
Horses have their times of resting
After many hours of labor;
Even sickles will grow weary
When they have been long at reaping;
Waters seek a quiet haven
After running long in rivers;
Fire subsides and sinks in slumber
At the dawning of the morning:
Therefore should I end my singing,
As my song is growing weary,
For the pleasure of the evening,
For the joy of morn arising.
Often have I heard it chanted,
Often heard the words repeated:
"Worthy cataracts and rivers
Never empty all their waters."
Thus the wise and worthy singer
Sings not all his garnered wisdom;

Better leave unsung some sayings
Than to sing them out of season.
Thus beginning and thus ending,
Do I roll up all my legends,
Roll them in a ball for safety,
In my memory arrange them,
In their narrow place of resting,
Lest the songs escape unheeded,
While the lock is still unopened,
While the teeth remain unparted,
And the weary tongue is silent.
Why should I sing other legends,
Chant them in the glen and forest,
Sing them on the hill and heather?
Cold and still my golden mother
Hears my ancient songs no longer,
Cannot listen to my singing;
Only will the forest listen,
Sacred birches, sighing pine-trees,
Junipers endowed with kindness,
Alder-trees that love to hear me,
With the aspens and the willows.
When my loving mother left me,
Young was I and low of stature;
Like the cuckoo of the forests,
Like the thrush upon the heather,
Like the lark I learned to twitter,
Learned to sing my simple measures,
Guided by a second mother,
Stern and cold, without affection;
Drove me helpless from my chamber
To the north side of her cottage,
Where the chilling winds in mercy
Carried off the unprotected.
As a lark I learned to wander,
Wander as a lonely song-bird,
Through the forests and the fenlands,
Quietly o'er hill and heather;
Walked in pain about the marshes,
Learned the songs of winds and waters,
Learned the music of the ocean,

And the echoes of the woodlands.
Nature was my only teacher,
Woods and waters my instructors.
Homeless, friendless, lone and needy,
Save in childhood with my mother,
When beneath her painted rafters,
Where she twirled the flying spindle
By the work-bench of my brother,
By the window of my sister,
In the cabin of my father,
In my early days of childhood.
Be this as it may, my people,
This may point the way to others,
To the singers better gifted,
For the good of future ages,
For the coming generations,
For the rising folk of Suomi.

KALIDASA, a Hindu poet and dramatist; said to have been a resident of Oujein or Ujjayina. He has been called one of the "nine gems" of King Vikramaditya, but which of the Kings of that name is not known. His date is variously placed by scholars from the first to the eighth century. He is known especially through his drama *Sákuntala,* which was first introduced to Europe by Sir William Jones in 1789. A more recent translation is by Sir M. Williams. Another of Kalidasa's dramas, and next in renown to this, is the *Vikramorvasi*—"The Nymph and the Hero." Tradition ascribes to him a third drama, entitled *Málavikágnimitra;* two epics, the *Raghuvansa* and the *Kumára-Sambháva;* the *Meghaduta* and other poems. These, however, differ so widely in

style that it is now assumed that there were more Kalidasas than one.

The *Sákuntala* (The Lost Ring) exceeds in popularity any other poetical composition known to the natives of India. And wherever it has been read it is admired. Its excellence is recognized in every literary circle throughout the continent of Europe; and its beauties, if not yet universally known and appreciated, are at least acknowledged by many learned men in every country of the civilized world

SÁKUNTALA.

Man's all-wise Maker, wishing to create
A faultless form, whose matchless symmetry
Should far transcend Creation's choicest works,
Did call together by his mighty will,
And garner up in his eternal mind,
A bright assemblage of all lovely things;
And then, as in a picture, fashion them
Into one perfect and ideal form.
Such the divine, the wondrous prototype,
Whence her fair shape was moulded into being,
This peerless maid is like a fragrant flower
Whose perfumed breath has never been diffused;
A tender bud that no profaning hand
Has dared to sever from its parent stalk;
A gem of priceless water, just released,
Pure and unblemished, from its glittering bed.
Or may the maiden haply be compared
To sweetest honey, that no mortal lip
Has sipped; or, rather to the mellowed fruit
Of virtuous actions in some former birth
Now brought to full perfection?
Here, as she tripped along, her fingers plucked
The opening buds: these lacerated plants,
Shorn of their fairest blossoms by her hand,
Seemed like dismembered trunks, whose recent wounds

Are still unclosed; while from the bleeding socket
Of many a severed stalk the milky juice
Still slowly trickles, and betrays her path.

CONFLICTING DUTIES.

Two different duties are required of me
In widely different places; how can I
In my own person satisfy them both?
Thus is my mind distracted or impelled
In opposite directions, like a stream
That, driven back by rocks, still rushes on,
Forming two currents in its eddying course.
— *From Sákuntala.*

A PRICELESS OFFERING.

The tribute which my other subjects bring
Must moulder into dust, but holy men
Present me with a portion of the fruits
Of penitential services and prayers —
A precious and imperishable gift.
— *From Sákuntala.*

A KING.

A stalwart frame, instinct with vigorous life.
His brawny arms and manly chest are scored
By frequent passage of the sounding string;
Unharmed he bears the mid-day sun; no toil
His mighty spirit daunts; his sturdy limbs,
Stripped of redundant flesh, relinquish naught
Of their robust proportions, but appear
In muscle, nerve and sinewy fibre eased.
His frame
Loses its sluggish humors, and becomes
Buoyant, compact, and fit for bold encounter.
— *From Sákuntala.*

KANE, Elisha Kent, an American physician and Arctic explorer; born at Philadelphia, February 3, 1820; died at Havana, Cuba, February 16, 1857. He studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, graduating in 1842, and the next year received the appointment of assistant surgeon in the United States Navy, and as such accompanied the embassy to China. After making numerous tours in China and the adjacent regions and in India, his health failed, and he set out for home near the close of 1844. In the Spring of 1846 he sailed on board the frigate *United States* for the coast of Africa. Joining a caravan, he made a trip to Dahomey; but in returning to the coast he was attacked by malarial fever, and returned home, reaching Philadelphia in April, 1847. A few months afterward he was transferred, at his own request, from the naval to the military service; and was ordered to Mexico. In January, 1849, he sailed in a store-ship bound to Brazil, Portugal, and the Mediterranean, returning in October. At this time a deep interest was felt in the fate of Sir John Franklin and his party, who had been since July, 1845, lost in the Arctic regions. A searching party was fitted out, mainly through the munificence of Henry Grinnell, a New York merchant. It consisted of two vessels, the *Advance* and the *Rescue,* commanded by Lieutenant De Haven, United States Navy. Kane received the appointment of surgeon to this expedition. It sailed from New York in May, 1850, but failing to reach an advantageous point from which to prosecute the object in view, the commander resolved to return that year. But in September the vessels were beset by

ice, and drifted helplessly with the pack until June, 1851, when they got free and made their way home. Dr. Kane wrote an account of this expedition, under the title *Narrative of the Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin* (1854).

The *Advance* was afterward refitted, and placed under the command of Dr. Kane. He succeeded in reaching latitude 78° 43′, the most northerly point ever gained by a sailing-vessel, and wintered in a bay about half a dozen miles south of that point. During the winter sledge-parties were sent out, one of which went as far north as latitude 80° 35′. Dr. Kane wrote an account of this expedition, under the title, *Arctic Explorations* (1856).

Congress voted Arctic Medals to the members of the expedition. The Royal Geographical Society of England awarded the Founder's Medal for 1856 to Kane, and the French Société de Géographie gave him its gold medal for 1858. In the hope of recovering his shattered health Dr. Kane sailed for England, and thence to the West Indies. On this last voyage he suffered a paralytic stroke, and died soon after reaching Havana.

PERPETUAL DAYLIGHT.

The perpetual daylight had continued up to this moment (August 18) with unabated glare. The sun had reached his north meridian altitude some days before, but the eye was hardly aware of the change. Midnight had a softened character, like the low summer's sun at home, but there was no twilight. At first the novelty of this unvarying day made it pleasing. It was curious to see the "midnight Arctic sun set into sunrise," and pleasant to find that, whether you ate or slept, or idled, or toiled, the same daylight was always there. No irk-

some night forced upon you its system of compulsory alternations. I could dine at midnight, sup at breakfast-time, and go to bed at noonday; and but for an apparatus of coils and cogs called a watch would have been no wiser and no worse.

My feeling was at first an extravagant sense of undefined relief — of some vague restraint removed. I seemed to have thrown off the slavery of hours. In fact, I could hardly realize its entirety. The astral lamps, standing dust-covered on our lockers, puzzled me as things obsolete and fanciful. But by and by came other feelings. The perpetual light, garish and unfluctuating, disturbed me. I became gradually aware of an unknown excitement, a stimulus acting constantly, like the diminutive of a strong cup of coffee. My sleep was curtailed and irregular; my meal-hours trod upon each other's heels; and but for stringent regulations of my own imposing my routine would have been completely broken up. I began to feel how admirable, as a systematic law, is the alternation of day and night — words that type the two great conditions of living nature — action and repose. To those who with daily labor earn the daily bread, how kindly the season of sleep! To the drone who, urged by the waning daylight, hastens the deferred task, how fortunate that his procrastination has not a six-months' morrow! To the brain-workers among men, the enthusiasts who bear irksomely the dark screen which falls upon their day-dreams, how benignant the dear night-blessing which enforces reluctant rest! — *The Grinnell Expedition, Chap. XIX.*

PERPETUAL DARKNESS.

Our men are hard at work preparing for the Christmas theatre — the arrangements exclusively their own. But to-morrow (December 22) is a day more welcome than Christmas — the solstitial day of greatest darkness, from which we may begin to date our returning light. It makes a man feel badly to see the faces around him bleaching into waxen paleness. Until to-day — as a looking-glass does not enter into an Arctic toilet — I

thought I was the exception, and out of delicacy said nothing about it to my comrades. One of them, introducing the topic just now, told me, with an utter unconsciousness of his own ghastliness, that I was the palest of the party. So it is: "All men think all men," etc. Why, the good fellow is as white as a cut potato.

In truth, we were all of us at this time undergoing changes unconsciously. The hazy obscurity of the nights we had gone through made them darker than the corresponding nights of Parry. The complexions of my comrades — and my own, too, as I found soon afterward — were toned down to a peculiar waxy paleness. Our eyes were more recessed, and strangely clear. Complaints of shortness of breath became general. Our appetite was most ludicrously changed. Ham-fat frozen, and sour-kraut swimming in olive-oil, were favorites; yet we were unconscious of any tendency toward the gross diet of the polar region. Things seemed to have changed their taste; and our inclination for food was at best very slight.

Worse than this, our complete solitude, combined with permanent darkness, began to affect our *morale*. Men became moping, testy, and imaginative. In the morning, dreams of the night — we could not help using the term — were narrated. Some had visited the naked shores of Cape Warrender, and returned laden with watermelons. Others had found Sir John Franklin in a beautiful grove lined by quintas and orange-trees. Even Brooks, our hard-fisted, unimaginative boatswain, told me, in confidence, of having heard three strange groans out upon the ice. He "thought it was a bear, but could see nothing." In a word, the health of our little company was broken in upon. It required strenuous effort at washing, diet, and exercise to keep the scurvy at bay. — *The Grinnell Expedition, Chap. XXI.*

THE RETURNING SUN.

For some days the sun-clouds at the south had been changing their character. Their edges became better defined, their extremities dentated, their color deeper

as well as warmer; and from the spaces between the lines of the stratus burst out a blaze of glory typical of the longed-for sun. He came at last. It was on the 29th of February. Going out on deck after breakfast at eight in the morning, I found the dawning far advanced. The whole vault was bedewed with the coming day; and except Capella the stars were gone. We were certain to see the sun after an absence of eighty-six days.

It had been arranged on board that all hands should give him three cheers for a greeting; but I was in no mood to join the sallow-visaged party. I took my gun, and walked over the ice about a mile away from the ship to a solitary spot where a big hummock almost hemmed me in, opening only to the south. There, Parsee-like, I drank in the rosy light, and watched the horns of the crescent extending themselves round toward the north. There was hardly a breath of wind, with the thermometer only —19°, and it was easy, therefore, to keep warm by walking gently up and down.

Very soon the deep crimson blush, lighting into a focus of incandescent white, showed me that the hour was close at hand. Mounting upon a crag, I saw the crew of the ship formed in line upon the ice. Then came the shout from the ship — three shouts — cheering the sun. And a few moments after, I fired my *salut*. The first indications of dawn to-day were at forty-five minutes past five. By seven the twilight was nearly sufficient to guide a walking-party over the floes. At nine the dark-lantern was doused. At a quarter-past eleven those on board had the first glimpse of the sun. At 5 P.M. we had the dim twilight of evening.— *The Grinnell Expedition. Chap. XXXIII.*

KANT, Immanuel, a German philosopher; born at Königsberg, Prussia, April 22, 1724; died there, February 12, 1804. In 1740 he entered the University of Königsberg as a student of theology, but his first attempts at preaching were so unpromising that he gave up the idea of becoming a clergyman, and devoted himself to the study of mathematics and the physical sciences. In 1755, having been for about ten years a tutor in private families, he became an academical instructor, his inaugural theses being *On Fire,* and on the *First Principles of Metaphysical Science.* He delivered regular courses upon Physical Geography, Anthropology, Pedagogy, Natural Law, and the Philosophy of Religion, Ethics, Logic, and Mathematics. In 1764 he declined an offer of the professorship of poetry; but in 1770 he accepted the position of Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Königsberg, with a salary of $300 a year. His inaugural dissertation, *De Mundi Sensibilis Atque Intelligibilis Forma et Principiis* contains the germs of the metaphysical system which he slowly elaborated. But his great work, the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft* (Criticism of the Pure Reason), upon which he had been employed for eleven years, did not appear until 1781, when he had reached the age of fifty-seven. From this time until near the close of his life his literary activity was remarkable. The following are the titles of his principal works: *Prolegomena to Every Future System of Metaphysics Claiming to be a Science* (1783); *Foundation of the Metaphysics of Ethics* (1785); *Metaphysical Elements of Natural Science* (1786); a second edition, somewhat altered, of the *Criticism of*

IMMANUEL KANT.

the Pure Reason (1787); *Criticism of the Practical Reason* (1788); *Religion Within the Bounds of Mere Reason,* a work which ultimately led to his withdrawal from the University (1788); *Metaphysical Elements of Law* and *Metaphysical Elements of Virtue* (1797); *The Strife of the Faculties* and *Anthropology in a Pragmatic Point of View* (1798).

It would be impossible to attempt to set forth the metaphysical system of Kant, or to enumerate the whole library of works to which it has given rise in German, French, Italian, and English. The following extracts from Kant's works are in the translation of Frederick H. Hedge:

THE JUDGMENT AND THE UNDERSTANDING.

Judgment is the faculty of conceiving the Particular as contained in the Universal. When the Universal (the Rule, the Principle, the Law) is given, Judgment, which subordinates the Particular to it, is determinative. But where the Particular is given, for which the Universal is to be sought, it is merely reflective.

The determinative Judgment has only to subordinate particulars to the general transcendental laws furnished by the understanding; law is given *à priori.* But so manifold are the forms in Nature, the modifications, as it were, of the general transcendental principles of Nature left undetermined by the laws furnished *à priori* by the pure Understanding (since these apply only to the possibility of Nature in general, as perceptible by the senses), that there must exist for them laws which indeed, as *empirical,* may be accidental to the view of our Understanding, but which, if they are to have the name of Laws (as the idea of Nature demands) must be considered as necessary, and as proceeding from a principle of unity among the manifold Particulars.

The reflective Judgment, whose province it is to ascend from the Particular in Nature to the Universal, is

therefore in need of a principle — and this it cannot derive from Experience, since its very aim is to establish the unity of all empirical principles under principles higher — though likewise empirical — and this is to establish the possibility of a systematic subordination among them. Such a transcendental principle the reflective Judgment must therefore give to itself, and cannot take it from anything else (since it would then be determinative); nor yet impose it upon Nature, since all study of the laws of Nature must conform to Nature as something independent of the conditions of reflection.

Now, as the general laws of Nature have their foundation in the Understanding, the principle in question can be none other than this, that the particular empirical laws (as far as they are left indeterminate by general laws) are to be considered as so connected together as if Nature had been subjected to these also, by an Understanding (though not by ours), so as to render possible a System of Experience according to particular natural laws. Not as if such an Understanding must actually be postulated (for it is only the *reflective* and not the *determinative* Judgment that requires this idea as its principle), but the reflective faculty prescribes it as a law for itself, and not for Nature.

OF THE IDEAL OF BEAUTY.

As to Taste, there are no objective rules to determine what is beautiful. For all judgment from these sources is æsthetic — that is, subjective — feeling, and not a conception of any object that determines it. To seek a Principle of Taste, which should give indefinite conceptions of a universal criterion of the Beautiful, is a fruitless endeavor, since what is sought is impossible and self-contradictory.

That this feeling (of pleasure or displeasure) shall be capable of being generally communicated — and this without any conception of the nature of the object; and the general approximate agreement of all nations in relation to this feeling as to certain objects, is the empirical though obscure criterion of Taste, scarcely reach-

ing to conjecture, which, as so many examples show us, has a deep hidden foundation in the common nature of man, in the common principles of judgment as to the forms under which objects are presented to us.

Hence some products of Taste are considered as models; not as if Taste could be acquired by imitation — for Taste must be a faculty of the individual; but he who copies a model shows himself expert, as far as he copies correctly; but Taste involves the power of judging of the model itself. From this it follows that the highest model — the prototype of Taste — can only be an Idea, which everyone must awaken in himself.

An *Idea* is properly a conception of Reason. An *Ideal* is the image of something adequate to the *Idea*. Each such prototype of Taste rests upon the vague idea of a "maximum of Beauty;" but can be reached only by representation, and not by conceptions. It is therefore more properly an "Ideal," than an "Idea" of Beauty; and this, though we may not possess it, yet we strive to produce within ourselves. But since it depends upon representation, and not upon conception, it is an Ideal of the Imagination only — the Imagination being the faculty of Representation. Now, how do we arrive at this Ideal of Beauty — *à priori* or by experience? and also, what kind of Beauty is capable of an Ideal?

Man, as a being having the end of his existence within himself, and able to determine its aims by means of Reason — or, where he is obliged to take them from the outward world, yet able to compare them with fundamental and universal aims, and to form an æsthetic judgment from comparison — Man alone can present an Ideal of Beauty; in like manner as Humanity alone, among all earthly things, can afford an Ideal of perfection in him as Intelligence. The ideal of the human form consists in the expression of the moral nature, without which it cannot afford a universal and *positive* pleasure, as distinguished from the merely negative satisfaction of an academically correct representation.

The correctness of such an Ideal of Beauty is tested in this; that it permits no intermixture of sensuous sat-

isfaction with the pleasure derived from the object, and yet excites a strong interest in it.

The Understanding alone gives the law. But if the Imagination is compelled to proceed according to a definite law, the product will be determined as to its Form according to certain conceptions of the perfection of the thing; and in this case the pleasure will not be owing to Beauty, but to Goodness (to Perfection, though mere formal Perfection), and the judgment will be no æsthetic judgment. It is thus a normal regularity without law; a subjective harmony of the Imagination and the Understanding, without any objective harmony (wherein the Notion is referred to a previous conception of the object); and it is thus alone that the freedom and the regularity of the Understanding can co-exist with the peculiar nature of an æsthetic judgment.

KARAMZIN, Nikolai Mikhailovitch, a Russian historian and poet; born at Mikhailovka, Orenburg, December 1, 1765; died near St. Petersburg, June 3, 1826. After studying at Moscow and St. Petersburg, and visiting Central and Western Europe, he published his *Letters of a Russian Traveller,* first in the Moscow *Journal,* which he edited then in six volumes (1797–1801). Sundry tales followed, as *Poor Liza; Natalia the Boyar's Daughter,* and *Marfa the Posadnitza of Novgorod,* which are still popular in Russia. He published two miscellanies, *Aglaia* (1794), and *The Aonides* (1797), compiled from foreign authors *The Pantheon* (1798), and edited *The European Messenger* (1822–23). *My Trifles* is a collection of his lighter pieces. Appointed historiographer by the Tzar in 1803, he gave himself

up to study and lived in retirement. In 1816 he removed to St. Petersburg, where he enjoyed the favor of Alexander I., who was interested in the progress of his history. He lived to carry it to the eleventh volume, 1813. It began to appear in 1818, and met with immediate success. Karamzin glorifies the rough Russian annals, and his sentiments are so conservative that the book has been called the "epic of despotism." It has been translated into French, modern Greek, and other languages. As a novelist Karamzin was of the sentimental school then everywhere prevalent; as a lyric poet he is rather graceful than eminent. He was the introducer of reviews and essays in Russia.

THE SONG OF THE GOOD TZAR.

Russia had a noble Tzar,
Sovereign honored wide and far;
He a father's love enjoyed,
He a father's power employed.

And he sought his children's bliss
And their happiness was his;
Left for them his golden halls,
Left for them his palace walls.

He, a wanderer for them,
Left his royal diadem;
Staff and knapsack all his treasure,
Toil and danger all his pleasure.

Wherefore hath he journeyed forth
From his glorious, sceptred North?
Flying pride, and pomp, and power;
Suffering heat, and cold, and shower.

Why? because this noble King
Light and truth and bliss might bring,

Spread intelligence, power,
Knowledge, out on Russia's shore.

He would guide by wisdom's ray
All his subjects in their way,
And while beams of glory giving,
Teach them all the arts of living.

Oh, thou noble King and Tzar!
Earth ne'er saw so bright a star.
Tell me, have ye ever found
Such a Prince the world around?

EPIGRAM.

He managed to live a long life through,
If breathing be living; — but where he was bound,
And why he was born, not asked nor knew,—
Oh, why was he here to cumber the ground?

AUTUMN.

The dry leaves are falling;
The cold breeze above
Has stript of its glories
The sorrowing grove.

The hills are all weeping,
The field is a waste,
The songs of the forest
Are silent and past;

And the songsters are vanished,
In armies they fly
To a clime more benignant,
A friendlier sky.

The thick mists are veiling
The valley in white;
With the smoke of the village
They blend in their flight.

And lo! on the mountain
The wanderer stands,
And sees the pale Autumn
Pervading the lands.

Thou sorrowful wanderer,
Sigh not, nor weep:
For Nature, though shrouded,
Will wake from her sleep.

The Spring, proudly smiling,
Shall all things revive,
And gay bridal garments
Of splendor shall give.

But man's chilling Winter
Is darksome and dim,
For no second Springtime
E'er dawns upon him,

The gloom of his coming
Time dissipates never;
His sun when departed
Is vanished forever.

THE GRAVE.

First Voice. How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind, the creaks of the bier,
And the white bones all clattering together!

Second Voice. How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep!
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flow'rets perfume it with ether.

First Voice. There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in its nettle-weeds hiss.

Second Voice. How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb!
No tempests are there: — but the nightingales come
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice. The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave:
'Tis the vulture's abode, 'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

Second Voice. There the coney at evening disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod, while the turtles above
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

First Voice. There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath
And loathsome decay fill the dwelling of death;
The trees are all barren and bare!

Second Voice. O soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
With lilies and jessamines fair.

First Voice. The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears
Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears
He is launched on the wreck-covered river.

Second Voice. The traveler outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes forever.

— *Translation of* JOHN BOWRING.

John Keats.

KEATS, JOHN, an English poet; born at Moorfields, London, October 29, 1795; died at Rome, February 23, 1821. With his two brothers he was sent to a good school at Edmonton, kept by the father of Charles Cowden Clarke. At fifteen he was removed from school, and apprenticed to a surgeon. He carried with him from school a little Latin, and apparently no Greek — a somewhat notable circumstance when taken in connection with the fact that his principal poems are imbued with the spirit of Grecian poesy. At the conclusion of his apprenticeship he went back to London to "walk the hospitals;" that is, to study surgery in a practical way. He had in the meantime become acquainted with Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Godwin, and other men of letters, and resolved to make literature his vocation. His first volume of poems, published in 1817, contained the *Epistles,* which appear in his collected *Works.* The poem *Endymion,* published in 1818, was sharply criticised in *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly Review.* A pulmonary disease set in, and in 1820 he set out for Italy, to try the effects of a warmer climate. Before leaving England he published a volume of poems which contained the fragmentary poems *Hyperion, Lamia, The Eve of St. Agnes, Isabella,* and several of the best of his smaller poems. He lingered for a while in Naples, and in Rome, where he died. He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome, and upon his tombstone was carved the inscription, dictated by himself: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." The *Life of Keats* has been written by several persons, notably

by Richard Monckton Milnes, afterward Lord Houghton (1848), and lastly by Sidney Colvin (1887).

BEAUTY.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees, old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils,
With the green world they live in; and the clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms;
And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

— *Endymion.*

HYMN TO PAN.

O hearkener to the loud-clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating: winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsmen: breathe round our farms,
To keep off mildews and all weather-harms:
Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,

And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge — see
Great son of Dryopé,
The many that are come to pay their vows,
With leaves about their brows.

— *Endymion.*

SATURN.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair.
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there;
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity,
Spreading a shade. The Naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.
Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
No farther than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed,
While his bowed head seemed listening to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.
It seemed no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one who, with a kindred hand,
Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height; she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian Sphinx

Pedestalled haply in a palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face;
How beautiful, if Sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder laboring up.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain;
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear,
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone:
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these-like accents; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early gods!

—*Hyperion, Book I.*

OCEANUS.

So ended Saturn; and the God of the Sea,
Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
But cogitation in his watery shades,
Arose, with locks not oozy, and began,
In murmurs, which his first endeavoring tongue
Caught infant-like from the far-foamed sands:
"O ye, whom wrath consumes! who, passion-stung
Writhe at defeat, and nurse your agonies!
Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears,
My voice is not a bellows unto ire.
Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring proof
How ye, perforce, must be content to stoop;
And in the proof much comfort will I give,
If ye will take that comfort in its truth.
We fall by course of Nature's law, not force
Of thunder nor of Jove. Great Saturn, thou
Hast sifted well the atom-universe;

But for this reason that thou art the King,
And only blind from sheer supremacy:
One avenue was shaded from thine eyes
Through which I wandered to eternal truth.
And first, as thou wast not the first of powers,
So art thou not the last; it cannot be.
Thou art not the beginning or the end.
"From Chaos and parental Darkness came
Light, the first fruits of that intestine broil,
That sullen ferment, which for wondrous ends
Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour came,
And with it Light; and Light, engendering
Upon its own producer, forthwith touched
The whole enormous matter into life.
Upon that very hour, our parentage,
The Heavens and the Earth, were manifest:
Then thou first-born, and we the giant race,
Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.
"Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth,
In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us,
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness: nor are we
More conquered than by us the rule
Of shapeless Chaos.
"Say, doth the dull soil
Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,
And feedeth still, more comely than itself?
Can it deny the chiefdom of green groves?
Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
Because it cooeth and hath snowy wings
To wander wherewithal and find its joys?—

We are such forest-trees and our fair boughs
Have bred forth not pale, solitary doves,
But eagles, golden-feathered, who do tower
Above us in their beauty, and must reign
In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might.
Yea, by that law, another race may drive
Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.
"Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
Have ye beheld his chariot, foamed along
By noble-winged creatures he hath made?
I saw him on the calmèd waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforced me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire. Farewell sad I took,
And hither came to see how dolorous fate
Had wrought upon ye; and how I might best
Give consolation in this woe extreme.
Receive the truth, and let it be your balm."

—*Hyperion, Book II.*

ODE TO A GRECIAN URN.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempé or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair Youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;

Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss
Though winning near the goal — yet do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves or ever bid the Spring adieu;
And happy melodist, unwearièd,
Forever piping songs forever new:
More happy love! More happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

Who are those coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built, with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be, and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st:
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

ON FIRST READING CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;

Round many Western Islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet never did I breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent upon a peak of Darien.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-ward had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of Summer in full-throated ease.

Oh, for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long time in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green.
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
Oh, for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away dissolve, and quite forget
What thou amongst the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despair;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding, mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen, and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad,
In such an ecstasy!—
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain!—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do — deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is the music: — do I wake or sleep?

A FAIRY SONG.

Shed no tear! Oh! shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more! Oh, weep no more!
Young birds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! Oh, dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies —
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!
'Mong the blossoms white and red —
Look up, look up. I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.
See me! 'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! Oh, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.

Adieu, adieu — I fly, adieu,
I vanish in the heaven's blue —
Adieu, adieu!

ODE TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists, and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft within thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music, too,
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

BARDS OF PASSION AND OF MIRTH.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in Heaven, too,
Double-lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of Heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wondrous,
With the parle of voices thunderous:
With the whisper of Heaven's trees,
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless trancèd thing,
But divine melodious truth,
Philosophic numbers smooth,
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.
  Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us here the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumbered, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame,
What doth strengthen and what maim;
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.
  Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!

Ye have souls in Heaven, too,
Double-lived in regions new.

KEBLE, JOHN, an English clergyman and poet; born at Fairford, Gloucestershire, April 25, 1792; died at Bournemouth, Hampshire, March 27, 1866. He took his degree at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1810; was ordained in 1815, and in 1823 resigned all his Oxford employments and accepted three small curacies, the united emoluments of which were less than £100 a year. In 1824 he declined an archdeanery in the West Indies, worth £2,000 a year; and in 1825 accepted the curacy of Hursley, becoming Vicar of the parish in 1839. In 1832 he was made Professor of Poetry at Oxford, holding that position for two terms of five years each, with an interval between them. His *Prælectiones Academica,* in Latin, were published in 1832–40. His sermon, "The National Apostacy," preached by appointment at Oxford in 1833, is characterized by Dr. Newman as "the start of the religious movement" of that time. He was also the author of several of the famous "Tracts for the Times." He edited and annotated *The Complete Works of Richard Hooker* (4 vols., 1836); and in 1838, in conjunction with Newman and Pusey, began the editing of the *Library of the Fathers,* a collection extending to some forty volumes. His poetical works, upon which his reputation mainly rests, comprise *The Christian Year* (1827); *The Child's Christian Year* (1841); *The Psalter, in English Verse* (1839); *Lyra Inno-*

centium (1846), and a volume of *Posthumous Poems*. *The Life of Keble* has been written by Chief-Justice Sir John Taylor Coleridge (1868).

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

(*The Christian Inheritance.*)

See Lucifer like lightning fall,
Dashed from his throne of pride;
While, answering Thy victorious call,
The Saints his spoils divide;
This world of Thine, by him usurped too long,
Now opening all her stores to heal Thy servants' wrong.

So when the first-born of Thy foes
Dead in the darkness lay,
When Thy redeemed at midnight rose
And cast their bonds away,
The orphaned realm threw wide her gates and told
Into freed Israel's lap her jewels and her gold.

And when their wondrous march was o'er
And they had won their homes,
Where Abraham fed his flocks of yore,
Among their fathers' tombs;—
A land that drinks the rain of Heaven at will,
Whose waters kiss the feet of many a vine-clad hill:—

Oft as they watched, at thoughtful eve,
A gale from bowers of balm
Sweep o'er the billowy corn, and heave
The tresses of the palm,
Just as the lingering Sun had touched with gold,
Far o'er the cedar shade, some tower of giants old.

It was a fearful joy, I ween,
To trace the Heathen's toil—
The limpid wells, the orchards green,
Left ready for the spoil,
The household stores untouched, the roses bright
Wreathed o'er the cottage-walls in garlands of delight.

And now another Canaan yields
To thine all-conquering Ark;—
Fly from the "old poetic" fields,
Ye Paynim shadows dark!
Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays,
Lo! here the "unknown God" of thy unconscious praise!

The olive-wreath, the ivied wand,
"The sword in myrtles drest,"
Each legend of the shadowy strand
Now wakes a vision blest;
As little children lisp, and tell of Heaven,
So thoughts beyond their thought to those high bards were given.

And these are ours; Thy partial grace
The tempting treasure lends:
These relics of a guilty race
Are forfeit to Thy friends;
What seemed an idol hymn now breathes of Thee,
Tuned by Faith's ear to some celestial melody.

There's not a strain to Memory dear,
Nor flower in classic grove;
There's not a sweet note warbled here,
But minds us of Thy love;
O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
There is no light but Thine; with Thee all beauty glows.
— *The Christian Year.*

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(*Balaam's Prophecy.*)

Oh, for a sculptor's hand,
That thou might'st take thy stand,
Thy wild hair floating on the eastern breeze,
Thy tranced yet open gaze
Fixed on the desert haze,
As one who deep in Heaven some airy pageant sees.

In outline dim and vast
The fearful shadows cast
The giant forms of empires on their way
To ruin: one by one
They tower, and they are gone,
Yet in the Prophet's soul the dreams of avarice stay.

No sun or star so bright,
In all the world of light,
That they should draw to Heaven his downward eye:
He hears the Almighty's word,
He sees the angel's sword,
Yet low upon the earth his heart and treasures lie.

Lo! from yon argent field,
To him and us revealed,
One gentle star glides down, on earth to dwell:
Chained as they are below,
Our eyes may see it glow,
And as it mounts again, may track its brightness well.

To him it glared afar,
A token of wild war,
The banner of his Lord's victorious wrath:
But close to us it gleams,
Its soothing lustre streams
Around our home's green walls, and on our church-way path.

We in the tents abide
Which he at distance eyed,
Like distant cedars by the waters spread;
While seven red altar-fires
Rose up in wavy spires,
Where on the mount he watches his sorceries dark and dread.

He watched till morning's ray
On lake and meadow lay,
And willow-shaded streams, that silent sweep

Around the bannered lines,
Where by their several signs
The desert-wearied tribes in sight of Canaan sleep.

He watched till knowledge came
Upon his soul like flame,
Not of those magic fires at random caught:
But true Prophetic light
Flashed o'er him, high and bright,
Flashed once, and died away, and left his darkened thought.

And can he choose but fear,
Who feels his God so near,
That when he fain would curse, his powerless tongue
In blessing only moves? —
Alas! the world he loves
Too close around his heart her tangling veil hath flung.

Sceptre and Star divine,
Who in Thine inmost shrine
Hast made us worshippers, O claim Thine own;
More than thy seers we know: —
O teach our love to grow,
Up to Thy Heavenly light, and reap what Thou hast sown.

— *The Christian Year.*

THE WATERFALL.

Mark how a thousand streams in one —
One in a thousand, on they fare —
Now flashing in the sun,
Now still as beast in lair.

Now round the rock, now mounting o'er,
In lawless dance they win their way,
Still seeming more and more
To swell as we survey.

They rush and roar, they whirl and leap,
Not wilder drives the winter storm;

Yet a strong law they keep,
Strange powers their course inform.

Even so the mighty, sky-born stream:
Its living waters, from above,
All marred and broken seem,
No union and no love.

Yet in dim caves they softly blend
In dreams of mortals unespied:
One is their awful end,
One their unfailing Guide.

—*Lyra Innocentium.*

KELLER, GOTTFRIED, a Swiss novelist and poet; born at Glattfelden, near Zurich, July 19, 1819; died there July 15, 1890. He studied painting at Vienna, but abandoned art for literature. He was State Secretary for his native canton from 1861 to 1876; after which he gave himself up entirely to his literary work. His fame as an author rests upon the romantic *Der Grüne Heinrich* (1854); *Die Leute von Seldwyle* (1856), a collection of short tales, of which some, as *Romeo und Juliet auf dem Dorf, Kleider machen Leute,* and *Der Schmied seines Glückes,* are excellently told; the humoristic *Sieben Legenden* (1872); *Züricher Novellen* (1878); a volume of *Gesammelte Gedichte* (1883), and the romance *Martin Salander* (1886). Keller has a warm and fertile imagination, a rich humor, and true poetic feeling; he excels in delineation of Swiss characters. *Die Leute von Seldwyle* (The People of Seldwyle), from which the following extract is taken, first made

the fame of its author; for his earlier work was of such a peculiar character that at first it had not been appreciated. Seldwyle is an imaginary typical Swiss town, nestling in a sunny valley between forests and mountains, having its old fortifications, and knowing nothing of modern "progress." Perhaps the best story in this collection is the one entitled *Kleider machen Leute*—"It is the clothes that make the people."

THE SLEIGHING PROCESSION.

Out of a sweet-smelling wood covered with hoar-frost there burst a medley of gay colors and forms that proved to be a sleighing procession. They were mostly large peasants' carrying sledges, bound two and two together to serve a basis for extraordinary representations and pictures. On the foremost sledge towered an enormous figure, representing the Goddess Fortuna, who seemed to be flying into space. It was a gigantic straw doll covered with glittering spangles, whose gauze garments fluttered in the air. On the second carriage rode an equally gigantic goat, looking black and gloomy, and pursuing Fortuna with bent horns. This was followed by an enormous erection, which represented a tailor's goose fifteen feet high; then came an immense pair of scissors which was opened and shut by means of a string, and seemed to regard the sky as blue silk material for a waistcoat. At the feet of these emblems sat, on the roomy sledges drawn by four horses, the Seldwyler company in the gayest of costumes, amid both laughter and singing. The foremost sledge bore the inscription, "MEN MAKE CLOTHES"; and, so it was that its inmates represented tailors of all nations and ages. In the last sledge, bearing the inscription "CLOTHES MAKE MEN," sat, as the work of the tailors who had driven on before, venerable emperors and kings, counsellors and generals, prelates and abbesses, all in the greatest solemnity.

The tailor-groups entered, one after another. Each of

them represented in dumb show the motto, "MEN MAKE CLOTHES," as well as its converse, by appearing most industriously to make some article of clothing, and then dressing some shabby person in it, who, suddenly transformed, received the highest regard and stepped along solemnly to the sound of music. The fables were also represented in a similar manner. An enormous crow appeared, decked itself with peacock's feathers, and hopped about croaking; a wolf who cut out a sheepskin for himself; and last of all, a donkey carrying a terrible lion's skin made of tow, with which he draped himself heroically, as with a cabanaro's cloak.—*From Kleider machen Leute.*

KELLGREN, JOHAN HENRIK, a Swedish poet and critic; born at Floby, West Gothland, December 1, 1751; died at Stockholm, April 20, 1795. He took his first degree at the University of Abo in 1772, and in 1777 became tutor in the family of a nobleman of Stockholm. In the following year, in conjunction with Lenngren, he established the *Stockholms Posten,* a weekly literary journal, and became a favorite with the King and Court. He contributed liberally to his journal, and was made private librarian to Gustavus III. in 1780, and private secretary to the King in 1785. The next year the Swedish Academy was established, and Kellgren was appointed one of its first members. His early literary models were selected from the school of Voltaire, but in late life he realized the value of Goethe and Shakespeare. A strong satirical tendency marks his writings, and in his *Nyt Försök til Orimmad vers,* directed

at Thorild, he sneers at the "ravings of Shakespeare" and the "convulsions of Goethe."

He published several dramatic pieces, among which are *Gustav Vasa; Christine;* and *Gustav-Adolph och Ebba Brahê,* which were the joint work of Kellgren and Gustavus III. But his reputation in Swedish literature rests mainly upon his *Satires* and *Lyrical Poems.* The best productions of his later years are the satire *Ljusets Fiender,* the comic poem *Dumbom Lefverne,* the patriotic *Kantat d. 1 January, 1789,* and the beautiful song *Nya Skapelsen.*

FOLLY NO PROOF OF GENIUS.

I grant 'tis oft of greatest men the lot
To stumble now and then, or darkly grope;
Extremes forever border on a blot,
And loftiest mountains' sides abruptest slope.

Mortals, observe what ills on Genius wait!
Now God, now worm! — Why fallen? — a dizzy head,
The energy, that lifts thee to heaven's gate,
What is it but a hair, a distaff's thread?

He who o'er twenty centuries, twenty climes,
Has reigned — whom all will first of poets vote —
E'en our good father Homer, nods at times —
So Horace says.— (Your pardon, but I quote.)

Thou, Eden's bard, next claimest Genius's throne:
But is the tale of Satan, Death, and Sin,
Of Heaven's artillery, the poet's tone? —
More like street-drunkard's prate, inspired by gin.

Is madness only amongst poets found?
Grows folly but on literature's tree?
No! Wisdom's self is to fixed limits bound,
And, passing those, resembles idiocy.

He who the planetary laws could scan,
Dissected light, and numbers' mystic force
Explored, to Bedlam once that wondrous man
Rode on the Apocalypse's mouse-colored horse.

Thou whose stern precepts against sophists hurled,
Taught that to Truth Doubt only leads the mind,
Thy law forgot'st — and in a vortex whirled,
Thou wanderest, as a Mesmer, mad and blind.

But though some spots bedim the star of day,
The moon, despite her spots, remains the moon;
And though great Newton once delirious lay,
Swedenborg's nothing but a crazy loon.

Fond dunces! ye who claim to be inspired,
In letters and philosophy unversed,
Who deem the Poet's fame may be acquired
By faults with which great poets have been cursed!

Ye Swedengorgian, Rosicrucian schools,
Ye number-pickers, ye physiognomists,
Ye dream-expounding, treasure-seeking fools
Alchemists, magnetizers, cabalists —

Ye're wrong: though error to the wisest clings,
And judgments, perfect here, may there be shaken,
That Genius, therefore out of Madness springs,
When ye assert, ye're deucedly mistaken.

Vain reasoning! — all would easily succeed.
Was Pope deformed, were Milton, Homer, blind?
To be their very likeness what would need
But just to crook the back, the eyes to blind?

But leave we jest; — weak weapon jest, in sooth,
When Justice and Religion bleeding lie,
Society disordered, and 'gainst Truth
Error dares strike, upheld by Treachery.

Arouse thee, Muse! snatch from the murderer
His dagger, plunging it in his vile breast!

By Nature thou Reason's interpreter
Wast meant; obey — and nobly — her behest!

Manheim! so named from older Manhood's sense,
And older Manhood's force, from Error's wave
What haven shelters thee? Some few years hence
On spacious Bedlam shall the Baltic lave.

Virtue from light and Vice from folly spring,
To sin 'gainst Wisdom's precept is high treason
Against the majesty of Man and Kings!
Fanaticism leads on Rebellion's season.

Pardon, my Liege, the venturous honesty
That swells the poet's breast, and utterance craves!
The enthusiast for thy fame must blush to see
Thy sceptre raise to favor fools or slaves.

But you who to his eyes obscure the light,
What is't you seek? what recompense higher prized?
I see it — O Fame! all, all confess thy might,
And even fools would be immortalized.

Ye shall be so! Your brows and mind await
A thistle and a laurel crown. To thee,
Posterity, their names I dedicate,
Thy laughing-stock to all eternity.

— *Translation in Foreign Quarterly Review.*

KELLOGG, ELIJAH, an American clergyman; born at Portland, Me., May 20, 1813; died at Harpswell, Me., March 17, 1901. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1840, and from the Andover Theological Seminary in 1843. He was pastor of Congregational churches in Maine and Massachusetts, and from 1855 to 1865, was chap-

lain of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society. He wrote the blank verse addresses: *Spartacus to the Gladiators; Regulus to the Carthaginians;* and *Pericles to the People,* and a large number of juvenile stories, including the *Elm Island* series (1868–70); *Pleasant Cove* series (1870–74); and *Good Old Times* series (1877–82).

A HAPPY FAMILY.

As the Sumerfords, on their return, drew near the house, they saw Sam and Tony Stewart at play with the baby, a kitten two-thirds grown, and three bear cubs.

So preoccupied were the children with their pets as not to perceive the approach of Harry and his brothers, who, observing what rare sport was on foot (concealed by a corner of the building), stood leaning on their rifles, to watch the proceedings.

The cubs were all of the same age, but had been, as to ownership, divided between Sam, Tony, and the baby,— the baby's being distinguished by a white stripe on the forehead, a variation from the usual color of the black bear occasionally met with.

Mrs. Sumerford, having put the supper on the table, sat upon the doorstep with her knitting-work, in order to see that the baby was not too rudely handled.

"O, mother," cried Sam, "Tony's come, and brought his bear. Ain't they handsome, ma'am? Ma'am, baby's the biggest — don't you think — ever so much bigger'n mine, or Tony's; big as both on 'em ma'am?"

"Yes, child, I hear."

There were substantial reasons for the superior growth of the baby's cub. Being the special property of the baby, it was, during a great part of the time, in the house, and when the baby was asleep, lay in the foot of the cradle. It was, therefore, in the way of obtaining many additional meals from Mrs. Sumerford, because the baby loved to see it eat, and would cry and tease to have the cub fed, while the other two were left to the care of Sam and

Tony, and fared as boys' pets usually do, after the novelty has worn off.

The cubs belonging to Sam and the baby were on the best of terms with the kitten, and they would eat out of the same dish, and frolic together by the hour.

It was the same in regard to Tony's, on account of the frequent visits made to each other by the boys, on which occasions the cubs were carried back and forth from one house to the other.

"Mrs. Sumerford," said Tony, as the cubs and the kitten were playing and rolling over together on the ground, "don't you think my bear knows your kitten, and my kitten knows Sam and baby's bear, when they come over to my house? Should you think they would?"

"Yes, I should think they might; they are together about half the time."

There was quite a contrast in regard to the dispositions of the cubs, Tony's being of more irritable temperanent than his mates, and would, when teased, growl, bite, strike with his paws and manifest the inherent ferocity of his nature. The others, on the contrary, would neither bite nor scratch even the baby, and were much more inoffensive than the kitten, that had a deal of self-respect, and would by no means submit to imposition, and had become altogether too formidable for the use of the baby.

The boys had chosen their playground between the door-stone and the wood-pile. Between the former and the door lay a large pine log, thirty feet long, and near by an ox sled, with the stakes in it and the tongue turned back over the bars, where it was left when the last load of wood was hauled.

"O, ma'am," cried Sammy, "only see what the bears are doing."

They were standing on their hind legs, beside the log and trying to pull down the kitten, that, perfectly wild with frolic, was racing from one end of the log to the other, and jumping over their heads whenever they strove to get hold of her.

In the midst of the fun, the baby, who had all the time sat gravely regarding them, with his thumb in his mouth, crept to the log, and, rising on his feet, clasped the white-

faced cub around the neck, and, losing his balance, baby and bear fell over backward together, to the intense delight of the boys.

"O, Mrs. Sumerford," screamed Tony, "your baby was going to help his bear ketch the kitten — zuckers."

Sam now disappeared for a few moments, and when he came back, brought a capful of cranberries, and emptied the contents on the ground. Bears are exceedingly fond of this berry, and the three cubs began eagerly to devour them, when the kitten, brimming over with excitement, and having no share in the feast, pounced upon the heap, from the top of the log, and set the berries flying and rolling in all directions. Her four legs went like a drummer's sticks when beating the long roll, and in a few minutes what berries remained were all intermixed with earth, chips, rotten bark, and grass-roots, torn up by her claws.

Enraged at such impudence, Tony's cub dealt the saucy intruder a blow with his paw that laid her flat, and followed it up with a bite that drew blood. Uttering a fearful "Yow!" the kitten extricated herself, and with wild eyes and a tail as big as two tails, took refuge, not merely on the top of the house, but of the chimney, which, being built of sticks of wood placed "cob-fashion," and lined with clay, was easy of ascent, especially to a cat.

Seated upon a projecting stick, and uttering, now and then, a low moan, she licked off the blood, and looked daggers at her former playmate.

The spite manifested by the cub, the terror of the kitten, and the astonished looks of Sam and Tony, were too much for Harry and his companions, and a roar of laughter betrayed their presence.

"My bear wasn't ter blame — was he?" said Tony.

"No," replied Sam; "'cause the kitten no business ter git right on his dinner."

Upon perceiving Harry, Sam and Tony ran to him, and each of them, seizing a hand, began to beg him to make them a wooden tomahawk apiece.

"What do you want tomahawks for?"

"'Cause," said Sam, "me and Tony, and ever so many more boys, is goin' ter have a company, and Mr. Seth's

goin' ter make us wooden guns, so they'll snap and go bang."

"Yes; zuckers!" said Tony; "and we're goin' ter have a war-post. My father's goin' ter make it for us up to my house. Mr. Holdness's goin' ter give us some red paint ter paint it."

"And," said Sam, interrupting, "we be goin' ter strike it with our tomahawks, and holler and dance round it, just as the Injuns do, and then we be goin' on a scout ter kill Injuns. O, sich a good time! Will you, Harry, make 'em for us?"

"I'll see."

"But will you truly, Harry, make 'em for us?"

"Yes, I guess so; but if I ketch ery one of you scoutin' in the woods, I'll take you across my knee. Don't you go inter the woods at all; there's Injuns in the woods; they kin run faster'n a bird kin fly, and they'll carry you off, and eat you up alive."

"Can't go in our pastur?"

"No, indeed; didn't the Injuns creep up behind the bushes, and come near killin' me, and Elick, and Knuck."

"How kin we make ambushes, if we can't go into the bushes?"

"You don't want ter lay ambushes."

"Yes, we do; else we can't play Injuns, and do nothin'; and Mr. Stewart's goin' ter make us war-posts, and Mr. Seth guns."

Sam and Tony began to sob as though their hearts would break. This soon melted Harry, who said,—

"There's the corn-stubble in the field; you kin lay your ambush there; and there's stumps and logs layin' round, and piles of roots."

"Is that a good place to make ambush, Elick?" said Sammy, beginning to wipe up the tears with his fists.

"Yes, Sammy, it's a complete place; there's that great pile of stumps that we ambushed behind when we killed the Injuns; and then, O Sammy, don't you know that place, in amongst the cat-tail flags, where that Injun crawled arter he was wounded, and we killed him; and there's some of his blood on a stone there now."

"Is there blood there now?"

"Yes."

"Then there ain't any other boys got any sich place as that — is there?"

"No, indeed; 'cause that's real Injun."

"Sammy," said his mother, "I wouldn't, if I was you and Tony, play such things. Play with your bears and the kitten, and play 'hide and seek,' and 'I spy,' and play horse; and I'll fry you a doughnut man; and I'll get Harry to make you a windmill. I'm sure there's Injuns enough without making believe."

"I don't want no man, nor no windmill, ma'am. I want ter play Injuns; Harry, and Elick, and Knuck do, and Mr. Holdness learns 'em how, and you don't say nothing ter them; but you won't let me and Tony do no kind of a thing; we can't have no good time,— can't do nothing."

"Supper ready, mother?" said Harry.

"Yes; been ready this hour, and more."

"'Cause I want ter go over ter McDonald's, arter supper."

"I wouldn't go to-night, Harry; it's a good ways over there; 'twill be dark before you get there."

"Guess I won't; guess I'll put it off; go over some arternoon, and stay all night; told Elick I'd come over 'fore long, and stop the night with him."

"Then if you don't go over there, you'll make our tomahawks — won't you?" said Sammy.

Harry made the weapons. Tony passed the night with Sam, and the next forenoon they set out for Blanchard's, to vex the soul of Mr. Seth till he made their guns.

Woe betide the rash man who promises a boy anything, imagining he'll forget it. As well might the tide forget to flow, or the sun to set.— *Brought to the Front.*

KEMPIS, Thomas à, a German devotional writer; born at Kempen, near Cologne, about 1380; died at the monastery of Mount St. Agnes, near Zwolle, in The Netherlands, July 25, 1471. The name by which he is known comes from his birthplace, the family name being Hammerken, "Little Hammer." At the age of thirteen he entered the school of "The Brothers of the Common Life" at Deventer. In 1400 he began his novitiate at the monastery of Mount St. Agnes; was ordained priest in 1413; and in 1425 was elected sub-prior of the monastery, having in charge the spiritual direction of the novices. In 1429 he and his brethren were forced to migrate to Lunekerke, in Friesland. They returned to Mount St. Agnes in 1432, when Brother Thomas was made treasurer of the monastery. In 1448 he was again chosen sub-prior, and held that post as long as he lived. He was a voluminous writer. A complete edition of his works, in Latin, was printed at Antwerp in 1615, and a translation into German by Silbert was published at Vienna in 1834. *De Imitatione Christi* has been attributed to several persons, notably to John Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris; but it is almost universally accepted as the work of the monk of Mount St. Agnes. *De Imitatione Christi* is probably the most popular work of its kind ever written, not even excepting Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.* It has been translated into every civilized language, including Hebrew. There are more than sixty versions into French, and in the library of Cologne are not less than five hundred editions published during the last century. A

polygot edition, in seven languages — Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, German, English, and Greek, was published at Sulzbach in 1837. It is divided into four books, entitled, respectively, "Admonitions Useful for a Spiritual Life," "Admonitions Tending to Things Internal," "Of Internal Consolations," and "Concerning the Sacrament;" each book being subdivided into from twelve to sixty short chapters.

ON THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

"He that followeth Me walketh not in darkness," saith the Lord. These are the words of Christ, by which we are admonished how we ought to imitate His life and manners if we will be truly enlightened, and delivered from all blindness of heart. Let, therefore, our chiefest endeavor be to meditate upon the life of Jesus Christ. The doctrine of Christ exceedeth all the doctrines of holy men; and he that hath the spirit will find therein a hidden manna. But it falleth out that many who often hear the gospel of Christ are yet but little affected, because they are void of the spirit of Christ.

But whosoever would fully and feelingly understand the words of Christ must endeavor to conform his life wholly to the life of Christ. What will it avail thee to dispute profoundly of the Trinity if thou be void of humility, and art thereby displeasing to the Trinity? Surely high words do not make man lofty and just; but a virtuous life maketh him dear to God. I had rather feel compunction than understand the definition thereof. If thou didst know the whole Bible by heart, and the sayings of all the philosophers, what would all that profit thee without the love of God, and without grace? — *De Imitatione, Book I., Chap. 1.*

OF OBEDIENCE AND SUBJECTION.

It is a great matter to live in obedience, to be under a superior, and not to be at our own disposing. It is

much safer to obey than to govern. Many live under obedience rather for necessity than for charity; such are discontented, and do easily repine and murmur. Neither can they attain to freedom of mind unless they willingly and heartily put themselves under obedience, for the love of God. Go whither thou wilt, thou shalt find no rest but in humble subjection under the government of a superior. The imagination and change of place have deceived many. True it is that everyone willingly doth that which agreeth with his own sense and liking; and is apt to affect those most that are of his own mind.

But if God be among us, we must sometimes cease to adhere to our own opinion for the sake of peace. Who is so wise that he can fully know all things? Be not therefore too confident in thine own opinion, but be willing to hear the judgment of others. If that which thou thinkest be not amiss, and yet thou partest with it for God, and followest the opinion of another, it shall be better for thee. I have often heard that it is safer to hear and take counsel than to give it. It may also fall out that each one's opinion may be good; but to refuse to yield to others, when reason or a special cause requireth it, is a sign of pride and stiffness.— *De Imitatione, Book I., Chap. 9.*

THE LOVE OF SOLITUDE AND SILENCE.

Seek a convenient time to retire into thyself; and meditate often upon God's loving kindnesses. Meddle not with curiosities; but read such things as may rather yield compunction to thy heart than occupation to thy head. If thou withdraw thyself from speaking vainly and from gadding idly, as also from hearkening after novelties and rumors, thou shalt find leisure enough and suitable for meditation on good things.

The greatest saints avoided the society of men when they could conveniently, and did rather choose to live to God in secret. One said: "As oft as I have been among men, I returned home less a man than I was before." And this we find true when we talk long together. It is easier not to speak a word at all than not

to speak more words than we should. He therefore that intends to attain to the more inward and spiritual things of religion must, with Jesus, depart from the multitude and press of people.

No man doth safely appear abroad but he who gladly can abide at home, out of sight. No man speaks securely but he that holds his peace willingly. No man ruleth safely but he that is willingly ruled. No man securely doth command but he that hath learned readily to obey. No man rejoiceth securely unless he hath within him the testimony of a good conscience.— *De Imitatione, Book I., Chap. 20.*

OF THE INWARD LIFE.

"The Kingdom of God is within you," saith the Lord Turn thee with thy whole heart unto the Lord, and forsake this wretched world, and thy soul shall find rest. Learn to despise outward things, and give thyself to things inward, and thou shalt perceive the Kingdom of God to come to thee. "For the Kingdom of God is peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," which is not given to the unholy. Christ will come unto thee, and show thee His consolations, if thou prepare for Him a worthy mansion within thee. All his glory and beauty is from within, and there He delighteth himself. The inward man He often visiteth, and hath with Him sweet discourses, pleasant solace, much peace, familiarity exceedingly wonderful.— *De Imitatione, Book II., Chap. 2.*

OF THE CONSIDERATION OF ONE'S SELF.

We cannot trust much to ourselves, because grace oftentimes is wanting to us, and understanding also. There is but little light in us, and that which we have we quickly lose by our negligence. Oftentimes, too, we do not perceive our own inward blindness. We often do evil, and excuse it worse. We are sometimes moved with passion, and we think it to be zeal. We reprehend small things in others, and pass over greater matters in ourselves.

We quickly enough feel what we suffer at the hands of others; but we mind not what others suffer from us.

He that doth well and rightly consider his own works, will find little cause to judge harshly of another. The inward Christian preferreth the care of himself before all other cares; and he that diligently attendeth unto himself doth seldom speak much of others. Thou wilt never be so inwardly religious unless thou pass over other men's matters with silence, and look especially unto thyself. If thou attend wholly unto God and thyself, thou wilt be but little moved with whatsoever thou seest abroad. Where art thou when thou art not with thyself? and when thou hast run over all, what hast thou then profited if thou hast neglected thyself? If thou desirest peace of mind and true unity of purpose, thou must put all things behind thee, and look only upon thyself. Thou shalt then make great progress if thou keep thyself free from all temporal care; thou shalt greatly decrease if thou esteem anything temporal as of value. Let nothing be great unto thee, nothing high, nothing pleasing, nothing acceptable, but only God himself, or that which is of God; esteem all comfort vain which thou receivest from any creature. A soul that loveth God despiseth all things that are inferior unto God. God alone is everlasting, and of infinite greatness, filling all creatures, the soul's solace and the true joy of the heart.— *De Imitatione, Book II., Chap. 3.*

KEN, THOMAS, an English clergyman and hymn-writer; born at Little Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, July 1, 1637; died at Longleat, Wiltshire, March 19, 1711. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford; took Holy Orders; held various ecclesiastical positions, and became chaplain to Charles II., who, in 1684, made him Bishop of Bath and Wells. After the accession of James II. he refused

to read in his church the Declaration of Indulgence issued by that monarch, and was with six other bishops committed to the Tower for contumacy. Upon the accession of William III., in 1688, Ken refused to take the oath of allegiance to the new sovereign and was deprived of his bishopric. He had saved about £700, for which Lord Weymouth gave him an annuity of £80, with a residence at his mansion of Longleat, in Wiltshire. Ken was a voluminous writer, both in prose and verse, mainly upon devotional themes. Ten years after his death was published a collection of his poems, in four volumes; and an edition of his prose writings was issued in 1838. His *Life* has been written by Hawkins (1713), and by George L. Duyckinck (1859). Many of his *Hymns* — usually abridged and sometimes considerably altered — find place in various hymnals; and that "his morning and evening hymns are still repeated daily in thousands of dwellings" is the testimony of Macaulay, the historian, to his lasting influence. And Queen Anne, on her accession to the throne of England, in 1703, marked her appreciation of his worth by granting him a comfortable pension.

AN EVENING HYMN.

All praise to Thee, My God, this night,
For all the blessings of the Light!
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may,
Triumphing, rise at the last day.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep! of sense me to deprive!
I am but half my time alive;
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
To live so long of Thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains;
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it a Hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfettered are our minds.
Oh, may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see!

Oh, may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep,
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

May He celestial joys rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a graceful song.

Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to Thee, eternal King!

A MORNING HYMN.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay the morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent time that's past;
Live this day as if 'twere thy last;
To improve thy talents take due care;
'Gainst the Great Day thyself prepare;

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
"Glory to Thee, eternal King!"

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir;
May your devotion me inspire;
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

Glory to thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day
All I design, or do, or say:
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

KENNAN, GEORGE, an American traveler and lecturer; born at Norwalk, Ohio, February 16, 1845. His education was derived from the public schools, and he early supported himself as a telegraph operator. In that capacity he went to Kamchatka at the end of 1864, and for three years was engaged in exploring northeastern Siberia, and locating a route for the proposed Russo-American telegraph line from the Okhotsk Sea to Bering Strait. These experiences he described in *Tent Life in Siberia and Adventures Among the Koraks* (1870). He undertook an exploration of the Caucasus in 1870–71, crossing the great range thrice. In 1885 the *Century Magazine* sent him again to Russia and Siberia to investigate the exile system. In a journey of 15,000 miles he visited the prisons and mines between the Ural and the Amoor River. Beginning his task with sympathies leaning toward the government and against the revolutionists, he found occasion to change this view. The publication of his articles on *Siberia and the Exile System*, in the *Century Magazine*, 1887–90, and in book form in 1891, proved an event of more than literary importance. Besides drawing wide attention and deep interest in English-speaking countries, they were translated into several foreign languages, and appeared as serials in the organ of

the Russian Liberals at Geneva. During the Spanish-American War he visited Cuba with the Red Cross Society, and in 1900 published *Campaigning in Cuba.* In 1902 he wrote *The Tragedy of Pelée.*

EXILE BY ADMINISTRATIVE PROCESS.

Exile by administrative process means the banishment of an obnoxious person from one part of the empire to another without the observance of any of the legal formalities that, in most civilized countries, precede or attend deprivation of rights and the infliction of punishment. The person so banished may not be guilty of any crime, and may not have rendered himself amenable in any way to any law of the state; but if, in the opinion of the local authorities, his presence in a particular place is "prejudicial to social order," he may be arrested without a warrant, and, with the concurrence of the Minister of the Interior, may be removed forcibly to any other place within the limits of the empire, and there be put under police surveillance for a period of five years. He may, or may not, be informed of the reasons for this summary proceeding, but in either case he is perfectly helpless. He cannot examine the witnesses upon whose testimony his presence is declared to be prejudicial to social order. He cannot summon friends to prove his loyalty and good character without great risk of bringing upon them the same calamity which has befallen him. He has no right to demand a trial, or even a hearing. He cannot sue out a writ of habeas corpus. He cannot appeal to the public through the press. He is literally and absolutely without any means whatever of self-protection. . . .

A young student, called Vladimir Sidorski (I use a fictitious name), was arrested by mistake instead of another and a different Sidorski, named Victor, whose presence in Moscow was regarded by somebody as "prejudicial to social order." Vladimir protested that he was not Victor, that he did not know Victor, and that his arrest in the place of Victor was the result of a stupid

blunder; but his protestations were of no avail. The police were too much occupied in unearthing "conspiracies" and looking after "untrustworthy" people to devote any time to a troublesome verification of an insignificant student's identity. There must have been something wrong about him, they argued, or he would not have been arrested, and the safest thing to do with him was to send him to Siberia — and to Siberia he was sent. When the convoy officer called the roll of the outgoing exile party, Vladimir Sidorski failed to answer to Victor Sidorski's name, and the officer, with a curse, cried, "Victor Sidorski! why don't you answer to your name?" "It's not my name," replied Vladimir, "and I won't answer to it. It's another Sidorski who ought to be going to Siberia." "What is your name, then?" Vladimir told him. The officer coolly erased the name "Victor," in the roll of the party, inserted the name "Vladimir," and remarked cynically, "It doesn't make a ——— bit of difference!"

EXILE SUFFERINGS.

In the city of Tomsk we began to feel for the first time the nervous strain caused by the sight of remediless human misery, and it was harder to bear than cold, hunger, or fatigue. One cannot witness unmoved such suffering as we saw in the "bologans" and the hospital of the Tomsk forwarding prison, nor can one listen without the deepest emotion to such stories as we heard from political exiles in Tomsk, Krasnoyarsk, Irkutsk, and the Trans-Baikal. One pale, sad, delicate woman, who had been banished to Eastern Siberia, and who had there gone down into the valley of the shadow of death, undertook one night, I remember, to relate to me her experience. I could see that it was agony for her to live over in narration the sufferings and bereavements of her tragic past, and I would gladly have spared her the self-imposed torture; but she was so determined that the world should know through me what Russians endure before they become terrorists, that she nerved herself to bear it, and told me the story of her life. It was the saddest story

I had ever heard. After such an interview as this with a heart-broken woman — and I had many such — I could neither sleep nor sit still; and to the nervous strain of such experiences, as much as to hardship and privation, was attributable the final breaking down of my health and strength in the Trans-Baikal.

KENNEDY, JOHN PENDLETON, an American statesman and novelist; born at Baltimore, October 25, 1795; died at Newport, R. I., August 18, 1870. He was graduated from Baltimore College in 1812, and was admitted to the bar in 1816. He was elected to the Maryland House of Delegates in 1820, and was re-elected in the two subsequent years. He was elected to Congress in 1838, and again in 1842. In 1852 he was made Secretary of the Navy, and in this capacity rendered efficient aid to Perry's Japan expedition, and to Kane's second Arctic voyage. Mr. Kennedy made several visits to Europe, where he became acquainted with Mr. Thackeray, who was then writing *The Virginians.* Mr. Thackeray on one occasion spoke of the difficulty in preparing the copy for the forthcoming number, and said jestingly to Mr. Kennedy, "I wish you would write one for me." "Well," replied Mr. Kennedy, "so I will, if you will give me the run of the story." The result was, as we are told, that Mr. Kennedy wrote the fourth chapter of the second volume of *The Virginians,* which contains an accurate description of the local scenery of a region with which Mr. Thackeray was wholly unacquainted.

Besides a large number of discourses, addresses,

and essays, his works include his three novels: *Swallow Barn,* a story of rural life in Virginia (1832); *Horse-Shoe Robinson,* a tale of the Tory Ascendency (1835), and *Rob of the Bowl,* describing the province of Maryland in the days of the second Lord Baltimore (1838).

A VIRGINIA COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, A.D. 1825.

Frank Meriwether has some claim to supremacy as Justice of the Peace; for during three years he smoked cigars in a lawyer's office in Richmond, which enabled him to obtain a bird's-eye view of Blackstone and the Revised Statutes. Besides this, he was a member of a Law Debating Society, which ate oysters once a week in a cellar; and he wore, in accordance with the usage of the most promising law students of the day, six cravats, one above the other, and yellow-topped boots, by which he was recognized as a blood of the metropolis.

Having in this way qualified himself to assert and maintain his rights, he came to his estate, upon his arrival at age, a very model of a country gentleman. Since that time his avocations have a certain literary tincture; for having settled himself down as a married man, and got rid of his superfluous foppery, he rambled with wonderful assiduity through a wilderness of romances, poems, and dissertations, which are now collected in his library, and, with their battered blue covers, present a lively type of an army of Continentals at the close of the war, or a hospital of invalids. These have all at last given way to newspapers — a miscellaneous study very attractive to country gentlemen. This line of study has rendered Meriwether a most perilous antagonist in the matter of Legislative Proceedings.

A landed proprietor, with a good house and a host of servants, is naturally a hospitable man. A guest is one of his daily wants. A friendly face is a necessity of life, without which the heart is apt to starve, or a luxury without which it grows parsimonious. Men who are isolated from society by distance feel those wants by an

instinct, and are grateful for an opportunity to relieve them. In Meriwether the instinct goes beyond this. It has, besides, something dialectic in it. His house is open to everybody as freely almost as an inn. But to see him when he has had the good fortune to pick up an intelligent, educated gentleman — and particularly one who listens well! — a respectable, assentatious stranger! — all the better if he has been in the Legislature; or, better still, in Congress. Such a person caught within the purlieus of Swallow Barn may set down one week's entertainment at certain — inevitable — and as many more as he likes; the more the merrier. He will know something of the qualities of Meriwether's rhetoric before he is gone.

Then, again, it is very pleasant to note Frank's kind and considerate bearing toward his servants and dependents. His slaves appreciate this, and hold him in most affectionate reverence; and therefore are not only contented but happy under his dominion.

The solitary elevation of a country gentleman, well-to-do in the world, begets some magnificent notions. He becomes as infallible as the Pope; gradually acquires a habit of making long speeches; is apt to be impatient of contradiction; and is always very touchy upon "the point of honor." There is nothing more conducive than a rich man's logic anywhere; but in the country, among his dependents, it flows with the smooth and unresisted course of a full stream irrigating a meadow, and depositing its mud in fertilizing abundance. Meriwether's sayings about Swallow Barn import absolute verity. But I have discovered that they are not so current out of his jurisdiction. Indeed, every now and then, we have quite obstinate discussions when some of the neighboring potentates, who stand in the same sphere with Frank, come to the house. For these worthies have opinions of their own; and nothing can be more dogged than the conflict between them. They sometimes fire away at each other, with a most amiable and convincing hardihood, for a whole evening, bandying interjections, and making bows, and saying shrewd things, with all the courtesy imaginable. But for inextinguish-

able pertinacity in argument, and utter impregnability of belief, there is no other disputant like your country gentleman who reads the newspapers. When one of these discussions fairly gets under weigh, it never fairly comes to an anchor again of its own accord. It is either blown out so far to sea as to be given up for lost, or puts into port in distress for want of documents, or is upset by a call for boot-jacks and slippers — which is something like the Previous Question in Congress.

He is somewhat distinguished as a breeder of blooded horses; and ever since the celebrated race between *Eclipse* and *Henry* has taken to this occupation with a renewed zeal, and as a matter affecting the reputation of the State. It is delightful to hear him expatiate upon the value, importance, and patriotic bearing of this employment, and to listen to all his technical lore touching the mysteries of horse-craft. He has some fine colts in training, which are committed to the care of a pragmatical old negro named Carey, who in his reverence for the occupation is the perfect shadow of his master. He and Frank hold grave and momentous consultations upon the affairs of the stable, in such a sagacious strain of equal debate that it would puzzle a spectator to tell which was the leading member in the council. Carey thinks he knows a great deal more upon the subject than his master; and their frequent intercourse has begot a familiarity in the old negro which is almost fatal to Meriwether's supremacy. The old man feels himself authorized to maintain his positions according to the freest parliamentary form, and sometimes with a violence of asservation that compels his master to abandon his ground, purely out of faint-heartedness.— *Swallow Barn.*

KEY, Francis Scott, an American lawyer and poet; born in Frederick County, Md., August 1, 1779; died at Washington, D. C., January 11, 1843. He was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, studied law with his uncle, Philip Barton Key, and commenced practice in his native county, but subsequently removed to Washington, where he became District Attorney for the District of Columbia. When the British troops invaded Washington in 1814, they seized and held as a prisoner Dr. William Beanes, a planter, and Key and John S. Skinner were sent by President Madison with a flag of truce to the British General Ross to negotiate for his release. Their mission was successful, but the party were detained by the British commander, who had prepared to attack Baltimore. The engagement began with the bombardment of Fort Henry, near the city, and was witnessed by Key and his companions. From the deck of their ship, nearly all of the night, they beheld the American flag on the fort. The glare of the battle threw light on the scene, but long ere the dawn the firing had ceased. The prisoners thus were held in suspense till the gray dawn of morning should tell them the tale. It could hardly be hoped that the colors could stand through the terrible shower of bullet and shell. The watchers in doubt waited long to descry what flag on the ramparts the morning would fly. Under the tension of patriotism and anxiety for the fate of the fort, Key wrote the popular national song, *The Star Spangled Banner.* The song was at once published and sung to the tune *Anacreon in Heaven,* and became popular throughout the country. A col-

lection of Key's poems was published in 1857, but none of the others attracted attention. An imposing monument to him was erected in 1887, in the Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, by the munificence of James Lick, who bequeathed $60,000 for the purpose.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming —
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof, through the night, that our flag was still there.
O say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.
'Tis the Star-spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;
And this be our motto —"In God is our trust!"
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

KIMBALL, Richard Burleigh, an American novelist; born at Plainfield, N. H., October 11, 1816; died at New York, December 28, 1892. He was graduated from Dartmouth in 1834, studied law at home and in France, and practiced at Waterford and in New York City from 1842 until he went to Texas, where he founded a town which bore his name, and constructed a railroad from Galveston to Houston. He published *Letters from England* (1842); *St. Leger, or Threads of Life* (1849); *Letters from Cuba* and *Cuba and the Cubans* (1850); *Romance of Student Life Abroad* (1852); *Law Lectures* (1853); *Undercurrents of Wall Street* (1861); *Was He Successful?* (1864); *Henry Powers, Banker* (1868); *To-day in New York* (1870), and *Stories of Exceptional Life* (1887). He edited *In the Tropics* (1862); *The Prince of Kashna* (1864), and *Virginia Randall.* He was an editor, with others, of the *Knickerbocker Gallery* (1853), and wrote much for the magazines. *St. Leger,* his most popular work, was twice reprinted in England and once in Leipsic; four

of his books were translated into Dutch, and several into German and French.

PROBLEMS OF YOUTH.

My father (erroneously perhaps) determined to give his children a private education, affirming that public schools and universities were alike destructive to mind, manners, and morals. So at home we were kept, and furnished with erudite teachers, who knew everything about books and nothing about men.

I had in all this abundance to foster the unhappy feeling which burned within. Thought, how it troubled me — and I had so much to think about. But beyond all, the great wonder of my life was, "What was life made for?" I wondered what could occupy the world. I read over the large volumes in the old library, and wondered why men should battle it with each other for the sake of power when power lasted but so short a time. I wondered why kings who could have done so much good had done so much evil; and I wondered why anybody was very unhappy, since death would so soon relieve from all earthly ills. Then I felt there was some unknown power busy within me, which demanded a field for labor and development, but I knew not what spirit it was of. I wanted to see the world, to busy myself in its business, and try if I could discover its fashion, for it was to me a vast mystery. I knew it was filled with human beings like unto myself, but what were they doing, and wherefore? The *what* and the *why* troubled me, perplexed me, almost crazed me. The world seemed like a mad world, and its inhabitants resolved on self-destruction. How I longed to break the shell which encased this mystery! I felt that there was a solution to all this; but how was I to discover it? — *St. Leger.*

AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

The ceremony went on — the moments to me seemed ages; the responses had been demanded and were made

by Leila in a firm, unwavering voice; and the priest had taken the ring in order to complete the rite. At this moment, a moan at my side caused me to turn. Wallenroth had sunk down insensible. The priest paused, startled by the interruption; a gesture from Vautrey recalled him to his duty; but now a slight disturbance was heard, proceeding from the entrance: the noise increased — the priest paused again — when a hideous creature with the aspect of a fiend darted swiftly forward, and, before one could say what it was, lighted with a single bound upon the shoulders of the Count. I saw the glitter of steel aloft and flashing suddenly downward; I saw Vautrey fall heavily upon the mosaic — *dead.* His executioner crouched a moment over him, with a brute fierceness; then drew the dirk from the wound, and as drops of blood fell from its point, sprang quickly toward me, shaking the weapon with a wild and triumphant air, and exclaiming, "Tat's petter dune!" The truth flashed upon me — I beheld in the repulsive wretch before me the creature we had encountered at the tollgate — the wild savage seen at St. Kildare, the fierce cateran of the highlands, the leal subject of Glenfinglas.— *Donacha Mac Ian.*

KING, CHARLES, an American soldier and novelist; born at Albany, N. Y., October 12, 1844. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1866, and remained in active service in the army until his resignation in 1879. In the Spanish-American War he was commissioned brigadier-general of Volunteers, and later served in the Philippines. He has written a large number of popular novels dealing with frontier and army life. Among these works are *The*

Colonel's Daughter; Kitty's Conquest; Sunset Pass; A Trooper Galahad; Trials of a Staff Officer; The Deserter; In Spite of Foes; Waring's Peril; From the Ranks; An Apache Princess (1903); *Comrades in Arms* (1904), and *The Medal of Honor* (1905). He also published *Campaigning With Gen. Crook* (1890).

FIGHTING THE INDIANS.

Far out to the front he could see that one of the Indian scouts had halted and was making signs. It took five minutes hard riding to reach him.

"What did you see? What has happened?" he gasped.

"Heap fire!" answered the Hualpai. "See?" But Gwynne's worn eyes could only make out the great mass of the mountain with its dark covering of stunted trees. He saw, however, that the scout was eagerly watching his comrades now so long a distance ahead. Presently the Indian shouted in excitement:

"Fight! Fight! Heap shoot, there!" and then at last the father's almost breaking heart regained a gleam of hope; a new light flashed in his eyes, new strength seemed to leap through his veins. Even his poor horse seemed to know that a supreme effort was needed and gamely answered the spur. Waving his hat above his head and shouting back to Turner "Come on!" the captain dashed away in pursuit of Sieber. Turner's men could hear no sound, but they saw the excitement in the signal; saw the sudden rush of Gwynne's steed, and nothing more was needed. "Gallop," rang the trumpet, and with carbines advanced and every eye on the dark gorge, still three miles before them, the riders of the beautiful "chestnut sorrel" troop swept across the plains.

Meantime the savage fight was going on and the defense was sorely pressed. Covered by the smoke caused by fresh armfuls of green wood hurled upon the fiery furnace in front of the cave, the vengeful Apaches had crawled to within a few yards of where the little breastwork had stood. Obedient to Pike's stern orders Kate had crept to the remotest corner of the recess and lay

there flat upon the rock, holding Nellie in her arms. The corporal had bound a handkerchief about his left arm, for some of the besiegers, finding bullets of no avail, were firing Tonto arrows so that they fell into the mouth of the cave, and one of these had torn a deep gash midway between the elbow and the shoulder. Another had struck him on the thigh. Jim, too, had a bloody scratch. It stung and hurt and made him grit his teeth with rage and pain. Little Ned, sorely against his will, was screened by his father's saddle and some blankets, but he clung to his Ballard and the hope of at least one more shot.

And still, though sorely pressing the besieged, the Indians kept close under cover. The lessons of the morning had taught them that the pale faces could shoot fast and straight. They had lost heavily and could afford no more risks. But every moment their circle seemed closer to the mouth of the cave, and though direct assault could not now be made because of their great bonfire, the dread that weighed on Pike was that they should suddenly rush in from east and west. "In that event," said he to Jim, "we must sell our lives as dearly as possible. I'll have two at least before they can reach me."

Hardly had he spoken when bang came a shot from beyond the fire; a bullet zipped past his head and flattened on the rock well back in the cave. Where could that have come from? was the question. A little whiff of blue smoke sailing away on the wind from the fork of a tall oak not fifty feet in front told the story. Hidden from view of the besieged by the drifting smoke from the fire a young warrior had clambered until he reached the crotch and there had drawn up the rifle and belt tied by his comrades to a "lariat." Straddling a convenient branch and lashing himself to the trunk he was now in such a position that he could peer around the tree and aim right into the mouth of the rocky recess, and only one leg was exposed to the fire of the defense.

But that was one leg too much. "Blaze away at him, Jim," was the order. "We'll fire alternately." And Jim's

bullet knocked a chip of bark into space, but did no further harm. "It's my turn now. Watch your side."

But before Pike could take aim there came a shot from the fork of the tree that well nigh robbed the little garrison of its brave leader. The corporal was just creeping forward to where he could rest his rifle on a little rock, and the Indian's bullet struck fairly in the shoulder, tore its way down along the muscles of the back, glanced upward from the shoulder blade, and, flattening on the rock overhead, fell almost before Ned's eyes. The shock knocked the old soldier flat on his face, and there came a yell of savage triumph from the tree, answered by yells from below and above. Ned, terror stricken, sprang to the old soldier's side, just as he was struggling to rise.

"Back! boy, back! They'll all be on us now. My God! Here they come! Now, Jim, fight for all you're worth."

Bang! bang! went the two rifles. Bang! bang! bang! came the shots from both sides and from the front, while the dusky forms could be seen creeping up the rocks east and west of the fire, yelling like fiends. Crack! went Ned's little Ballard again, and Pike seized the boy and fairly thrust him into the depths of the cave. A lithe, naked form leaped into sight just at the entrance and then went crashing down into the blazing embers below. Another Indian gone. Bang! bang! bang! Heavier came the uproar of the shots below. Bang! bang "Good God!" groaned Pike. "Has the whole Apache nation come to reinforce them? Yell, you hounds — aye — yell! There are only two of us!" Shots came ringing thick and fast. Yells resounded along the mountain side, but they seemed more of a warning than of hatred and defiance. Bang! bang! bang! the rifles rattled up the rocky slopes, but where could the bullets go? Not one had struck in the cave for fully ten seconds, yet the rattle and roar of musketry seemed redoubled. What can it mean? Pike creeps still further forward to get a shot at the first Indian that shows himself, but pain and weakness are dimming the sight of his keen, brave eyes; perhaps telling on his hearing. Listen, man! Listen!

Those are not Indian yells now resounding down the rocks. Listen, Pike, old friend, old soldier, old hero! Too late — too late! Just as a ringing trumpet call, "Cease firing," comes thrilling up the steep, and little Ned once more leaps forward to aid him, the veteran falls upon his face and all is darkness.

Another moment, and now the very hillside seems to burst into shouts and cheers,— joy, triumph, infinite relief. Victory shines on face after face as the bronzed troopers come crowding to the mouth of the cave. Tenderly they raise Pike from the ground and bear him out into the sunshine. Respectfully they make way for Captain Turner as he springs into their midst and clasps little Nellie in his arms; and poor old Kate, laughing, weeping and showering blessings on "the boys," is frantically shaking hands with man after man. So, too, is Black Jim. And then, half carried, half led, by two stalwart soldiers, Captain Gwynne is borne, trembling like an aspen, into their midst, and, kneeling on the rocky floor, clasps his little ones to his breast, and the strong man sobs aloud his thanks to God for their wonderful preservation.

. . . . . .

"Papa — papa, I shot an Indian!" How many a time little Ned has to shout it, in his eager young voice, before the father can realize what is being said.

"It's the truth he's telling, sir," said a big sergeant. "There's wan of 'em lies at the corner there with a hole no bigger than a *pay* under the right eye," and the captain knows not what to say. The surgeon's stimulants have restored Pike to consciousness, and Gwynne kneels again to take the old soldier's hands in his. Dry eyes are few. Hearts are all too full for many words. After infinite peril and suffering, after most gallant defense, after a night of terror and a day of fiercest battle, the little party was rescued, one and all, to life and love and such a welcome when at last they were brought back to Verde, where Pike was nursed back to strength and health, where Nellie was caressed as a heroine, and where little Ned was petted and well nigh spoiled as "the boy that shot an

Indian" — and if he did brag about it occasionally, when he came east to school, who can blame him?— *Sunset Pass.*

KING, THOMAS STARR, an American clergyman, essayist and lecturer; born at New York, December 17, 1824; died at San Francisco, Cal., March 4, 1864. His father, who had been pastor of a Universalist church in Charlestown, Mass., died when he was fifteen years old. He became successively clerk in a dry-goods store, teacher in a grammar-school, and clerk in the Charlestown Navy Yard. He studied theology with Rev. Hosea Ballou, and preached his first sermon at Woburn, Mass., in the fall of 1845. In 1846 he accepted a call to the Universalist church in Charlestown, Mass., and later accepted a call from the Hollis Street Unitarian Church in Boston. While in this church he became very popular as a lecturer. His first lecture was on *Goethe,* and the subjects of other lectures were *Substance and Show; Socrates; Sight and Insight,* and *The Laws of Disorder.* In 1860 he accepted a call to San Francisco, where, as in the East, he was in demand as a lecturer. On the breaking out of the Civil War he began a series of lectures, which he delivered in all parts of the State. His subjects were *Washington; Daniel Webster; The Constitution of the United States,* and *Lexington and Concord.* These lectures were received with enthusiasm, and to these and to his political sermons is due, it has been said, the preservation of California to the Union. His publica-

tions, which, with the exception of *The White Hills* (1859), were issued after his death, include *Patriotism and Other Papers* (1864); *Christianity and Humanity,* sermons (1877), and *Substance and Show,* lectures (1877).

THE FUTURE LIFE.

To my mind one of the sublimest records of history is the reply of old heathen Socrates to his judges, when they condemned him, at seventy years old, to die. "If death," said he, "be a removal from hence to another place, and if all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this, my judges? At what price would you not estimate a conference with Orpheus and Musæus, with Hesiod and Homer? I go to meet them, and to converse with them, and to acquaint myself with all the great sages that have been the glory of the past, and that have died by the unjust sentence of their time." That is what we need,— to think of the future, not as the dungeon where the wicked are locked up forever in an arbitrary doom, and the good shut apart from the evil to enjoy forever the consciousness of being saved from perdition, but with vigorous imagination to regard it as the great sphere of life filled with society amid whose myriads we must rank according to quality, overarched with all the glory of God's wisdom, and flooded with the effluence of His holiness and love, with continual occupations for the exploring mind of Newton, for the massive understanding of Bacon, for the genius of Shakespeare, for the reverent intellect of Channing, for the saintly heart of Fénélon,— with duties for every faculty and every affection, and with joys proportioned exactly to our desire of truth, our willingness of service, and the purity of love that makes us kindred with Christ and God.

I have spoken of the great faculties of our nature as passing into the future to be educated, but I have not ranked them. Of course the highest is love, and the order of the future seems most clear and most impressive to my mind, when I think that we shall go to our

places there according to our love rather than our wisdom. It will be part of our business to become acquainted with God outwardly by the intellect; but the great law of life will be more fully manifest there than even here, that our joy shall consist in the quality of our affections, in our sympathy and our charity. Though we have the gift of prophecy and understand all mystery and all knowledge, and though we have all faith so that we could remove mountains, and have not charity, we shall be nothing. Glorious will it be, no doubt, in that world of substance to be surrounded with the splendors of God's thought, to have the privilege of free range whithersoever taste may lead through the domains of infinite art, to enjoy the possibilities of reception from the highest created intellects; but our bliss, the nectar of the soul, will flow from our consecration, our openness to the love of God, and our desire of service to his most needy ones.

For, brethren, let us associate also with the future, the business and the glory of practical service. All degrees of spirits float into that realm of silence. Ripe and unripe, mildewed, cankered, stunted, as well as stately and strong and sound, they are garnered for the eternal state by death. Is Christ, whose life was sympathy and charity upon the earth, busy in no ministries of instruction and redemption there? Has Paul no missionary zeal and no heart of pity for the Antiochs and the Corinths that darken and pollute the eternal spaces? Has Loyola lost his ambition to bring the heathen hearts to the knowledge of Jesus? Will not the thousands of the merciful who have found it their joy here to collect the outcasts under healthier influence, to kindle the darkened mind, to clothe the shivering forms of destitution, to carry comfort to sick beds, and cheer into desolate homes — will not the divine brothers and sisters of charity, who are the glory of this life, find some call and some exercise for their Christlike sympathy in that world—in that world which is colonized by millions of the heathen and the unfortunate, the sin-sick, the polluted, and the ignorant, every year? Oh, doubt not, brethren, that the highest in Heaven are the helpers, the spirits of charity, the glorified

Samaritans who penetrate into all the abysses of evil with their aid and their hope.—*Christianity and Humanity.*

KINGLAKE, ALEXANDER WILLIAM, an English historian; born at Wilton House, near Taunton, August 5, 1809; died January 2, 1891. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1832, and was called to the bar in 1837. Soon after he made a tour in European Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. Letters which he wrote to his friends were, several years later, in 1844, published under the title of *Eothen, or Traces of Travel Brought Home from the East.* In 1857 he was returned to Parliament, in the Liberal interest, for the borough of Bridgewater; and again in 1868, but was unseated on petition. Besides *Eothen* his only notable work is the *History of the Invasion of the Crimea* (1863-88). He was a man of independent means and remarkable talents, and a brilliant and powerful writer, but something of a terrible example in regard to the practice which characterized his time, of devoting enormously long histories to insignificant subjects. He was also intensely partisan.

TODLEBEN, THE DEFENDER OF SEBASTOPOL.

The more narrow-minded men of the Czar's army — and even, while Nicholas lived, the confused Czar himself — would have thought they sufficiently described the real defender of Sebastopol by calling him an "Engineer Officer," with perhaps, superadded, some epithet such as "excellent," or "able," or "good;" and it is true

that his skill in that branch of the service enabled the great volunteer to bring his powers to act at a critical time. He was by nature a man great in war, and richly gifted with power, not only to provide in good time for the dimly expected conditions which it more or less slowly unfolds, but to meet its most sudden emergencies. When, for instance, we saw him at Inkerman in a critical moment, he, in theory, was only a spectator on horseback; but to avert the impending disaster, he instantly assumed a command. He seized, if one may so speak, on a competent body of troops, and rescued from imminent capture the vast, clubbed, helpless procession of Mentschikoff's retreating artillery.

He was only at first a volunteer colonel, and was afterward even no more, in the language of formalists, than a general commanding the engineers in a fortress besieged; but the task he designed, the task he undertook, the task he — till wounded — pursued with a vigor and genius that astonished a gazing world, was — not this or that fraction of a mighty work, but simply the whole defence of Sebastopol.

The task of defending Sebastopol was a charge of superlative moment, and drew to itself before long the utmost efforts that Russia could bring to bear on the war. Since the fortress — because not invested — stood open to all who would save it, and only closed against enemies, the troops there at any time planted were something more than a "garrison," being also in truth the foremost column of troops engaged in resisting invasion; and moreover the one chosen body out of all the Czar's forces which had in charge his great jewel —the priceless Sebastopol Roadstead.

There, accordingly, and of course with intensity proportioned to the greatness and close concentration of efforts made on both sides, the raging war laid its whole stress.

On the narrow arena thus chosen it was Russia — all Russia — that clung to Sebastopol, with its faubourg the Karabelnaya; and since Todleben there was conducting the defence of the place, it follows, from what we have seen, that he was the chief over that very part of the Czar's

gathered, gathering, armies which had "the jewel" in charge; and moreover that, call him a Sapper, or call him a warlike Dictator, or whatever men choose, he was the real commander for Russia on the one confined seat of conflict where all the long-plotted hostilities of both the opposing forces had drawn at last to a centre.

The commander of a fortress besieged in the normal way, cut off from the outer world, must commonly dread more or less the exhaustion of his means of defence; but no cares of that exact kind cast their weight on the mind of the chief engaged in defending Sebastopol; for, being left wholly free to receive all the succors that Russia might send him, he had no exhaustion to fear, except, indeed, such an exhaustion of Russia herself as would prevent her furnishing means for the continued defence of the fortress. The garrison holding Sebastopol, and made, one may say, inexhaustible by constant reinforcements, used in general to have such a strength as the Russians themselves thought well fitted for the defence of the fortress; and if they did not augment it, this was simply because greater numbers for service required behind ramparts would have increased the exacted sacrifices without doing proportionate good.

And what Todleben achieved he achieved in his very own way. Never hearkening apparently to the cant of the Russian army of those days, which, with troops marshalled closely like sheep, professed to fight with the bayonet, he made it his task to avert all strife at close quarters, by pouring on any assailants such storms of mitrail as should make it impossible for them to reach the verge of his counterscarps. That is the plan he designed from the first, and the one he in substance accomplished. From the day when he made his first efforts to cover with earthworks the suddenly threatened South Side to the time when his wound compelled him to quit the fortress, he successfuly defended Sebastopol; and, as we have seen, to do this — after Inkerman, or at all events, after the onset attempted against Eupatoria — was to maintain the whole active resistance that Russia opposed to her invaders in the southwestern Crimea.

One may say of Todleben, and the sailors and the other brave men acting with them, that by maintaining the defence of Sebastopol, not only long after the 20th of September, but also long after the 5th of November, they twice over vanquished a moral obstacle till then regarded as one that no man could well overcome: "If a battle undertaken in defence of a fortress is fought and lost, the place will fall." This, before the exploit of the great volunteer, was a saying enounced with authority as though it were almost an axiom that science had deigned to lay down. Yet after the defeat of their army on the banks of the Alma, after even its actual evasion from the neighborhood of Sebastopol, he, along with the glorious sailors and the rest of the people there left to their fate, proved to be of such quality that, far from consenting to let the place "fall," as experience declared that it must, he and they — under the eyes of the enemy — began to create, and created that vast chain of fortress defence which, after more than eight months, we saw him still holding intact. And again, when — in sight of the fortress which it strove to relieve — an army gathered in strength, fought and lost with great slaughter the battle of Inkerman, sending into the Karabelnaya its thousands upon thousands of wounded soldiery, the resolute chief and brave garrison did not therefore remit, did not slacken, their defence of the place; so that — even twice over — by valor they refuted a saying till then held so sure that, receiving the assent of mankind, it had crystallized into a maxim.

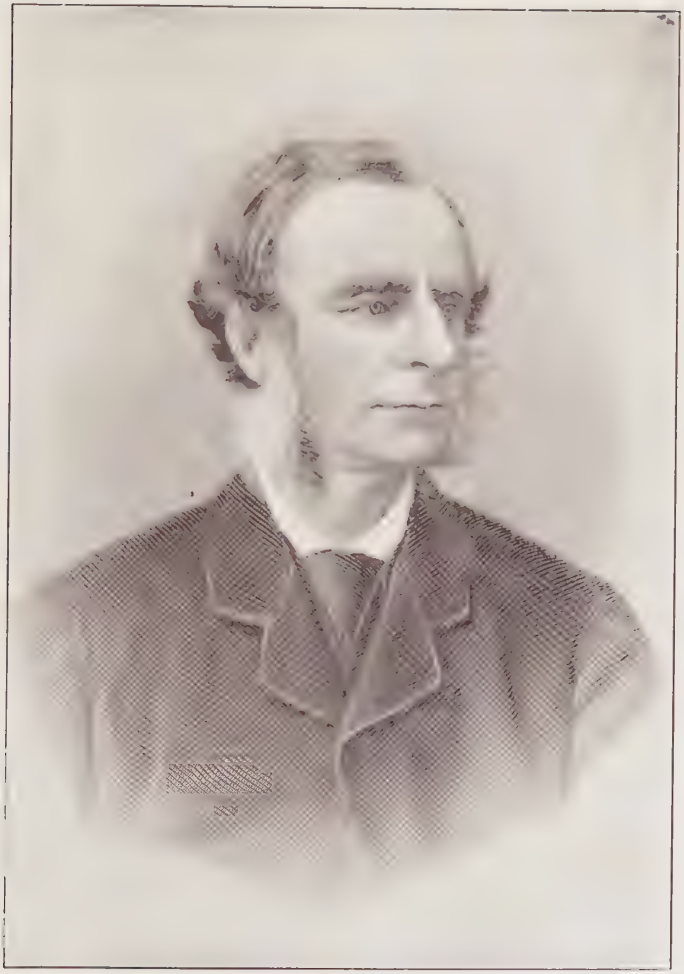
If the Czar had come down to Sebastopol, or rather to the Karabelnaya, at the close of the engagement on the morning of the 18th of June, he might there have apostrophized Todleben, as he did long years after at Plevna, when saying: "Edward Ivanovitch, it is thou hast accomplished it all!"— *Invasion of the Crimea.*

KINGSLEY, CHARLES, an English clergyman, philanthropist, poet and novelist; born at Holney, Devonshire, June 12, 1819; died at Eversley, Hampshire, January 23, 1875. He took his degree at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1842, and two years afterward was presented to the living of Eversley in Hampshire. In 1859 he was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, and was made Canon of Westminster in 1872. Besides several volumes of *Sermons,* his principal works are *The Saint's Tragedy* (1848); *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet* (1850); *Yeast, a Problem* (1851); *Hypatia, or New Foes with an Old Face* (1853); *Alexandria and Her Schools* (1854); *Westward Ho!* (1855); *The Heroes, or Greek Fairy Tales* (1856); *Sir Walter Raleigh and His Times* (1859); *The Water Babies* (1863); *Hereward, the Last of the English* (1866); *How and Why* (1869); *A Christmas in the West Indies* (1871); *Prose Idyls* (1873), and *Health and Education* (1874). His complete *Works* in 29 volumes appeared in 1880.

Kingsley took a deep interest in the labor question and the welfare of workingmen, and assisted in forming co-operative associations for the betterment of the condition of the working class. His novels *Alton Locke* and *Yeast* deal with this question. Most of his poems are inserted in his tales.

THE GOTHIC TRIBES AND THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

The health of a church depends not merely on the creed which it professes, not even on the wisdom and holiness of a few great ecclesiastics, but on the faith



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

and virtue of its individual members. The *mens sana* must have a *corpus sanum* to inhabit. And even for the Western Church the lofty future which was in store for it would have been impossible without some infusion of new and healthier blood into the veins of a world drained and tainted by the influence of Rome. And the new blood was at hand in the early years of the fifth century. The great tide of those Gothic nations of which the Norwegian and the German are the purest remaining types, though every nation of Europe, from Gibraltar to St. Petersburg, owes to them the most precious elements of strength, was sweeping onward, wave over wave, in a steady southwestern current across the Roman territory, and only stopping and recoiling when it reached the shores of the Mediterranean.

Those wild tribes were bringing with them into the magic circle of the Western Church's influence the very materials which she required for the building up of a future Christendom, and which she would find as little in the Western Empire as in the Eastern: — comparative purity of morals; sacred respect for woman, for family life, for law, equal justice, individual freedom, and above all, for honesty in word and deed; bodies untainted by hereditary effeminacy; hearts earnest though genial, and blest with a strange willingness to learn even from those whom they despised; a brain equal to that of the Roman in practical power, and not too far behind that of the Eastern in imaginative and speculative acuteness.

And their strength was felt at once. Their vanguard, confined with difficulty for three centuries beyond the Eastern Alps, at the expense of the sanguinary wars, had been adopted, wherever it was practicable, into the service of the Empire; and the heart's core of the Roman legions was composed of Gothic officers and soldiers. But now the main body had arrived. Tribe after tribe was crowding down to the Alps, and trampling upon each other on the frontiers of the Empire. The Huns, singly their inferiors, pressed them from behind with the irresistible weight of numbers; Italy, with her rich cities and fertile lowlands, beckoned them on to plunder. As auxil-

iaries, they had learned their own strength and Roman weakness; a *casus belli* was soon found.

The whole pent-up deluge burst over the plains of Italy, and the Western Empire became from that day forth a dying idiot, while the new invaders divided Europe among themselves.

The fifteen years, 398–413, had decided the fate of Greece; the next four years that of Rome itself. The countless treasures which five centuries of rapine had accumulated round the Capitol had become the prey of men clothed in sheepskin and horse-hide; and the sister of an Emperor had found her beauty, virtue, and pride of race, worthily matched by those of the hard-handed Northern hero who led her away from Italy as his captive and his bride to found new kingdoms in South France and Spain, and to drive the newly arrived Vandals across the Straits of Gibraltar into the then blooming coast-land of Northern Africa.

Everywhere the mangled limbs of the Old World were seething in the Medea's caldron, to come forth whole, and young, and strong. A few more tumultuous years, and the Franks would find themselves lords of the Lower Rhineland; and before the hairs of Hypatia's scholars had grown gray, the mythic Hengist and Horsa would have landed on the shores of Kent, and an English nation have begun its world-wide life.

But some great Providence forbade our race a footing beyond the Mediterranean, or even in Constantinople, which to this day preserves in Europe the faith and manners of Asia. The Eastern World seemed barred by some strange doom from the only influence which could have regenerated it. Every attempt of the Gothic races to establish themselves beyond the sea — whether in the form of an organized kingdom, as did the Vandals in Africa; or as a mere band of brigands, as did the Goths in Asia Minor, under Gainas; or as a pretorian guard, as did the Varangians of the Middle Ages; or as religious invaders, as did the Crusaders — ended only in the corruption and disappearance of the colonists. Climate, bad example and the luxury of power degraded them in one century into a race of helpless and debauched slaveholders, doomed

the Vandals to utter extirpation before the semi-Gothic armies of Belisarius; and with them vanished the last chance that the Gothic races would exercise on the Eastern World the same stern yet wholesome discipline under which the Western had been restored to life.—*Hypatia.*

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee."
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it a weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drownèd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

THE DEAR OLD DOLL.

I had once a sweet little doll dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;

Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
Folks say that she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

— *The Water Babies.*

THE WORLD'S AGE.

Who will say the world is dying?
Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks from Heaven, within us lying,
Flash, and will flash, till the last.
Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
Man a tool to buy and sell;
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Ante-room of Hell.

Still the race of Hero-spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the words inherit —
"Wife, and child, and Fatherland."
Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from wold and wood;
He will dare, as dared his fathers,
Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters;
While an orphan pleads in vain;
While an infant lisps his letters,
Heir of all the ages' gain;

While a lip grows ripe for kissing;
While a moan from man is wrung —
Know, by every want and blessing,
That the world is young.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though the storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen,
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away!
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sports are stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down,
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

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UST
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